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THE

HAPPY HOME;

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1855

NUMEROUS CUTS AND PLATES.

REV. A. R. BAKER, EDITOR.

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DEDICATION.

This volume is affectionately inscribed to all who endeavor to render home happy, with the sincere desire and prayer of its Editor, that their labors may be crowned with success, and that their final home may be in Heaven.

BOSTON, Dec., 1855.

P. R.

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JOSEPH AS A SON AND A FATHER.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THE scene of Joseph and his sons at the death-bed of Jacob is invested with peculiar interest. His father, whose life was so diversified, and fills so large a space in inspired history, has "accomplished as an hireling his day," and is about to be "gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe in its season." But he is not quite "ready to be offered." He desires one more interview with his beloved Joseph, one more opportunity to bless both his sons and to unite with them in prayer. Besides, he would not be buried in Egypt. He must obtain the assurance of his favorite child, and must charge all his offspring to lay his body in the family-tomb before Mamre.

For a full appreciation of this scene, we must revert to the journey of Israel and his family down into Egypt, to their settlement and residence in Goshen. We have previously watched the course of providence, fulfilling prophecy and revealing the purposes of God respecting this patriarch and his descendants, up to the time when Joseph sent for them to visit him and gave them a promise of competence and comfort in the land of Pharaoh. No wonder Jacob would not credit their message nor believe when his sons said unto him, "Joseph is yet alive."

"How can it be?" perhaps he exclaimed. "Has he indeed risen from the dead? or has he never rested in the precincts of the grave? *Joseph alive!* It cannot be; this torn and bloody coat assures me that he is dead."

Here the last refuge of their guilt fails them. Their plot must be exposed, though it cover them with shame. "There is nothing hid that shall not be made known." They tell him all the words between them and Joseph, words of disclosure and confession on their part, but to Jacob their father, of consolation and joy.

It is enough ; the sight of the wagons confirms their testimony and revives his confidence and spirit. Their guilt and misery ; yea, his own years of anguish are forgotten in the joyful assurance that Joseph is yet alive, that he may go and see him, embrace his children, share his honor, partake his bounty and bestow on them his dying blessing. The wagons are filled, the morning dawns, and the train moves.

They journey south-west from thirty to forty miles to Beersheba. But he can go no farther till his grateful heart finds relief in prayer and praise. So great is his sense of the divine goodness in the prolongation of his life, in the preservation and exaltation of Joseph, at the free forgiveness of his elder sons, at the restoration of love and peace among his children, and at the sudden revival of religion in his family that he must pause, erect an altar and present a sacrifice unto the God of his fathers. Fit occasion and fit place for worship !

There Abraham his grandfather once dug a well, planted a grove, formed a treaty with Abimelech, and called on the name of the Lord. There God appeared in a vision unto Isaac his father, renewed his covenant and accepted his sacrifices. There seventy-three years earlier he himself lodged on his way to Padan-aram in search of a wife, and on that memorable night when with earth for his bed, stones for his pillow and the sky for his covering, he had a vision of a ladder, and heard God's voice, pledging him protection, a numerous progeny and a great inheritance.

He could not pass *such* a place without meditation and prayer. Besides God might meet him there as of old and make known to him the divine will in respect to the journey, *that God* who had forbidden Isaac his father in a previous famine to go down into Egypt, (Gen. xxvi : 1-3.) He had occasion for thanksgiving, and he would also seek divine direction. He orders the caravan to halt, pitches his tent, gathers his numerous attendants about him, rehearses to them these family legends, and having offered his sacrifices lies down to sleep.

But in his night visions God speaks to him, "Jacob, Jacob !" He replies, "Here am I."

God then commands him to go down into Egypt, assures him

of protection, of the exodus of his descendants and of the kind office of Joseph in closing his eyes in death.

Having received his divine commission, he resumes and prosecutes his journey with increased courage and faith. What a family! In it, if we exclude Joseph and his children, were eleven sons and one daughter, fifty grand-children and four great-grand-children, sixty-six in all; or seventy if we include the patriarch, Joseph and his two sons. (Compare Gen. 46: 26 with 27.) And if to the first of these numbers we add the nine wives of his sons, we have the seventy-five, mentioned by Stephen, (Acts 7: 14.) Hebrew usage in respect to genealogies will sanction either of these readings, and to one familiar with Jewish reckoning there is no discrepancy between them. The company is marshalled in the order of seniority and proceeds on its way. It approaches Goshen, and Judah, its most eloquent orator, is dispatched to bear tidings of their arrival and to escort Joseph to their camp.

Presently the dust of his chariot and retinue is seen in the distance; nearer and still nearer it comes. Blast after blast of the herald's trumpet announces his approach, and is returned by shouts of welcome from all his kith and kin. Were ever salutations more cordial? He arrives, alights from his chariot, and with winged feet and throbbing heart flies to embrace his father, and casts himself on his neck, and there they pour forth their mutual tears of gratitude and melting tenderness. What examples of filial devotion and of parental affection! He is not ashamed of the silvery locks, the furrowed cheeks, the bending form and tottering step of his aged father; nor of his poverty, his occupation, nor of any of his relatives. It is sufficient for him that this poor old man is his *father* and that all in the company around him are his *kindred*. This one consideration and the filial and fraternal affections which it inspires, occupies his mind and fills it to overflowing. What cares he now for the pit into which he was so cruelly cast, or for his servitude in the house of Potiphar, for the prison or the ungrateful forgetfulness of the chief butler! Henceforth they are to be remembered, if at all, only as so many providential steps in his return to his father's arms. And as for thee, O

Jacob, how suddenly thy sorrow has turned into a tide of joy ! Oh, that thou hadst better understood the providential economy of God, his chastening love, and the wonderful manner in which he brings abounding good out of real or imaginary evil ! Oh, that thou hadst suppressed that guilty murmur ; “ me have ye bereaved of my children : Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away : all these things are against me ! ”

No, no ! venerable man. They are not *against* thee, but *for* thee, God’s mysterious method of advancing thee to thy present honors and joys. Thy children are not dead, as thou supposedst ; Joseph is in thine arms, and there stand Benjamin, and Simeon, and all the rest with their children, and their children’s children about thee, a pledge of divine faithfulness and favor, the earnest of thy hope and the crown of thine old age. Thou art near to Heaven ; and here thou hast a foretaste of the joy with which thou shalt welcome the members of thy household home to the celestial Canaan and the new Jerusalem. Illustrious type of many family-groups in that better land !

“ The history of Paradise
To human faith is clear,
For pious childhood ever brings
The Eden vision near.”

But time’s fast rolling stream forbids us to dwell on bright visions, and bears us rapidly on midst the stern realities of the present life—its duties and trials. With these we should be occupied, and wait patiently till our change comes, never believing that we have realized all the happiness which God designs for us in this world, but always pressing toward the mark of the prize of our high calling.

Here, like Peter on the mount of transfiguration, it may be that Jacob erred. He seems to have thought that there was nothing more nor better for him in this world. “ Now let me die,” he says. He desired to leave his clayey tabernacle in Joseph’s charge, and to ascend from that green and flowery spot in his experience, to the sunny heights of the heavenly Zion. How little he knew either of his own capacity for enjoyment in the present life, or of blessings which the goodness of God had in

reserve for him! He had indeed embraced Joseph; but he must yet stand before Pharaoh, must witness the honor conferred upon his long lost son, feed on the fat of the land of Goshen for seventeen years, rejoice in the prosperity of his numerous descendants, and impart to them the treasures of his prophetic wisdom.

After this interview, Joseph hastens to bear the tidings to his sovereign, to introduce to him at first, five of his brethren and then his venerable father.

Jacob salutes Pharaoh, "Peace be unto thee," reports his own age and nomadic habits, speaks modestly and prudently of religion, of the shortness and vanity of his life, and receives blessings in return, "a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses." There Joseph provided his father and family with bread according to the king's commandment and the impulses of his own heart. But it does not appear that his ambition availed itself of the king's offer to advance his brethren to posts of honor and to make "them rulers over his cattle." He sought not their political preferment, but a nobler good, their domestic comfort, and the care of their own herds. In this, he acted like a wise man. He surrounded them with plenty while the famine was sore in the land. To the famishing Egyptians, he at the same time sold corn from the royal grainaries, first for money; and, when that was exhausted, for their flocks; and, when these were gone, for their lands; and finally for their personal services, thus reducing them to voluntary slavery. What a revolution! From independence to absolute servitude! All under the administration of an emancipated slave!

How can this conduct be vindicated? Or shall it be regarded as a foul blot on this page of our hero's history? Weigh it not, gentle reader, in the scale of Christian morals, for there were at that early period, many things which God winked at, who now commandeth all men every where to repent. View it rather in the light then enjoyed, lest you censure too severely, and condemn what for ought we know, may have been the wisest and the best measure of which the case admitted. Joseph surely did not create this monopoly, but only acted with

full confidence in the revelation made to him and by him to others respecting the years of plenty and of scarcity, acted as any believer in the divine declaration, as any other subject of that government might have acted. His object was the aggrandizement not of himself, but of his sovereign and of the state. He did just what had been done, is now doing and will continue to be done to the end of time ; he bought and sold at a fair market-value, and got gain by trade. If the people lost their property and their liberty, the fault was not in him but in them, in their unbelief. They heeded not the dreams of Pharaoh nor Joseph's interpretation of them, and suffered the just consequences of improvidence and sin. If he had fed them gratuitously as he did Jacob and his family, and the officers of the state and of religion, he would have been chargeable with squandering the public property, with encouraging improvidence, idleness and irreligion. Besides the dependence and slavery to which he reduced them, and their collection into the large towns and cities, may have been necessary to economize and properly distribute his supplies. Certainly he saved their lives ; and their bondage seems to have been a mere system of tenancy, for when the years of famine terminated, he distributed among them seed, and commanded them to sow the land, to render a fifth part of its production to Pharaoh, and to retain four parts for themselves and their families, a heavy tax indeed, but not greater than what was then levied in surrounding countries. Probably no part of this transaction can justly be put down to the discredit of Joseph. He was faithful to his sovereign, just and kind to all, the solace and joy of his father and brethren.

But the famine is over and gone, and bountiful harvests again reward the labor of the husbandman ; yet Jacob returns not to the land of promise. Like other old men, he loved steadfastness and tranquillity. Besides how could he leave Joseph, who was identified with the Egyptian government, and by whom God assured him, his eyes should be closed in death ? Here too he enjoyed comfort and the favor of the court. Years of happiness speed their flight, and hasten the hour of his final salvation. The thought of death quickens his memory of the cave of Machpelah, his desire for rest in that family sepulchre.

Hence he binds Joseph by an oath to bury him there. His infirmities multiply; he calls that son with his two children, Manasseh and Ephraim to his bed-side. What a group—the patriarch one hundred and forty seven years of age, on the bed of death, Joseph the prime minister of Egypt fifty six, Manasseh twenty five, and Ephraim twenty three!

Faint and feeble, the dying man rehearses the promise of God to him at Luz, to give to him and his posterity, Canaan for an everlasting possession. He adopts the two sons of Joseph, naming them in the reverse order of their seniority, making them heads of tribes, into which his future offspring were to be incorporated, and bequeathing to them shares in his estate equal to those of his other children. This double portion or primogenial right was due to Joseph and his family on account of his eminent worth, and in grateful return of his kindness to his father and his brethren.

But there was a stronger motive for him to cast in his lot with the people of God, and to seek their re-settlement in that goodly land. It was his mother's grave. Hallowed spot! There he had wept, resolved, prayed, obtained consolation. To this, his dying father appealed. "There I buried her in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem."

His dim eyes suddenly espy two lads standing by his son, and he inquires "who are these?"

"My sons," is the reply.

"Bring them unto me," he continues, "and I will bless them." They approach, and when he has kissed them tenderly, they give place to their father who bows "himself with his face to the earth." In this act of filial reverence and devotion, the son who lays his well earned laurels at his father's feet appears greater than the governor.

Rising from his prostration, he presents his sons for his father's blessing, and having noticed that in his bequest he placed Ephraim, the younger, before Manasseh, and evidently supposing this a mistake, he led them up in the opposite order, so that Jacob's right hand would naturally rest on the head of the elder, and his left hand on the head of the other. But moved by a divine impulse, the patriarch crossed his hands and laid the right on the head of Ephraim, as a prophetic sym-

bol of preferment and peculiar favor which corresponded with the prediction he was about to utter.

He was pronouncing on them a common benediction when Joseph sought again to rectify what he still supposed a mistake, saying "not so, my father ; for this is the first-born."

But Jacob gathering up his energies for another flash of the expiring lamp, replied, "I know it, my son, I know it. The elder shall be great, but the younger shall be greater, and his posterity a multitude of nations," a prediction which the history of their descendants fulfilled, for such was the superiority of the posterity of Ephraim, that at the exodus there foretold, it outnumbered the children of Manasseh by more than eight thousand, and the name of Ephraim became at length as common a designation for the ten tribes as that of Judah, of the other two. "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim."

The last sands of life were running ; but space enough remained for the only work left the patriarch to do, the making of his will, a work too often deferred till death is at hand, yet second in importance to no other except that of personal salvation. In this instance, it was a transaction of peculiar moment, for the heirs of the dying man were to be heads of the twelve tribes of Israel, fathers of confederate states and founders of a model government. They needed instruction, self-knowledge, and the light of revelation. Jacob had been no superficial observer of their conduct, no idle student of their characters ; and now his wisdom guided by the spirit of prophecy, gathers up the facts of their history, utters divine philosophy respecting them, and looking down the vista of future ages, and discerning in their posterity, quietly settled in Canaan, the most prosperous and powerful nation on earth, foretells their destiny. Not a son is forgotten, while on some he pours his choicest blessing, on Judah for the noble part he had acted, and because the Messiah was to be of his lineage, and on Joseph, not only in memory of Rachael his mother, but in explanation of his prophetic name, "a fruitful bough," in acknowledgment of his personal worth, of his father's delight in him, and of God's peculiar favor toward him. His sight fails, his voice falters,

his last words are pronounced with difficulty, "bury me with my fathers," "he gathers up his feet into the bed, yields up the ghost, and is gathered unto his people." What was gathered? Not his body, for there it lay before their eyes, and in death's cold embrace; but his soul which ascended immediately to Heaven, to join Abraham and Isaac, and all the ransomed about the throne, and to present itself before Him who is "the God, not of the dead but of the living."

Who of these sons kneeling around the death-bed, was the first to cast himself upon that father's lifeless body, to close his eyes in fulfilment of prophecy, and to affix a parting kiss to his cold cheek? He who had wept most abundantly with him at the grave of Rachel, whose natural amiableness and tenderness sanctified affliction, had increased, whom piety had enabled to return hatred with love, bonds and imprisonment with beneficence, persecution with meekness, patience and faith — he, whose large heart filled with grace and virtuous sentiments made him superior to his brethren, and more like Jesus Christ. It was Joseph who "fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him." He it was who commanded the physicians to embalm his body and prepare it for burial, while heralds proclaimed the event through the empire, and ordered the Egyptians to mourn for him seventy days, during which, according to their custom, they abstain from baths, ornaments and luxuries, appear in the streets clothed in sack-cloth, and with dust upon their heads, now alone, then in mournful processions, here in solemn silence, and there singing a funeral dirge.

These days of mourning having passed, Joseph who may not venture into the royal presence under the burden of his grief, sends messengers to Pharaoh to obtain permission to fulfil his vow, and to bury his father in Canaan. The royal edict is issued, summoning to his aid the King's body guard, his counsellors, the princes of the land, and chariots in great number. The appointed hour arrives, the procession is formed, consisting of the cavalcade escort, the funeral car with its heavy pall, Joseph and his family, each of his brethren and their respective households in the order of seniority, members of the court, other officers of state, a very great company. Day after day

passes, and at length they arrive and halt at the threshing floor of Atad, beyond Jordan, where the patriarch's Jewish funeral was attended, as his Egyptian obsequies had been in Rameses, and where according to Hebrew usage, they mourn for him seven days with lamentations so great and sore as thereafter to give name to the place, *Abel-mizraim*, or the mourning of the Egyptians. The funeral rites having been performed, his sons take up his body, and midst loud sobs and many tears lay it in the family tomb, and all return to Egypt.

"Suspicion haunts the guilty mind." Their father being dead, Joseph's brethren fear his resentment and retaliation. Wonderful! After living many years on his bounty and sharing his uniform kindness and his amazing love, how little they know of his large heartedness, of the strength of his fraternal affection and of his genuine goodness! They verily think him as capable as they had been of envy, jealousy, and hatred.

At length they devise a plan, which, if they had adopted it long ago, might have saved them years of anguish. They confess their sin and implore his forgiveness, first by a messenger, then in person.

But his heart is too tender to endure any reference to their past hatred and injury. He weeps at the mention of these and says virtually, Fear not; I have forgiven you long ago, and whatever now pertains to the subject lies between you and a God that pardoneth iniquity. He adds, "Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good." "Fear ye not; I will nourish you, and your little ones." What tenderness! What words of comfort! They give us an assurance, if his life is spared, of a green, flowery and fruitful old age. We are not surprised that providence next presents him to our view with his children and his children's children, even of the third generation about him, dandled on his knee, catching words of wisdom and wonder from his lips, imbibing his spirit and diffusing happiness like sweet incense through his dwelling—no, nor that he is filled with the spirit of prophecy to foretell the exodus of Israel from Egypt, and her settlement in Canaan; and by faith to give "commandment concerning his bones" to have his embalmed body which was to be confined

and sepulchred in Egypt, then exhumed and carried through the sea and the wilderness and finally buried in the land of promise, a commandment which the posterity of Jacob regarded with religious scrupulosity, for it is written that Moses, when he departed from Egypt, "took the bones of Joseph with him," (Ex. 13: 19.) and that on the settlement of Canaan they "buried them in Shechem (Josh. 24: 32.) at the foot of Mount Gerizim, and about one Roman mile distant from Sychar, where the Samaritan woman subsequently came to draw water from Jacob's well and where she found her Saviour. There his bones rested in the midst of his descendants.

Joseph died after the third diminution of the period of human life, at the age of one hundred and ten years, highly esteemed and universally lamented — died as he had lived, in faith and in triumph. But his name is still fragrant, both in Egypt and in Israel, thousands delight to honor him, and to study his history. The best part of such men can never die.

Though dead, they speaks in reason's ear,
And in example live.
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

Lord, may I ever keep in view,
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heaven."

* * * * * "As the light
Not only serves to show, but render us
Mutually profitable; so our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live."

Chapman.

THE HAPPY MAN .

BY A. S. V.

That man is truly blest,
To whom there's power giv'n,
To walk in wisdom's way
With blissful hopes of heav'n.
No more the joys of earth,
His heav'n-born soul can cheer,
It longs to rest secure
From worldly doubts and fear.

On faith's strong pinion's raised,
His heart is fix'd above ;
Firmer than adamant,
His rest in Jesus' love.
His will no longer weak,
Like a frail vessel toss'd,
But freed from human snares,
Is in th' Eternal lost.

Into his darken'd mind
Shines the resplendent light,
Which, from the glorious Throne,
Dispels the gloom of night.
Hark that majestic man !
Like a fair monument
He stands, firm and secure,
To earth an ornament.

How calm his countenance !
Nought more divine doth seem
In this dark world of sin,
Along Time's fleeting stream.
The Syren, royal queen,
May strike her chanting lyre,
But onward still he moves,
To join the heav'nly choir !

No Stoic, clad in robes
Of Learning's deepest dye,
E'er knew the blessedness
That waits that saint on high.

Nor ALL of Learning's store,
 Wound up with human skill,
 Could ever reach one thought,
 Drawn from th' Eternal Will.

With humble reverence
 That saint in Christ beholds,
 More than men's dreamy clouds —
 Mere dust his feet unfolds.
 Though he's a stranger here,
 Yet all his ways are peace;
 And e'en the foolish train,
 His toils from blame release!

But see, O come and see!
 Behold! behold! he dies;
 Angels on high rejoice,
 He's sav'd, the Saviour cries.
 Tread gently, silently,
 Kind messengers have come;
 On joyful wings they'll bear
 The blood-wash'd spirit home.

The Guardian.

POOR BLIND FANNY.

"Ah well I love that modest flower,
 Which blossoms in the humble shade,
 And asks not for the sunbright power,
 With which the grander plants arrayed."

There she sat under the shade of the old elm, whose broad arms had for nearly a century sheltered the now moss-grown cot where she had first drawn the breath of life. Her face, which was very lovely, was upraised and she seemed to be listening intently, for her red lips were parted, and her little finger was raised as if to hush the merry voices of her playmates yonder. This was little Fanny Gray the blind girl. "Oh! how sad" some kind hearted reader will say. "So sweet a child blind! How miserable she must be!" Spare your pity, kind friend, for Fanny Gray was not unhappy, no, *no!* Far

from it, a more loving, joyous creature never breathed, and but for her the declining years of her aged grand-parents would have been clouded with sorrow. Children whom they loved had found early graves, property had been lost through the villainy of one they had trusted, and now all that was left was their blind grandchild whom they loved the more for her misfortune, and their moss-grown cot with a small portion of this world's goods to supply their daily wants.

Look once more at Fanny, she has an ear so finely attuned to music that she often thinks she can hear her beloved play-mates, the flowers, grow, and again, and again, she thanks the good God for the blessing of hearing. She is now listening to the glorious notes of the mocking bird, who is pouring forth his soul in song. She calls the birds hers, for she has fed them so long, and has talked to them in such sweet soft tones that they will now come very near her ;

“ For she had gained their confidence, had pledged
All that was human in her, to protect
Their unsuspecting gratitude and love.”

“ When any person loves the beautiful things of nature and the God who made them, it makes all around them beautiful, and the birds, and the flowers, and the bees, all come to help.”

When tempted to repine, let us think of sweet Fanny Gray, deprived as she is of one of the greatest blessings in life, and learn a lesson of resignation to our lot, and one of love to the Almighty who has bestowed upon us so many favors.

ESTELLE.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

“ My mother's voice ! how oft doth creep
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly ;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by ;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee !”

MY BABE.

BY CONSTANCE WELLWOOD.

In her little willow cradle
Sits my baby, holding fast
In her mouth two tiny fingers,
Making, thinks she, nice repast :

Eyes as blue as young spring violets,
Hair like sunshine, golden brown ;
Forehead broad and high, transparent ;
Rosy cheeks as soft as down :

Arching brows, long silken lashes,
Veiling oft the large blue eyes ;
Smiles like sudden gleams of sunshine,
Flashing over summer skies.

Ruby lips, bewitching dimples,
Dancing 'round her mouth and chin,
While her laugh is like the warble
Of the birdlings in the spring.

Holy angels, holy angels,
Dwelling 'round us and above,
Come and hover near my darling,
Shield her with protecting love.

Guide her ever upward, upward,
To the glorious throne of God ;
Even though she tread the pathway
Which the holy Jesus trod.

Father in the Highest Heaven,
Unto Thee, whom I adore,
Come I, with the babe thou'st given,
Thine she is forevermore.

A WIFE'S SERMON ; OR, HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

BY MARY MONTAGUE.

Surely no apology is necessary in addressing this long neglected class. The press is borne down by the weight and number of its publications for the sole and especial benefit of *wives*, to enable them better to realize their privileges, to discharge their duties, and to meet their responsibilities. "Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them," is a divine command. This shall be my text, which I had some trouble in finding. Kind admonitions which the great apostle addressed to husbands and wives met my eye ; but they were not the *precise* words I wished to find. I consulted "Crudden," but at first with no better success. I began to feel myself in a situation similar to his who spoke of "those beautiful words of Holy Writ, 'He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'" But another effort gained me the victory. I looked for the "*bitter*" word in the sentence, and there it is in Col. 3, 19. Perhaps the class here addressed may likewise have *overlooked* this passage.

That young man who has just left Hymen's altar, may consider Paul "as rather weak" to address such an admonition to any who sustain the delightful relation into which he has just entered. Very well ; if he never needs it, he shall be forgiven for not understanding its necessity.

Says another, more mature : "Such commands of course were intended for the immoral ; for the drunkard who leaves his wife to suffer, or comes home from his midnight revels to give her a deeper sense of wretchedness ; for the gambler who takes from the drawer the scanty earnings which his wife has laid by for the hour of sickness, and which his hard heart has refused to supply ; for the *faithless* husband who, forgetful of his marriage vow, finds in the society of the "strange woman" an inducement to forsake his home. I do not wonder that one so devoted as Paul to doing good to his fellow men, and so desir-

ous to aid his fellow men in a faithful discharge of duty, should have left a word of caution for all.

But, friends, look more carefully, and you will perceive that the apostle was addressing a very different class of persons, members of the church at Collosse, professors of religion, and, for aught we know, "in good and regular standing."

"Well," says another, "I care not for whom it was written. I believe a little common sense will help me to understand my duty as a husband as well as Paul did, who probably was not a *married* man. When I am engaged for the support of my wife and children, harassed almost to death with cares, I expect when I go to my house to have a *quiet home*, and to find my wife ready to receive me. She has nothing to do but the work for her own family, and there are only six of us, including the baby. I wonder what she finds to do. Reads, probably; she always had a fondness for books, and now I think of it, I found a volume on the foot of the cradle. I even spoke to her once because she let the children play with my books; but *she* was the guilty one, I suspect, after all, as she said nothing in reply. Well, if it be so, I will propose that she take in sewing, or bind shoes, and help me support the family. I can't do every thing."

If I could utter a word in the ear of this man, I would say, "It is pleasant to find, you so well understand the peculiarly easy lot of your wife, and the delightfully comfortable situation she is called to fill for your special benefit. But then here is the text, it is meant for some one, 'Husbands, love your wives, be not BITTER against them.' Your remarks have an air of severity, and I will draw my bow at a venture."

"Bitter," is a word which conveys an unpleasant idea. Did you never notice the sad contortions of a child's face when he takes a disagreeable medicine? I have known a babe entirely weaned by just applying a bitter substance to the fountain from which it had been accustomed to receive its nourishment. It turned away with loathing and disgust. Can it be that *bitter words* would ever cause a wife to turn from the plighted love of her youth? Try not the dangerous experiment.

I have seen the unshed tear tremble in the eye, as some care-

less, thoughtless, but harsh word of a husband caused a mental struggle, and told of the more than childless self-control which his wife possessed. I knew a man whose praise was in all the churches, a professor in one of our Theological Schools, and I am not quite sure that he did not write a commentary on Paul, who needed this admonition. He never used his wife *unkindly* as the world understands that word ; but every day he said unkind, unpleasant things which seemed to her very "*bitter*." He was quite an alchemist ; he always brought his crucible to the table when he partook of his meals, and among the pleasant viands prepared under the careful eye of his wife, he always found something which was not right, something *bitter* for his wife. He sleeps in the village church yard now, and his intellectual admirers reared a tablet to his memory, and over the unpleasant remembrances of his private life charitable friends draw a veil, which we would not remove, and offer the apology, "he was a very nervous man."

To-night, when you have taken your tea, got your letters and papers from the Post-office, read them, and when you feel inclined to doze in your easy chair, (with your feet comfortably resting on the stove, or in another chair,) hear a word of remonstrance. Do not speak again as unkindly as you did when you came home, and found the baby crying, and the older ones rather noisy : do not call your home a "bedlam," and tell your *better half* "you do wish she would give the children their supper earlier, and get them to bed so that you can have a little quiet." Perhaps you were tired, very likely it was so ; but your wife with "nothing to do" but her own work, and see to her children, is more, far more wearied than you ; and if you knew how her head aches, and how her exhausted nature calls for repose, if you had the love for her which you owe her, you would not need to be told, "Husbands, love your wives, and be not BITTER against them."

Hear a few words more. While your wife is plying her needle, let me amuse you. Now be honest and say if the duties of your wife do not occupy more of your thoughts, and are not more familiar to you than you own ? Do you not oftener inquire at the bookstore for a treatise which relates to her, as a

woman, wife, or mother, than for one which relates to men as husbands and fathers?

The world is full of books for woman ; she is told of responsibilities which angels might tremble to assume ; anon she is taught that man is creation's lord, and her inferior position is to act as *his* "waiter," to take care of *his* children, *his* house, to see to *his* wardrobe, and so all round the circle of her duties. Sometimes she gets so jostled about she almost forgets where her last resting place was, and wishes success to the Woman's Rights Convention, so that she may unmolested stand side by side with proud man, whose right and might are never practically questioned.

Oh, husband ! did you see the color mount to your wife's temples the other day, when in the presence of that visitor you brought home, you noticed some little deficiencies at the table instead of passing them by ? She felt as badly as you because the meat was not cooked just as she wished, and the castor was not properly dusted. You should remember that dinner was prepared when the babe was crying for its mother ; perhaps you will recollect that you looked into the kitchen, and asked her "if she could not keep the child still, for you could not hear yourself speak." Was not that a bitter word ? Ask her.

Listen while I tell you a part of what she is expected to do every year of her life. How many shirts do you expect her to make for you ? How many handkerchiefs to hem ? How many vests and pants to be cut and made ? Coats and dickeys you probably get already made. How many dresses must she manufacture for herself and children ? How many little pairs of drawers and skirts for the children, to fit them for the ever varying season ? How many aprons are to be prepared ? And when all these are in readiness with other articles which I might name, what is to be done with them ? When worn they must be washed, ironed, and mended over and over again by her industry. Did you ever think how many meals she prepares in a year ? How many times the table is laid, the dishes removed and washed, the knives scoured, the floors swept, the lamps trimmed, the beds made, the furniture dusted, and the

children washed, dressed, and kindly cared for? All the time must she feel this pressure of labor and anxiety, and very like she is sinking slowly, (her constitution giving away although unnoticed by your familiar eye) until consumption is upon her, and she is gone; the "place that knew her knows her no more."

Now tell me, do you really think that she will have to take in shirts to make, or something else to *keep her from wasting her time in reading*? Think of all this and suppress that *bitter* word because a button is missing on your coat, or the string was forgotten which should have been sewed to your dickey. It is little things which make the bitterness as well as the sweetness of life.

Your wife is under no greater obligation to have a smile of welcome on your return than you are to bring perpetual sunshine to the hearthstone; and if she fails sometimes, and you find her irritable and unpleasant, forgive it and pass it by. You know not the trials and vexations she has met; speak gently, very gently; and let no root of bitterness spring up to trouble you. Do not tell her she has altered, and that she can bear nothing from you she has become so sensitive; tell her not of her faded cheeks and her hair which is turning prematurely gray. She does not like to hear you make such remarks, even if she knows they are true. Ask yourself rather why it is so? Is it the effect of a life of ease and carelessness, or a life of care and labor for you and your family?

I could tell you of a poor laboring mechanic on whom the untoward gales of adversity have long beat; but when sheltered in the haven of a happy, though humble home, he cares but little what rages without. Like Wordsworth's peasants, seldom through the long winter does the wife see the face of her husband; or the children, of their father, by the light of the sun, except on the hours of the holy day. The table is neatly spread each evening for the morrow's early breakfast. Such preparations as can be made are in readiness, and while the stars are yet shining, long ere the day dawneth, the husband and father prepares anew for his daily toil. He *chooses* to make his own coffee and eat his breakfast alone if thereby

his loved ones can slumber a little longer. He is cheered amid his labors by thoughts of them, and he knows that when the mother and dear children kneel at the altar of morning prayer, the absent one will never be forgotten, and the petition will ascend that "as his day, so his strength may be."

As he returns wearied to his family at night, it is not to say *bitter* things or to look *bitterly*. The babe reaches out her arms for him, and older ones cling around his neck, and he envies not that man who is displeased because the custard is not seasoned to his taste, or the beefsteak prepared precisely according to his wishes. After the evening meal, and prayers, the children are told some pretty story, and laid to rest by a father's hand, and he murmurs not at his lot, nor sees ought for which to murmur. Proud man may smile with derision at this scene, but God does not. Hard is the road they travel, though it was not *always* so. The world cares but little for them ; and they covet not its treacherous smiles. That husband can enjoy the pleasant converse and affection of his family though there may be those that whisper, "He must have a *shiftless* wife."

Full well *he* knows and appreciates the self-denial, cares, and labors, she is every day called to bear. Well, too, does he remember when her eyes became sunken, when the hue of the rose faded from her fair cheek, and when her dark glossy hair turned by sickness and not by age ; and *he* is fully prepared to echo the language of his dear children as with partial eyes they exclaim, "Mother, dear mother, how pretty you are."

I have told you a true story of humble life, cheered by affection and trust in God. If in a different station you would find such joys and such dispositions, read that book which our friend prizes highly, and in which he found the rules that regulated his intercourse with his family.

And let me say in parting, that if the love has languished which was once strong in your heart, oh kindle it yet again, for there are dark days in store for you, when you will need all the cheering influence its brightness and warmth can yield, all the sympathy and support which that wounded and neglected heart can bestow. "Husbands, love your wives, and be not BITTER against them."

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.

BY MISS MARY J. LANMAN.

Oh! come to me, for I have spoken,
Ye weary ones, with sin oppressed,
O'er whose dark night no morn hath broken,
Oh! come, and I will give you rest.
The darksome clouds around thee brooding
With fearful gloom, I'll chase away,
And earthly care no more intruding,
Shall dim the brightness of thy day.

Oh! come to me, sad mourner, sighing,
Whose heart is with the lowly dead,
Where in the lonely church-yard lying,
The tall grass waves above their bed.
Oh! come, I'll wipe thy tears of sadness,
And bind for thee thy bleeding heart;
I'll change thy mourning into gladness,
And joy to thee from heaven impart.

Come, wear my yoke, it is not galling,
Bear ye my burden, it is light,
I'll give thee strength — sustain from falling,
And cheer thee with my presence bright.
No earthly service that intralls thee,
Not half the peace and comfort brings
That my approving smiles doth yield thee —
Then leave, oh! leave all earthly things.

Come, learn of me, for meek and lowly,
Are all my ways, and right and just,
My teachings all are pure and holy,
Oh! come, and in me place your trust;
Not all the love that man can teach thee,
No wisdom that the sage has given,
From dark destruction's road can lure thee
Can point the way to *Home* and *Heaven*.

DISSUASIVES AGAINST IMPURITY.

BY REV. W. WARREN.

THE most fearful *denunciations of Scripture* are against it. Warning stands upon almost every page. It is in some sense *the sin* denounced in the Bible. "The works of the flesh" that exclude from heaven, are made up very much of different forms of *this sin*. "Because of these things," to wit, "fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection and evil concupiscence, the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience." The Bible is a fearful book to the guilty. It has no ray of hope nor beam of promise for the wicked. He that is guilty of this sin cannot expect to enter the gate of heaven; when it is declared that "without are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

Nature protests against this sin. Her voice is the voice of God; her laws, the laws of God. The Deity has left the imprint of his plan upon the fair surface, as well as among the deep foundations of nature. There is an aspect of innocence and propriety upon all her works. Lessons of virtue and purity are taught in her laws and beauties. There is morality in every landscape and flowery scene. Everything without suggests propriety, purity and virtue, and rebukes vulgarity and uncleanness.

Especially was *man* made to be pure. Everything in either volume of God's great revelation admonishes him to be virtuous. Nature protests against this great wickedness in the form of prostrate health, and a ruined constitution; of loathsome disease and entailed distress and degradation inherited by innocent offspring. Nature remonstrates too, in the deep instincts and tastes violated by this sin, and in the loss of refined sensibilities obliterated by vice.

And how highly the sensualist pays for his enjoyments. Short pleasures often plant permanent sorrows. Inordinate indulgences die usually by their own excesses. Forbidden

joys, like the powder and fire, are consumed by their own fierce embrace. And who can bear the burthen of a condemning conscience, the tooth of corroding remorse, or the pointed finger of disgrace, detestation and self-loathing? Infamy and fearful forebodings are the price paid for forbidden pleasure.

Pure enjoyment grows on the path-side of noble pursuits. It meets you always in the highway of duty. He that triumphs over temptation is a prince among men. There is far more joy in self-conquest than in yielding to sin. He who gains a victory over himself, sits upon a throne of power and enjoyment. Not the wine sparkling in the glass, nor the voluptuous music and dance, nor the pillow of forbidden pleasure, can compare with the calm consciousness and ennobling transports of one that has followed through perils the path of rectitude and honor.

There is no violation of law against which God has hung out so many beacon-warnings as this. There is no sin that has so many signs exhibited in terror from every window of the soul.

If he has suffered some one disease to spread, or animal plant to grow, that is more destructive than all others, may we not believe that some one vice has come to infect the human family, that is more injurious and fatal than every other. This is true in nature, may it not be so in morals? I would not take an iota from the turpitude of other vices, by exaggerating the guilt of this: but I believe this to be the most aggravated form of wickedness that infects the world. Nature unperverted, as interpreter of the divine will, protests and revolts against it. If there was a serpent in the grove where you walk, whose bite or charm was death; or a plant or flower there, the plucking or perfume of which was fatal, how cautiously would you tread that enchanted ground! Or if there was a disease in your vicinity, whose contagion was deadly, or a room in your house, the opening of which would send out the malaria of death upon you, how close would you keep that disease or that room! In cases like these, you will keep close to nature. You would heed her admonitions, obey her laws, and learn her lessons.

And will you not heed her voice, when she warns you against a vice whose power to ruin is not confined to the body, nor to time; but reaches and ruins the soul! The evils just named are limited to the physical health, and to the present scene; but sin kills beyond the tomb. Eternity has no balm, no remedy for its plagues or its woes.

And where the warnings of Scripture and nature are all unheeded, God lets the character become a wreck. And can we wonder? If vegetation divorced itself from nature's plan and rules, should we not expect that everything would die? If the divine mechanism of the body vetoed the laws of physical life, should we not expect earth to become a charnel-house of death? And if the heavens should cast off the reins of gravitation, and act independently of God's great power in nature, would not everything fall into confusion? And can the higher laws that regulate social life, and control the spiritual world be violated with *less* impunity or less injury? What but horror, here and hereafter, can be inherited where every moral refinement and conservative instinct and sentiment is corrupted, and every impulse and warning and standard of nature and virtue is violated! The end of such a course is destruction.

Sensuality *breaks down the moral principles*, and when this is done, the superstructure of character falls, and ornaments of virtue perish; as we shall see.

The moral principles may be termed the masonry of the mind. They are the strong foundations of an enduring character. Nothing can be substituted for them; nothing beautiful or valuable can long survive them. But they cannot long stand the shock of allowed crime.

Look at some of them. The mind, in a healthy state, is conscious of certain fixed points of belief; but habits of sensuality set the mind all afloat. The mind has an unhesitating adherence to right and truth, to just the extent that natural confidence and conscience bear sway in the soul; but this sin tends to sweep these standards away, to confuse and corrupt the moral perceptions. The mind, too, has an innate sense of accountability, an anticipation of final retribution;

but a course of confirmed licentiousness reverses these convictions and produces a state of indifference to the future. A sense of justice, sentiments of humanity, feelings of natural affection and noble aspirations belong to human nature, and hold a high rank among the moral principles; but habits of sensuality are sure to exterminate these conservative impulses, and make shipwreck of every moral sentiment.

Among the obvious effects or signs of this sin, are a loss of the moral judgment, the absence of self-control, and self-respect, a prevailing skepticism and moral recklessness. Nor is this all. An incapability of domestic contentment follows; a loss of power to fix the affections, a destruction of the natural attachments, the absence of moral discernments, of respect for superiors, for authority, or the throne above. Who, being past feeling, have given themselves to lasciviousness to work all uncleanness with greediness. A sense of shame and disgust at length passes away from the very sin that at first filled the face with blushes. One who is in the practice of a wickedness does not perceive its guilt. We have to go out of a house to see it, so we have to leave a habit to see its grossness. Nothing can equal the loss of the moral sentiments, nothing can compensate that loss. As a house whose sills and joints are rotted off, so is the character of the confirmed sensualist; it leans toward destruction. It trembles, and the first breath will lay it in the dust.

Sensuality does *violence to the virtues*. The virtues are outposts to the character, morticed into the foundations of principle. They are the outward, the active, the ornamental in life. But they cannot long survive the wreck of the moral principles, any more than the sails and colors of a ship can float after the deck has gone down. As the tassels crown the corn, or the bow the shower, so the virtues the character.

But licentiousness sends a mildew upon all the field of virtues. As nights of frost strike the glory of the forest, nights of forbidden pleasure put upon the moral verdure the imprints of death. Sincerity fails, honor withers, truth and right are prostrate, friendship, affection, humanity and patriotism perish, and all the spontaneous instincts and disinterested habits and

traits lie in the dust. The Upas shade of licentiousness, how soon it chills the hearts of happy households and fills the sanctuary of home with strong repellances. The law of love and peace and truth, of kindness and contentment and confidence is at an end. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever, but the shame of transgression is pollution and death.

This sin ruins others. The seventh is the only commandment whose violation necessarily involves others in guilt. But this sin is one of temptation, and seeks companionship in crime. Happy is he who can say, I have corrupted no one, I have defrauded no one. What reflection more cutting than to feel that we have been the cause of another's ruin? Who, on his death-bed, or in eternity, could endure the thought that his pleasures had been enjoyed at the expense of another's wretchedness. Shun, therefore, every art and snare and charm that ruins the soul. Like the stone that falls upon the still lake, every violated law stirs the whole surface of the soul, and fearful billows of ruin will roll up and out forever.

This sin leads to every other. It is the smooth but precipitous way that leads to hell. We have glanced at the destruction it works in the moral nature. Let us now see its effects upon other vices. One sin has a natural affinity for another. The vices, like the birds of passage, go in flocks; or like ravenous beasts, in groups, or gangs. They are weak in each others absence, but strong in each others embrace. One prepares the way for another, paves the way for another, removes the obstructions of principle and habit, that lie in the way of the rest. They grow with each others growth, and strengthen with each others strength. Like seeks like, tempts like, has an affinity, a charm for the same. Emphatically true is this of sensuality, when it becomes the master passion. It is lenient toward every evil, licenses every iniquity, and stimulates every vile habit. A slight allowance here, is like the letting forth of waters, the embankments of moral principle, the fortifications of bold virtue, are swept away, or struck down. All soon becomes a wreck.

This sin frustrates the great end of human life. It corrupts the body; perverts the habits; enfeebles the mind;

unhinges the conscience ; and renders the great object of life insipid and tasteless. Who can undertake anything valuable, or patiently pursue any noble end, without moral principle ? His self-respect lost ; self-command lost ; the helm of his desires and purposes gone ; the power to concentrate his thoughts and control his will gone ; what grand purpose or noble enterprise can such a wreck of character and principle accomplish ? One who has lost his own respect and confidence, and the respect and confidence of others ; who has no power to endure hardships or brave obstacles ; how can he accomplish anything valuable in life ? Who can do anything praiseworthy for man or the world, that has become fickle, effeminate, and enamored of voluptuous and fugitive enjoyments ; he who is lost to every worthy sentiment, and dead to every noble impulse and motive ; who feels the helm of no governing purpose, nor breath of any exalted principle, but lives only to eat and drink and indulge himself, how can he but fail of the great ends of human life ? Surely, there is no post of honor or responsibility, or circle in life, for which this vice does not disqualify man. I have spoken of the effect of licentiousness in this world, but I have to add that a fearful future is before the wicked in the world to come. There is no habit that so benumbs the conscience, fetters the purposes, and destroys the recuperative energies of the soul, as this. It makes the moral nature like the tinder, in which the sparks of temptation catch, and the fires of eternity kindle and consume. Not even the drunkard, with his delirium-tremens, with a world of spirits and foul demons around him, has so keen a sense of approaching flame as the finished sensualist. Arrows, flaming and ministering flame, pierce through and through his soul, while yet it lurks in time, and clings to earth. These are terrible admonitions of the future. O, it is Virtue's ways that are ways of peace ! Take them, follow them, if you would not die. Ten thousand times I tell you, take them, keep them, if you would escape the lake that burneth. Think not that there is a loss in this. No ! the gain is a thousand fold *here* ! But, even if there *were loss* in self-restraint and self-conquest, who would not be willing to *plant* his joys here, in order to harvest them forever ?

TO THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

ROSE of my heart! I've for thee a bower—
 For thee have bent the pliant osier round,
 For thee have carpeted with earth the ground,
 And trained a canopy to shield thy flower,
 So that the warmest sun can have no power
 To dry the dew from off thy leaf, and pale
 Thy living carmine, but a woven veil
 Of full green vines shall guard from heat and shower.
 No worm shall nestle, and no wandering bee
 Shall suck thy sweets—no blights shall wither thee;
 But thou shalt shew the freshest hue of love.
 Like the red stream that from Adone's flow'd,
 And made the snow carnation, thou shalt blush
 And fays shall wander from their bright abode
 To flit enchanted round thy loaded bush.
 Bowed with thy fragrant burden thou shalt bend
 Thy slender twigs and thorny branches low;
 Vermillion and the purest foam shall blend;
 These shall be pale, and those in youth's first glow
 Their tints shall form one sweetest harmony,
 And on some leaves the damask shall prevail,
 Whose colors melt like the soft symphony
 Of flutes and voices in the distant dale.
 The bosom of that flower shall be as white
 As hearts that love, and love alone, are pure;
 Its tip shall blush as beautiful and bright
 As are the gayest streaks of dawning light,
 Or rubies set within a brimming ewer.
 Rose of my heart! there shalt thou ever bloom,
 Safe in the shelter of my perfect love;
 And when they lay thee in the dark, cold tomb,
 I'll find thee out a better bower above.

PERCIVAL.

AH, see the virgin Rose! how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
 That fairer seems the less ye see her way!

Lo! see soon after, how more bold and free
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display!
 Lo! see soon after, how she fades away and falls.

SPEN

A MOTHER'S EDUCATION OF HER SON.

WILLIAM JONES.

BY A. FAIRBANK.

This eminently pious and distinguished man, at once a poet, scholar, and jurist, was born in London, in 1746. His father was an excellent mathematician, and enjoyed the friendship of several characters of distinction, eminent in rank and station, and of others illustrious for genius and learning. Among the nobility were Lord Hurdwicke, Lord Parker, and the Earl of Macclesfield. Of the literary characters, were Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Halley, Dr. Samuel Johnson, &c. Mr. Jones survived the birth of his son but three years, the care of the education of William devolved upon his mother, and well and faithfully did she execute the task, — like the mothers of Luther, Washington, and Lamartine. She endeavored to bring him up to do his duty to God and his fellow men; impressing upon his tender mind the necessity of becoming useful and good. She formed her design of tuition, and with unalterable determination pursued it to the best of her ability, and her plan was well adapted to the temper and capacity of her pupil. Her great aim was to *rouse* and *stimulate* curiosity. To all of his inquiries for information on various subjects, that engaged his attention, she would reply, “*read* and you will *know*.” By this means an eager desire to learn was enkindled, and to this expedient he afterwards acknowledged himself *indebted* for his future attainments and position in life. While an inquisitive spirit was excited, by affording it frequent exercise, she endeavored to invigorate his memory by recalling what he had read, and by conversation upon the several topics to make what he had read his own; thus endeavoring to render his memory tenacious and comprehensive. Such was her success, that in his fourth year he was able to read distinctly and rapidly any English book. In his seventh year he was placed at Harrow School. During the first part of his residence there he was remarked

for diligence and application, rather than for his genius and acquisitions. But his mind was gradually maturing, and he soon gave indications of the great capacity and singular powers of genius which he afterwards was universally acknowledged to possess. At this time he had the misfortune to fracture his thigh, he was for twelve months detained from school, and his progress in the classics suspended. During this period his mother was his constant companion, and to relieve him from the tediousness of his confinement, read to him various English authors adapted to his capacity. Among these were the juvenile poems of Pope, and Dryden's translation of Virgil. To this circumstance he was indebted for his early attention to poetry, and this caused him to direct his attention to the *muses*. While thus confined at home his mother had further opportunity to enlarge his acquaintance with books, and by the peculiar mode of instruction she had adopted, to furnish him with a store of miscellaneous knowledge, and by conversation and meditation greatly to increase his mental power. This was so much to his advantage that he, after his return to school frequently wrote the exercises of the two superior classes, the boys for whom he wrote obtaining credit for performances to which they had no title. His proficiency in literature was such that strangers who came to Harrow, frequently inquired after him under the title of the "great scholar." At the age of seventeen he left Harrow School for Oxford. His attention was soon directed to Oriental literature, and he commenced the study of the Arabic language. Having discovered an intimate relation between the Arabic and the Persian, he determined to acquire the latter, and his exertions were attended with success. His vacations were passed in London, during which he, among other objects directed his attention to modern languages, and read the best authors in Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. In 1765, he became tutor to Lord Althorpe, Earl of Spencer, with whom he travelled on the Continent. In 1770, he was admitted into the inner Temple; in 1776, he was made a commissioner of Bankruptcy; in 1783, he was knighted, and appointed judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal. The last appointment was eminently proper, for he had devoted much

time in acquiring a knowledge of the oriental languages. He had translated an Oriental manuscript containing the life of Nadir Shah, for the King of Denmark, in a manner which met with the approbation of his royal employer, and procured him marks of considerable distinction. To the history he added a treatise on Oriental Poetry. In the year 1774, he published his commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, a work which was received with admiration and applause by those versed in Oriental literature throughout Europe, as well as by men of learning in England. His desire of eminence and of usefulness, prompted him to investigate every branch of learning and jurisprudence, and to prosecute his studies with the closest application, and with indefatigable diligence. In April 1783, he embarked for India. In December he entered on the duties of his office. The high opinion entertained of his talents and eloquence were not disappointed, and from this period to his death he continued to discharge the duties of his station with distinguished ability and with the strictest integrity. One of his early acts in India was the establishment at Calcutta of an institution on the plan of the Royal Society, for the collection and preservation of all the valuable information which could be obtained concerning the Eastern world. Of this society he was chosen the first President. To the publications of this body the public is indebted for much important intelligence concerning those subjects to which they have directed their inquiries. Sir William Jones was endowed with distinguished powers of mind, and his diligence and perseverance in the acquisition of learning has seldom been equalled. His success was commensurate with his undertakings; and what might be anticipated from his superior understanding and intense application. As a lawyer, his knowledge was comprehensive and critical. There are few, if any branches of learning to which he had not directed his attention. He had studied, as he recorded in a manuscript found among his papers, *eight* languages critically: — English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian and Sanscrit. Eight he had studied less perfectly; but so that they were intelligible with the aid of a dictionary: — Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali and Hindoo. Also, to

twelve he had paid some attention, but considered them all attainable, should he have time to study them ; these were :—Thibetian, Pali, Philavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch and Chinese.

We present this brief sketch of Sir William Jones, who is one of the brightest examples on record, of the judicious training by a mother in early life, and of his perseverance in carrying out the designs she had for him in the pursuit of literary distinction. And she should be held as a *model*, worthy the imitation of parents in *training* the children committed to their care ; — first, in exhibiting the results of a well digested course of education, commenced in early life ; and to the young of both sexes, as showing what may be obtained by all in a greater or less degree ; if diligence, application and good conduct are associated in their efforts to obtain distinction. As a close student of the Bible, his opinions are of great weight and value, his acquaintance with the Oriental languages giving him an insight into many passages which the generality of readers could not of course understand.

The firm and unwavering belief of Sir William Jones in a divine revelation is openly and distinctly declared in his works, where he says, “I have carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written.” And we have the satisfaction of knowing that he was one who was well qualified to judge, as has been shown from his great attainments in every department of knowledge. The health of Sir William Jones was injured by the climate of India, and a disorder contracted by an imprudent exposure of himself in an unhealthy situation late in the evening in the latter part of April, 1794, and which was at first neglected, put a period to his useful life at the age of forty-eight.

Such, mothers, was Sir William Jones, his great acquirements in knowledge, his strongly religious character, were under God, due in a great degree to the example and training

of his faithful mother. Will you not, as far as in you lies, go and do likewise? Will you not strive to train those precious souls committed to your care, for usefulness? Prepare them for contact with the world, by furnishing them with good principles, and as far as possible with a thorough education — that they may be better prepared to “fight the great *battle* of life” with success. If you have not the possession of great wealth, you can remedy in a good degree the lack of means by your own exertions, by giving the right direction to the minds of your children — and as the means of religious and literary knowledge are becoming more and more within the reach of all, you should be incited to greater efforts to prepare them to fill honorably whatever station they may in God’s Providence be called upon to occupy.

MY HUSBAND'S PATIENTS.

NO. VII.

FAITHFUL HANNAH.

PART I.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

“And ye, masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, forbearing threatening.”—Paul.

MRS. EVANS, a lady of wealth and refinement, was one morning at the usual hour for receiving visitors, summoned to her parlor to meet Mrs. Stimpson. After a few moments conversation upon indifferent topics, the caller introduced a subject of great interest to mistresses of families, namely, the difficulty of procuring good and faithful servants.

“How is it, Mrs. Evans,” she asked, “that you so seldom find it necessary to change your domestics? Why I never can keep one more than a month, and very often I have two in a week.”

"I have hitherto been very fortunate in obtaining good servants," replied Mrs. Evans, with a smile.

"You may indeed consider yourself so, if that has been the case. For my part, during the seven years that I have been married, this has been my great trial. I have endeavored, again and again, to persuade George to give up housekeeping and to board at a hotel; but on this point he is as stubborn as a mule. He says he has been boarding all his life, and he wants a home; and then he greatly magnifies the dangers to which the children would be exposed in such a place."

"I think," said Mrs. Evans, pleasantly, "your husband and I should agree that certainly a public house would be a poor exchange for the comforts of home, particularly for the dear children. Think of your little Ella or Augustus being confined to one small room from morning till night, with their meals brought to them, or going to the common table with the servants."

"Well, I acknowledge, there would be some things unpleasant about it; but after all what a relief for me! Three times a day I must be bored with giving directions to the cook about meals. Then the housemaid is impudent and cross, and never seems to understand her work without being told again and again. But the nursery-girl is worse than all, for she knows her consequence since it is hard to get the children to stay with a stranger. I declare, I have to put up with everything from her. Why would you believe it, a fortnight ago, she tried me so that I gave her notice to quit, and she took it in high dudgeon and was off at once! I had a new one sent from the office in the afternoon; but neither Ella or Augustus could look at her. They wanted Hannah back. If I live to be as old as Methuselah I never shall forget that night, for they screamed and cried; so I sat with them myself until midnight, and then George came and took them both into bed with him. I was glad enough to lie down quietly in the nursery. The next morning he asked me what I sent Hannah away for, and insisted upon knowing the particulars. "Was she not kind to the children?" he asked, and I could not but acknowledge that she was very fond of them. "Then," said he, "I shall go and

bring her back." It was a hard thing for me to bring down my pride to allow it; but he was decided, and when he is, it is of no use to say a word.

"And did she come?"

"La, yes, she was glad enough of the chance. Why, she has nothing in the world to do but to see to those children, and make their clothes, except some family sewing now and then! But George didn't understand managing her as well as I do, and he offered her fifty cents more a week if she would come at once. I was very angry at first, as it was natural I should be; but he said the sight of her joy, when the little creatures sprang into her arms and kissed her face and hands more than paid him for all the extra expense. But then, how little men understand the trials of housekeeping."

Poor Mr. Stimpson! He thought he knew them in their length and breadth; and yet for the sake of his children, he would not consent to his wife's plan of living in a hotel. A boarding-house, if it were ever so good, she would not even think of.

While her visitor had been speaking, Mrs. Evans tried in vain to devise some method of answering her friend which would without offence, give her an idea of the cause of her unusual trouble. She happened to know a little of her neighbor's management, or mismanagement, having at that very time a girl who had remained in the family as cook for more than four years. After having been dismissed for some trifling fault from the family of Mr. Stimpson, and the very night previous to this conversation a cousin of the same girl had taken refuge with her relative, having been sent in disgrace from the house for breaking a china vase while dusting the parlors, and when therefore the lady stopped to take breath, having talked herself into the belief that she was a most aggrieved and injured woman, and that her husband joined with the servants against her, Mrs. Evans asked, "And who have you beside her?"

"Oh, dear!" she replied, as if she were on the point of weeping, "that's just my business out this morning. I was obliged yesterday to dismiss my housemaid, and I am on my way to the office. But I am entirely discouraged, and the cook declares it's more than she is willing to do, to show a new girl

about her work every week. I should like to know who she expected would do it?"

"If I shall not be considered impertinent, I should like to ask what offence the chambermaid was guilty of?"

"Oh, she was abominably careless!" said Mrs. Stimpson, slightly blushing, "and was always breaking some valuable article."

"How long had she been with you?"

"Nearly three weeks. I thought at first I had found a real treasure, for she was neat and obliging, and got along very well with the other girls; but there is always something happening to disappoint me. I could bear it all, however," she added, suppressing a sob, "if George wouldn't scold so. He undertook to say this morning when I complained to him, that judging from my own account, I was the one to blame. Well, I did acknowledge that I wished I had not been so hasty; but I should like to know how I'm to help it. It's so provoking to see one's crockery smashed to pieces."

"I think," said Mrs. Evans, seriously, "where a servant is habitually careless, it is a grave fault and involves much needless expenditure; but I have generally found that the girls themselves regretted an accident more keenly than I allowed myself to do. I think of one case at this moment where a young girl who had been with me but three days, broke a large mirror, shivering it to atoms with her broom; and this mirror had been presented to me but a short time before by my husband, in consequence of recovering an old debt; and it could not be replaced."

"And what did you do?" asked Mrs. Stimpson, breathless with interest, "I hope you made the worthless creature smart for it."

"At first I felt very much excited. I heard the noise, and was sure it was my beautiful mirror; so I concluded the safest way would be for me to keep my room until I was calm. In about ten minutes I started to go down, but on opening the door found the poor girl in the entry weeping bitterly, and trying to gain courage to tell me what she had done. As soon as she saw me her grief entirely overcame her and she sobbed aloud. I led her to a chair and sat down by her; but this only

made her weep more freely. 'Oh, mistress! I've broken — I've broken — oh, dear! — what shall I do? — I've broken your great glass hanging in the best parlor!'

"Well, she deserved to be put in the House of Correction."

Mrs. Evans smiled, and proceeded, "How did it happen," I asked, speaking as calmly as possible, though I own my nerves were somewhat unstrung.

"She took her apron from her face to gaze at me, and then burst out afresh, 'Oh, ma'm, you don't understand.'

"Yes, I said, I heard the crash. But how came you near it?"

"The poor girl started from her seat and threw herself on her knees before me. 'Oh, ma'm,' she exclaimed as well as her violent sobbing would allow, if you'll only whip me, or have something done to me, I'll thank you for it to the last day of my life; but if you speak so kindly it will kill me entirely. Oh dear, dear, what will become of me? and an own child could'nt be easier spoken to supposing she had done it. Indeed ma'am my heart's broken entirely with the great trouble!'"

In the midst of her indignation the listener could not keep back a tear which glistened in her eye, but she immediately said, "I declare I'm provoked with myself for pitying the girl. After all, I suppose George would have told her it was no matter, accidents will happen, or some such nonsense. 'Twould be just like him."

"That was what I did. I raised her from the floor and tried to soothe her agitated feelings. I did not then understand all that was involved in what she considered her disgrace; but I saw enough to convince me that she repented most truly her carelessness, and I tried not to think of my loss. But it was a long time before I succeeded in quieting her, and getting any account of the sad accident. It appeared that she was told to dust the parlors, and being very thorough, thought they must be swept first, and commenced a vigorous cleaning, such as I never allow unless I am present to attend to its proper execution. Happening to go too near the mirror, and being very much in earnest in her sweeping, she gave it such a violent blow with the end of her broom it was shivered into a thousand pieces. I noticed that she made no attempt to excuse herself.

She told the whole truth, blaming herself severely. She was so much overcome at the sight of the glass that I sent her away and called the cook to help me to pick up the pieces from the carpet before my husband's return."

"And what did he say?"

"That was seven years ago, and he used at that time to think I was too indulgent to my servants, but I represented to him so vividly her keen regret, that he promised as a favor to me not to blame the poor girl."

"Then you did send her off?"

"Oh, no! she has been an invaluable servant to me. She is in the nursery now. I would not willingly part with her for a dozen mirrors, though my husband gave two hundred dollars for the one she broke. But money could not estimate her worth to me and my children. I soon found her so faithful and good-tempered that I transferred her to the nursery, and I really believe her watchfulness and incessant, untiring devotion to the twins when we were visited with that awful scourge, the scarlet fever, saved their lives. You know I didn't see them for many weeks, being very ill myself. My husband has often thanked me for the course I pursued."

While listening to her friend, the countenance of Mrs. Stimpson had undergone a great change, and when Mrs. Evans concluded, she said earnestly, "I more than half believe you are right; but oh, dear! I never could command my temper so. It isn't in my nature. Why I couldn't help striking the girl in the face yesterday, when she broke the vase."

Mrs. Evans and her visitor lived within a few squares of each other. In many respects they were similarly situated, their husbands were each engaged in prosperous business, and were known as gentlemen of strict honor and integrity, in all their business transactions, and were ready to do all in their power to promote the welfare of their individual families. Each of them were blessed with two children. But here the similarity ended. Indeed there could hardly be a greater contrast in the management of two households. Mrs. Stimpson lived for herself and for a world of fashion. Mrs. Evans for her family, and the service of her Maker.

* * * *

THE ROSE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

LINES BY BERNARD BARTON.

"I LOVE THE ROSE."

I love the Rose — it is a noble flower ;
In color rich, and opulent of leaves :
And when her summer garland Flora weaves,
She sees no fairer beauty in her bower,—
None which, so redolent of perfume, flings
A sweeter fragrance on the zephyr's wings.

I love the Rose — that simple, single one,
Which decks the hedges delicately white ;
Or, blushing like a maiden's cheek so light,
The eye looks anxious lest the tint be gone
Ere it hath gazed enough, or ere the spray
Can from the parent tree be slipp'd away.

I love the Rose — that monthly one, which blooms
In cottage windows ; which is tended there
With maiden constancy, with maiden care ;
Which through all seasons decorates the rooms,
Like her whose opening charms appear to be
A lovely blowing bud on beauty's tree.

I love the Rose — nor least when I perceive
The thistle pride in Scotia's bonnet worn ;
The shamrock green on Erin's banner borne,
O, then imagination loves to weave
Of England's emblem flowers a garland meet
To place on beauty's brow, or lay at valor's feet.

I love the Rose — its presence to my eye
Like beauty, youth, like hope and health appears,
Recalling the gay dreams of early years :
And when I smell its fragrance wafted by,
I think of virtue, love, benevolence,
Which moral perfumes round life's paths dispense.

I love the Rose — for bards have ever loved
The queen of flowers — the flower of beauty's queen,
When in the hedgerows or the garden seen,^a
Or pluck'd and proffer'd by some friend beloved,
To gentle lady, and by her caress'd,
Then braided with her hair, or worn upon her breast.

I love the Rose — what time the smiling year
Leads forth in summer glory Flora's train ;
When orchard, garden, woodland, bower and plain,
Dress'd in their richest garments all appear ;
Then, then I love the humblest flower that blows,
But chief of all the tribe — I love the Rose.

ITS BOTANY.

[EDITORIAL]

The scholar who desires critically to examine this queen of flowers, will find it arranged in the system of *Linnaeus*, in the class *Icosandria*, in the order *Polygynia*, and in the genus *Rosa*. There are hundreds of species, and thousands of varieties, which the arts of production are rapidly multiplying. It is naturally a spring shrub, or small tree, says a botanist, with pennated leaves, provided with stipules at their base ; its flowers are large, more or less numerous, and disposed at the summit of the branches, or upon laterals ; the calyx is enlarged below and contracted at its orifice where it divides into lanceolate segments ; the corola consists of heart-shaped petals, and there are many stamens ; the seeds are numerous, covered with a sort of down, and attached to the interior of the tube of calyx, which, after flowering, takes the form of a fleshy globular or ovoid berry. It has given name to a large family of plants called *Rosaceæ*, and comprehending the raspberry, strawberry and many others. Its color in different varieties is red, white, yellow, purple, striped with shades and mixtures almost endlessly diversified. It is commonly single in its native state, but by culture becomes semi-double, double, full or crowned.

The rose called *La Reine*, of which we give a colored engraving in our "Happy Home" for July, is neither perpetual nor a monthly, but a remontant, blooming early in the summer, and after a season of rest renewing both its growth and florescence, and so on through several periods of the summer and autumn. It was derived from Hybridization, by Laffay, in 1843. It is one of the largest of the remontants, "beautifully cupped, almost globular, very double, and exceedingly fragrant. Its color is a brilliant rose, slightly tinged with lilac, its foliage and habit are good, and it ranks among the most magnificent specimen of this genus of flowers."

HISTORY.

Many learned and admirable treatises have been given to the world on the history and culture of the rose, as those of Deslongchamps, Vibert and Laffay. To these we may add that of our own countryman, Parsons, to whom we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness for several of the suggestions in this article. When we consider that of the hundreds of varieties added to the floral kingdom since the commencement of the present century, it is impossible to retrace many of them to their birth-place, and that of the derivation of many more we know little except the names which they have transmitted to us of the florists who produced them, we shall not be surprised that the origin of the parent plant, like that of most of the nations of antiquity, is obscure and fabulous.

This flower is mentioned in ancient Coptic manuscripts. Solomon speaks of "the rose of Sharon;" Homer, of "rosy-fingered Aurora;" and Herodotus, of the air in the garden of Midas, in Macedonia, as fragrant with its sweet perfume. Anacreon, Theocritus, Pliny, Theophrastus and other ancient writers celebrate its praise and denominate it the "queen of flowers." They derived from it their most pleasing metaphors and made it a symbol of innocence and beauty. Among the Orientals it appears in the most ancient paintings of the Chinese, and is honorably mentioned by Zoroaster and Zeb; and we should not be surprised if modern excavators should yet discover elegantly carved figures of it among the exumed relics of Nineveh and Babylon. Its praises are celebrated by the songs of all nations, and transmitted by their history.

CULTURE.

The best *soil* for the rose is a rich dry loam or vegetable mold, mixed with one-fourth its bulk of manure; yet it can be grown in almost any soil, though with different degrees of luxuriance and perfection. It is one of the prettiest ornaments of the poor man's cottage, imparting beauty and fragrance to his yard, festooned about his windows, wound round the pillars of his piazza, or trained upon his humble trellis; and it is equally the ornament of the mansion of the rich, adorning his lawn, flower-stand or conservatory.

In the Middle States it should be situated in a northern exposure ; but in higher latitudes where the north winds are bleak, it prefers a southern aspect, delighting in the free air and the sun's rays when the heat is not too intense. It flourishes well both in the city and the country.

The more hardy varieties can advantageously be *planted* in the autumn, so that the soil, being suitably settled about the roots by the frosts and rains of the winter, may enable the plant to start early in the spring and to grow rapidly. But the varieties that can endure less exposure should be planted in the spring that they may acquire firmness and strength to endure boreal storms.

Great care should be exercised in *taking up the plants*, not to break the roots and fibres on which life and growth depend. If any are split or broken, they should be cut smooth before setting. The hole or pot for the reception of the roots should be considerably larger than they require at the time of transplanting. The roots should be placed in their natural position as the soil is brought gently around them till the hole or pot is filled and the soil is pressed or trodden down about the stem. Occasional repotting or transplantation promotes both growth and productiveness.

In pruning the rose, a due proportion must be observed between the top and the root, and regard must be paid to the nature and objects of the plant. If this is very bushy let the weaker branches be removed, and let the three and four which remain be cut down to a few eyes. Of the bush, the tree and the climbing roses each must be pruned according to its habit, and the form to be developed. The hardy varieties may be pruned in the autumn or winter, but others in the spring. Bush roses require an annual thinning out ; the tree or climbing roses heading in and shortening of the laterals. In pruning, the knife should always be applied just above a bud and sloping upward from it. Superabundant flower-buds and seed vessels should be removed to perfect those which remain. The rose needs cultivation, frequent stirring of the soil about its roots ; and if the season is dry, it should be abundantly watered about the period of flowering. In the conservatory and on the flower-stand, the

mode of culture should approximate as nearly as the case will admit to that in the open air.

PROPAGATION AND MULTIPLICATION.

One method of obtaining new plants is by cuttings. These should consist of the growth of the preceding season, should be about eight inches in length, taken off close to a bud late in the autumn; they should then be placed in sand in a light and dry cellar two-thirds of their length, and early in the spring should be put in the open ground, into a sandy loam pressed down about the stem. When they need water, it should be applied to them in the evening or about sunset.

Another mode is by layers. In the spring take a shoot of the previous season; or in summer, one of spring growth, dig a hole a few inches deep, bend the shoot down into it near a bud, having previously cut the bark and wood in the shape of a tongue two inches long directly opposite the bud, confine it in the hole with small sticks crossing each other over the bud like the letter X, cut each leaf from its stem on the part to be covered and then place the soil gently over it, leaving in the open air a few inches with buds thereon at the end of the stem.

But the various modes of budding and of grafting, so faithfully described in treatises on gardening and floriculture, and so generally practiced, rank among the best arts for improving varieties, and of obtaining such as are rare and valuable. By a few hours study of these, and by a little healthful exercise in the practice of them, any gentleman or lady may be supplied with the most rare and valuable sorts. And why should any mother or daughter think it unworthy of herself to cultivate nature's brightest ornament of female loveliness? Was not Eve, our common mother, a help-mate unto her husband in dressing and keeping the garden?

DESTROYERS.

Whatever may have been the condition of the vegetable kingdom before the fall, since that catastrophe every object has its destroyer. Even this queen of that kingdom does not escape, but is subject to various diseases which have their appropriate

remedies, and is infested by numerous tribes of insects, as the green-fly and the saw-fly, readily destroyed by the fumes of tobacco or of sulphur, by syringing or washing the plant in a decoction of tobacco with soft soap and water, or with whale oil soap. But the most injurious are the common rose-bugs, which can be destroyed most effectually by crushing, scalding or burning, and by boiling water poured on the ground about the bush just as they begin to rise from the soil. They are devoured by the dragon-fly, by birds and fowls. Constant vigilance is necessary to preserve the rose from its numerous foes.

USES.

From the most remote antiquity it has been an article of luxury on all festive occasions. At the banquet which Cleopatra gave Mark Antony, in Cilicia, she paid six hundred dollars for roses; and in a fete which Suetonius ascribes to Nero, he reports that the Emperor expended four millions of sesterces, or one hundred thousand dollars for this kind of flower. No convivial entertainment is complete without it. The rose adorns the head of beauty and relieves the gloom of the coffin, diffuses its fragrance around the altar of Hymen, and by the grave of departed worth, displays its loveliness in the palace of the rich and sweetens the sunny memories of the cottager's home. The ancients, like the moderns, manufactured from it various perfumes. Much of what is called otto of rose is nothing but western lard, mixed with the oil of rose-petals by French Apothecaries, some of whom probably reside in America, an article which any lady can manufacture for her own boudoir. The attar which varies in color according to the art of manufacture and the season of plucking the roses is an extract of rose-water, made principally in oriental countries, where it bears a high price. But it is commonly adulterated before it reaches us. In its perfect state, it is one of the sweetest and most agreeable of all perfumes. It is so strong and active that a drop will perfume an apartment for several days.

Rose-water, so much used as a perfume and for seasoning, is a liquid obtained from the petals of the flower by distillation, and may be easily manufactured in any family where the house-

wife possesses either means for the purchase of a still, or the ingenuity to convert her tea-kettle into one.

Spirit of roses is manufactured by distilling the petals of the flower in spirits of wine. These petals when dried, put up in bags, and placed in drawers or wardrobes, impart their pleasant perfume to the articles contained therein, and when pounded in a mortar or ground in a hand-mill to a pulp, and preserved in sugar like fruit, make a pleasant dessert, or, if mixed with water and sweetened, a most agreeable beverage. From this pulp or paste the French and some other nations make various kinds of confectionary. This flower forms the basis of valuable medicines, as the tincture, the syrup, the electuary, the vinegar, the honey of roses, and many others, all valuable in their place.

RECOMMENDATION.

Plant the Rose. Do it for the preservation of your health, if you are well ; but for the recovery of it if you are feeble. This will give you healthful and agreeable exercise ; it is an excellent preventive of curvature of the spine, of indigestion, and of various nervous diseases, a good substitute for the old side-saddle and spinning-wheel on the part of ladies, and for the gymnasium and the bowling alley on the part of gentlemen. It cultivates the taste, improves the morals, inspires a love of nature, and aids communion with nature's God. Therefore, plant, cultivate and admire the Rose.

A SACRED MELODY.

Be thou, O God, by night, by day,
My guide, my guard from sin ;
My life, my trust, my light divine,
To keep me pure within.
Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumines,
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.
So may my soul upon the wings
Of faith unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
Midst light from Paradise.



HOVEY'S SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.

The Strawberry is a delicious fruit ; the thought of it makes the mouth water and sharpens appetite. What greater luxury is there than strawberries and cream ? It is a mixture of ambrosia and nectar. Who does not relish it in one of these hot days in June ? No wonder it always finds a market and commands a fair price. Two or three acres of ground suited and devoted to its cultivation will support a family in competence and comfort ; and as many square rods will yield enough to supply a household of ordinary size. If the plants are healthy and set in August, the first fruit may be gathered by the next fourth of July. They require but little labor, and their crop is more sure than that of most other fruits. A few hours study will make you familiar with the art of cultivation, and this is the season to acquire the requisite information to go into the market and test the different varieties, or to visit the grounds of cultivators, witness the arts of production and

engage your plants. We present here a plate of a sort highly esteemed, vigorous, hardy, a prolific bearer. Its fruit is of firm flesh and rich flavor. From a small piece of ground we formerly raised of this variety, planted in alternative rows with the early Virginia, a supply for our family. From experience, we commend it to our fruit-growing, and fruit-loving readers.

THE METROPOLIS.

This is the name of a new and elegant steamer which has been put upon the line from Fall River to New York, connecting with an Express train from Boston. It is well worth a trip to New York to have an opportunity to visit this immense and truly magnificent boat, which is propelled by the largest engine in the world. The length of the boat is three hundred and twenty-seven feet, and its depth fifteen feet. It is of twenty-one hundred tons burden, and contains one hundred state rooms, and three hundred and four cabin births.

As the passenger enters from the landing, and winds his way up stairs, he is at first impressed with its great length, extending far away on either side, while huge piles of boxes and baggage are heaped up in the rooms appropriated for that purpose. But when at the top of the stairs he emerges into the saloons, he starts back in wonder and amazement, thinking he has suddenly been translated to fairy land.

Imagine a long room, reaching nearly the length of the whole boat, carpeted with tapestry of gorgeous hues, and lined with Parisian chairs, covered with the richest cloths, stamped to imitate worsted work, both upon the back and seat, with views of the Capitol, the Treasury, the President's House, at Washington; also, with a number of fine portraits of some of our early Presidents, and with rare bunches of flowers. Marble topped tables occupied the centre, upon which lay the sacred word of God, and above which hung ponderous chandeliers, whose brilliant light reflected the splendor of the surrounding

objects. About midway of the saloon is a marble stand, from which, by turning a silver faucet, the passenger obtains delicious Croton water. The saloon is lighted during the day from above, and also by glass doors extending entirely across the ends fore and aft. These doors open upon a deck furnished with seats for the accommodation of those who wish to be in the open air, and to view the magnificent prospect on either side. Here also, a few early risers may be seen soon after day break, eagerly watching for the sun to emerge from his ocean bed, and "begin his glorious way" through the heavens, and well are they repaid by the gorgeous scene which truly passes description.

The saloon is lined by a double tier of state rooms, furnished with every convenience, and each containing four life preservers. Many of these are family rooms, containing wider births, and also places for children. Beside these are two small parlors furnished with the elegance and taste which characterizes every part of the boat, and also four bridal state rooms, fitted up and decorated like those of an Eastern palace. Costly curtains draped around the most inviting of couches; tables, toilet sets, mirrors, and carpets, of such richness and elegance, that one may readily believe the owners of all this magnificence must have possessed Aladdin's lamp.

But no description can give an adequate idea of this princely steamer. The dressing room hung with beautiful pictures; the apartments for china, silver and glass, the accommodations for cooking, and the table filled with the luxuries of a banquet, to be properly appreciated, must be seen.

The well known skill of Captain Brown, and his courtesy, have won for him general confidence and respect, while the promptness, fidelity, and decorum of the servants, and the attention of each of the crew to his own appropriate duties greatly contribute to the comfort of passengers.

No wonder this boat is a favorite means of communication and conveyance between these two great commercial ports. What an improvement on former steam-boats, on the old methods of travel by stage coach, when several days or weeks were requisite for the journey which you now make between sun set and

sun rise! What multiplied facilities are thus created for business, beneficence, and rational enjoyment! Neither is this progress to stop here. The most sagacious cannot anticipate its future, nor the most gifted imagination bound it. But of this we may be sure, it is hastening a consummation toward which all things for ages have been tending.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

Prov. 26 : 4, 5, "Answer not a fool according to his folly. Answer a fool according to his folly."

"What a contradiction," some exclaim! "Here we are forbidden, yet required, to answer a scoffer or a fool."

But where is the inconsistency? If a father says to his son, "go not to school to-day, for you are unwell," and to-morrow, "go to school to-day, for you are better." Speaks he not in each instance with a wise reference to his child's health?

Silence is sometimes the most effectual reproof of scoffers, but anon their poisoned arrows should be hurled back to their own confusion. Here wisdom is profitable to direct.

If a blasphemer is very bold, cursing religion and its professors merely to provoke them, it is well to rebuke him as Hezekiah did Rabshekah, (2 Kings 18 : 17, 37,) as Jeremiah, the false prophets, (Jer. 28 : 11,) and as Christ, the Scribes and Pharisees, (Jno. 8 : 6,) *by silence*. Or, if we venture a reply, let it not be "railing for railing," accusation for accusation, passion for passion, as Moses to murmuring Israel, (Num. 20 : 2, 10,) or David in respect to Nabal, (1 Sam. 25,) but in meekness and in the spirit of Him who endured the contradiction of sinners, lest we be like them.

But under other circumstances, and especially when our silence would be connivance at crime, or countenance of error, when it would be regarded as an evidence of weakness or fear, it is our duty to answer the scoffer lest he become more and more arrogant and presumptuous. Then words of sharp rebuke are like rods upon a fool's

back, awaking another and deeper consciousness. Like blisters, they remove irritation, by producing a counter irritation, and so remove the malady. Thus Job reproved his wife, (ii : 9, 10,) Paul withstood Peter, (Gal. ii : 11,) and Christ, the officer, whose rash hand smote him in the face, (Jno. xviii : 23.)

There is "a time to be silent and a time to speak." O for that wisdom which will discover the fit time and place for each ! Ask it of God who giveth liberally and upbraideth not.

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

The War.—This calamity still continues, and waxes worse. During the latter part of April and the forepart of May, there were frequent skirmishes before Sebastopol between the Allies and the Russians, but no general conflict. The bombardment, which continued several days, has ceased ; and early in the spring the English fleet renewed the blockade of the ports in the Baltic and in the White seas. That awful scourge, the cholera, is making its appearance in the camps. This dreadful destroyer may yet constrain these enemies to be friends, and to surrender to a higher Power. Sanguinary engagements occurred on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of May, resulting somewhat in favor of the Allies, but no complete and final victory. The allied force now in the Crimea, amounts to 200,000, thus distributed: 120,000 French, 30,000 British, 40,000 Turks, 15,000 Sardinians. The summer campaign opens auspiciously for the Allies, and some bold and decisive movement may soon be expected.

We learn the success of the Allies in the sea of Azof, in taking ports, four steamers, and two hundred and forty vessels of the Russians, and a vast amount of provision and munitions of war, on the thirty-first of May, of their springing two mines in front of Sebastopol on the first of June, of their renewal of the bombardment on the sixth, and of their carrying two important posts on the eighth, the Mamelon and White Tower.

The Vienna Conference.—This proves to have been a stupendous failure, inspiring hopes but to disappoint them, engaged in seriously

we trust on the part of England and France, but made the occasion of much dodging by Austria, and by Russia of a tremendous howl like that of a shot dog. It has resulted in a determination on the part of the two first and the last, to fight on, and of the other to keep free, if possible, from the charge of either side. If this conference, which terminated early in May, should re-assemble, it will not be till seas of blood have been shed. Austria is said to have proposed a renewal of this conference with a view to agree on the third section of the treaty, by allowing Russia and Turkey to settle between themselves their relative naval forces in the Black sea, and England and France to keep there two ships apiece. But will these two powers that have undertaken to defend this Turkey now place it in the embrace of the Russian bear? They decline meeting in conference.

England. — The Roebuck Committee of Parliament still prosecute their investigations in respect to the English army and the conduct of the war in the Crimea. The alleged want of sympathy with the Allies, on the part of America, produces great excitement and some indignation in London. Dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war and of the aristocratic governments strengthens the republican principle which clamors for reform, finds its champions in Parliament, and will yet be heard, both in England and also in France. Lord Ellenborough's resolutions and speech reflecting on the ministry, and advocating the appointment to offices of trust and emolument of persons on account of their fitness and worth, and not as an executive favor, produced a warm discussion and elicited sentiments which should be entertained beyond the bounds of the mother country. They find an able advocate in the London Times. Victoria contemplates a return of Napoleon's visit in August, and a peep at the great Industrial Exhibition in Paris.

France. — Early in May several changes occurred in the French Ministry, and an attempt was made, but defeated, to assassinate the Emperor. If it had succeeded, what then? We should not have been surprised to have seen France again a republic, Hungary throwing off the yoke of Austria, Italy in revolution and other nations in confusion. Canrobert, the French Commander in the Crimea, has resigned, and been succeeded by Gen. Pelissier, who is very popular with the army. The exhibition in Paris opened with splendor, but is reported less extensive and absorbing in interest than it would have been but for the war. The U. States are said to be well represented.

Spain. — A Carlist conspiracy was discovered at Saragossa on the 22d of May. Some other places were in disquiet, and a state of insipient insurrection.

Italy. — Mount Vesuvius has renewed her activity, and again pours forth her lava, fire, smoke and cinders. Is this the effect of the shock at Sebastopol or of the proclamation of the doctrine of immaculate conception?

Sardinia. — The Convent Suspension Bill, which agitated this country is sustained, despite the intrigue and violence of the Catholic Hierarchy; and liberty has no occasion for fear in the hands of one so discreet, firm and valiant as Emanuel Victor.

Austria. This government, with that other royal dodger Prussia, endeavors to ally the German States more closely, another proof that all Europe is in commotion. It is said she has agreed with the western powers on an *ultimatissimum* to be presented to Russia. Is this another dodge? The most dreadful mortality prevails in the Austrian army in Galicia, fifteen thousand have died and twenty thousand are sick in the hospitals—a fatal battle with an enemy that never surrenders.

Russia. Besides fighting the rest of Europe, the autocrat finds trouble in his own dominions. The bones of martyred Poles are restless and foreshadow a resurrection from their long rest. There is insurrection in the Ukraine. St. Petersburg is distressed, business interrupted, and other calamities oppressing her inhabitants which usually attend a blockade. The Czar pledges Prussia and Austria his adherence to the first and second stipulations of the Vienna Conference only on condition of the perfect neutrality of the German States in respect to the war. If he cannot enjoy free communication with the rest of the world through the Mediterranean and the Baltic seas, he seems determined to secure it through rivers, canals and railroads to the eastern shores of the Pacific. He has recently annexed to his empire four districts of country from the Mogul tribes on the frontiers of China. Is it the purpose of God that he shall control the eastern continent, and the United States the western?

Australia. Her auriferous districts continue to send their precious dust to Europe and America. We have seen specimens of her rich ores, and should be quite willing to have our empty coffers filled with them.

New Zealand. A dreadful earthquake occurred without a moment's warning at Wellington, Feb. 12th, injuring more or less every building in the place.

So goes the world.

DOMESTIC.

The Crops. Reports from all parts of the country are most cheering to the husbandman's hope, and give promise of an abundant harvest.

Virginia. The recent election in this state resulted in the choice of Mr. Wise, the democratic candidate, for Governor, by ten thousand majority.

California. This young and enterprising state continues to send us her precious treasures, and even to return the articles which the eastern states have forwarded. Flour, here from ten to twelve dollars a barrel, sells there for seven, and may be shipped and sold in this market at a profit. Potatoes, selling here for a dollar or more a bushel, there so abound over the demand, that large quantities are left undug or decaying in heaps. When we first gazed in wonder at the auriferous dust from her mines, we dreamed not that we should ever in our quiet home eat cakes made of her flour, and be fed by her agricultural products. But who can foretell the freaks of trade?

New Hampshire. Ralph Metcalf, the Native American candidate, has been chosen Governor of the Granite State, and James Bell whig Senator for six years, and John P Hale, free soil, for four years.

Massachusetts. The prohibitory liquor law of the old Bay State has gone into operation not without opposition. Its opponents have obtained the legal opinion of eminent lawyers against the constitutionality of some of its provisions. But if the court should sustain their opinion, the sections, thus rendered void, will not destroy the principle of the law. It will soon be decided whether this statute is in advance of public sentiment in respect to this reform. If it is, moral suasion must either bring the sentiment of community up to the law, or the force of the law must be abated till it reaches a point where public opinion will sustain it. Its violators have been arrested, tried, condemned, and either put under bonds to prosecute their appeal, or fined and imprisoned. We rejoice that it seems destined to have a fair trial. We shall wait for the result with interest, as a new developement of the relation of law to the progress of reform.

Portland. — This commercial city, renowned for intelligence, order and virtue, has recently presented a scene of mobbish violence and bloodshed. Neal Dow, the father of the famous Maine Liquor Law, who is at present Mayor of that city, purchased sixteen hundred dollars worth of liquors in packages, which he intended for the city agency to sell according to law, and which he stored in the City Hall. The opponents of the law, learning these facts, and supposing that he had no right, more than any other citizen, either to make the purchase or to keep the article in store, assembled about the building and attempted to force open the door. In vain the police warned them; the riot act was read, and they were ordered to disperse. They heeded not the command; a company of infantry was summoned to the spot, and in obedience to order fired upon them, killing one man and wounding several others. The mob dispersed. But the mystic wires flashed the intelligence upon the whole country. Many were violent in their denunciations of the Mayor. It is not our province either to glorify nor to censure him. But the greatest evil which can happen in such cases is the prevalence of mobocracy. Blood shedding is dreadful; but misrule and anarchy are worse. When mobs are suppressed by force of arms, it is not uncommon for those who suppress them to be accused of imprudence, rashness and hard heartedness. But it is one thing to act and direct others in such emergencies, and quite another, when the scene has passed, to review it and set in judgment on the orders issued and the measures adopted. Many say, "If I had been in Mayor Dow's place I would have done differently;" but if they had been there, perhaps they would have displayed less wisdom.

Revivals. — It is delightful to notice in our exchanges, reports of showers of grace which fall upon Zion, pledges of divine faithfulness and favor, and pioneers of the recruits which replenish and swell the army of the Redeemer.

• PROF. DAVIES' RULES FOR STUDY.

1. Learn one thing at a time.
2. Learn that thing well.
3. Learn its connections, as far as possible, with all other things.
4. *Believe* that to know everything of something, is better than to know something of everything.

LIBERTY, OR DEATH!

A SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY FRANK EASY.

FROM the captive in his dungeon,
 From the slave upon the strand,
 From the crush'd and bleeding nation,
 From our own dear native land,
 Came the words with fervent spirit,
 Onward borne by every breath,
 Strike dread to hearts of tyrants,—
Give us Liberty or Death!

When our fathers were afflicted,
 Bending 'neath oppression's rod,
 When the strength of kingly power
 Forced them to deny their God;
 Then their voices were uplifted,
 Then they freely gave their breath
 In shouts that rung the vault of heaven,
Give us Liberty or Death!

Now our land in peace is smiling,
 Now the oppressor's rod is broke —
 Ne'er again shall tyrant trammel,
 Crush us 'neath its galling yoke;
 "Young America" will truly
 Guard her sons till latest breath,
 For her watchword's now, as ever,
Give us Liberty or Death!

The Crusader.

GRATITUDE.

The bound will fawn on any one
 That greets him with a kind caress;
 The flower will turn towards the sun,
 That nurtures it in loveliness.
 The drooping bird, with frozen wing,
 That feeds in winter at your sill,
 Will trim his glossy plumes in spring,
 And perch about your window still.

FASHIONS.

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

On this subject, Mr. Prentice, the accomplished editor of the *Louisville Journal*, offers the following very sensible remarks:

Those who think that, in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly and gaudily, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its fine effects by being over dressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloaded beauty. The simplicity of the classic taste is seen in old statues and pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius. In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies ever excited more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the lines of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess.



Fig. 1.

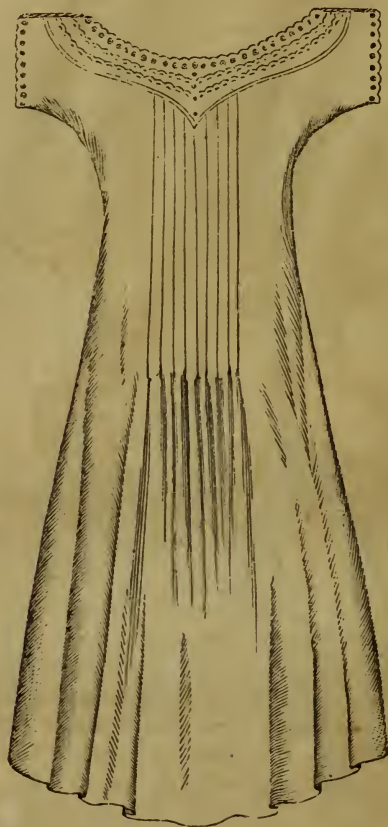


Fig. 2.

Fig. 1. Is a night-dress, with pleated front and full sleeves, an extremely neat and excellent pattern. The back may be either full in a yoke or of sack form.

Fig. 2. Is a Chemise, with a pleated front, highly ornamented, yoke as in the present style. The embroidery is with linen floss, and will wear as long as the garment, a great matter in trimming. The shape combines neatness and ease, and will be found extremely comfortable.

Fig. 3. Is a graceful design for a Miss, of 6 or 8 years. It is somewhat sack form, with a vest of different colored material, short scolloped sleeves. This design of dress is very well adapted for rich embroidery.



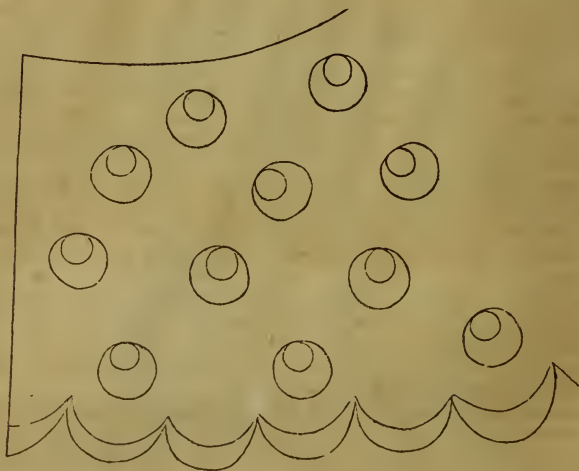
Fig. 3.

These new and useful designs for the apparel of ladies' and children, have been furnished by our fashion editor, Mme. Demorest. With the aid of herself and others, we trust this department will *soon* be equal to that of any monthly in the country.

Mme. Demorest is making extensive arrangements for the Fall business, and the ladies may expect some rare novelties from her establishment when the season sets in. Ladies will do well to become acquainted with the rare facilities Mme. Demorest's establishment affords for procuring reliable patterns of all the latest and most approved fashions, and in consideration of the small charge that is made for them, it affords no small reason for their mutual congratulation.

EMBROIDERY.

We present our female patrons who are skilled in the use of the needle these two patterns of embroidery, which they will find neat and ornamental to collars and other articles belonging to their wardrobe.



HOUSEWIFERY.

RECIPES.

Corn Cake. — Two cups of corn meal, three cups of sour milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of flour, a piece of butter or lard about the size of an egg, and saleratus enough to sweeten the milk.

SELECT HINTS. — Britannia should first be rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil, then washed in warm suds and rubbed with soft leather and whitening. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last.

New iron should be very gradually heated at first; after it has become injured to heat, it is not likely to crack.

It is a good plan to put new earthenware into cold water and let it heat gradually until it boils, then cool it again. Brown earthenware particularly, may be toughened in this way. A handful of rye or wheat bran thrown into it while boiling will preserve the glazing, so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt.

Clean a brass kettle before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The oftener carpets are shaken, the longer they will wear; the dirt that collects under them, grinds out the threads.

If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal of a night.

Woolens should be washed in very hot suds and not rinsed. Luke-warm water shrinks them.

Do not wrap knives and forks in woolens; wrap them in good strong paper. Steel is injured by lying in woolens.

INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

THE DUELIST'S LAST SHOT. — I have heard it related, that a Frenchman was once at a tavern in the West, and in the forenoon, a tall large Kentuckian came in, and called for a beef steak. The Frenchman was much surprised that he should order a meal at so unseasonable an hour, and ventured to enquire whether it was for his breakfast, or his dinner. At this the man of the west was much offended, and gave him to understand that it was none of his business. The Frenchman then retired; but it was not long before his curiosity revived so strongly, that he repeated the enquiry. This gave so much offence, that he was pushed away. This the Frenchman considered so great an indignity, that he gave the Kentuckian a challenge. They met and at the first fire, the Frenchman received a mortal wound. The Kentuckian, on reflection upon the act, felt very unhappy, and was very desirous to make amends in some way, if possible. Therefore he asked the dying man, whether he had a family. The reply was, "I have no wife nor children, I have a mother, but there are those, who will take care of her; you was not to blame; it was the fortune of war. It was I who did give the challenge." But says the other, "I want to do something for you before you die." "Well, then," said the expiring man, "will you please to tell me, if that beef was for your breakfast or your dinner." — *Rodman.*

SONG. THE ROSES.

WORDS BY MONTGOMERY.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY L. MARSHALL

Larghetto.

1. Two Ro - - ses on one slen-der stem, In
2. Through clouds and sun-shine, storms and showers, They

sweet communion grew, To - gether hail'd the morn - ing ray, And
open'd in - to bloom, Mingling their fo - liage and their flowers, Their

drank.... the eve - - - ning dew, While
beau - - ty and per - - fume, While

sweet - ly wreath'd in mos - sy green, There sprang a lit - tle bud be -
fos - ter'd on its ris - ing stem, The bud be - came a pur - ple

f p f p f p f p

THE ROSES, Continued.

tween,
gem, There sprang a lit - tle bud be -
The bud a be - came a pur - ple

tween.
gem.

- 3 But soon their summer splendor pass'd,
They faded in the wind;
Yet were these Roses, to the last
The loveliest of their kind—
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorned and sanctified the ground.
- 4 When thus were all their honors shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blush'd and brightened as the morn,
From morn to sunrise glows;
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.
- 5 My friends in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin Roses spend your time,
Life's little less'ning space;
Then be your breast as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.
- 6 And in the infant bud that blows,
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a Rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair and more fair as you decline;
- 7 Till, planted in that realm of rest,
Where Roses never die,
Amid the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

FROM "THE ROSE," BY MONTGOMERY.

BOOK NOTICES.

"NEW HAMPSHIRE AS IT IS," in three parts — 1. History; 2. Gazetteer, and 3. General View. Edited by Edwin A. Charlton, and published by Tracy & Sanford, Claremont, N. H. This volume of 598 neatly printed octavo pages, is executed with editorial ability and artistic skill. Every part is replete with valuable information. The first brings down the history to the organization of the state government and the adoption of the federal constitution; the second contains an account of the several towns, cities, curiosities and statistics, by Geo. Ticknor, and the third comprises notices of its natural features, its systems of education and religion, biographical sketches, accounts of its voluntary associations, banks, railroads, newspapers and a copy of its constitution. It is embellished with life-like prints, accompanied with biographies of several of New Hampshire's favorite sons. Among them we noticed those of Daniel Webster, Marshall P. Wilder, Horace Greeley, Frank Pierce, Levi Woodbury, John P. Hale. Besides these it contains beautiful engravings of some of its picturesque scenery and of its public institutions. It should be in the hands of all the sons and daughters of the Granite State. We predict for it an extensive sale, and sincerely hope that its enterprising publishers may be so encouraged that in a subsequent edition they may swell it into three royal octavos, bringing down the history to the present century and enlarging its biographical department. We desire more perfect knowledge of New Hampshire's illustrious generals, statesmen and divines. Few other States furnish such materials for history.

"WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."—By Margaret Fuller Ossoli, edited by her brother, Arthur B. Fuller, with an introduction by Horace Greeley, and published by John P. Jewett & Co., of this city. The name of the author of this volume is a sufficient guarantee of his high literary character, and that of its editor and publisher, of its neat and tasteful appearance. Abating the high encomium which it bestows on Swedenborg, Fourier, Abby Kelly and a few others of questionable sanity, aims and measures, and its extreme, if not unscriptural views in respect to woman's true position in society, we like the book, for while we have no desire to see ladies acting the part of public orators, legislators or generals, we profess quick sympathy for them in all the wrongs inflicted on them. If they perform as much and as valuable service as gentlemen in the cause of education, why should their wages be one-half or three-quarters less? Why should not daughters share equally with sons the property of their fathers? If they write as good a book why should the law put the income from the copyright at the disposal of their drunken husbands? There are points in this subject of grave and solemn interest to society; and so far as this book calls public attention to them, we rejoice in its publication. It should be read with much reflection and discrimination.

"THE YOUNG MAIDEN'S MIRROR," by the talented author of "The Child's Keepsake." For sale at this office. We are glad to notice that the public so soon demand this mirror in a new, enlarged and greatly improved frame. May many young maidens look into it and see what manner of persons they are!

MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington st., we have received these sheets of excellent music:—

1. *Martha Jewett*, a Polka, by Zorer; 2. *Our Own*, a Polka, by Joseph Jimenes; 3. *La Californienne*, a grand Polka, by Herzs; 4. *Home is Where There's One to Love Us*, a duet, with accompaniment.



ANDREWS PEAR.



MY SEA-SIDE HOME.

WORDS BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.
Andante.

MUSIC BY B. F. BAKER.

1. O swelling sea! thou deep blue sea! How restless, free and grand thou

art! How dear to me thy murmurs are, At thought of thee, how thrills my heart!

MY SEA-SIDE HOME, . Concluded.

The musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves. The score includes a 'Colla Voce' section and a 'Coda' section.

Nor gurgling brook, nor birds' sweet lay, So dear as sound of thee, O sea!

Colla Voce.

4
And then when sadness pierced my breast,
When those I dearly loved proved false,
Thy bounding billows sang of him,
Who spoke the tempest into peace.
Ah! pines my heart at thought of thee,
And of my home just by the sea.

5
And when devotion's twilight hour,
Allured me on thy shore to stray,
Thy pearly beach and rolling surf,
Inspired my soul and helped me pray.
Ah! thrills my heart when thought of thee,
Uplifts to God, Thy God, O sea!

2
From childhood's hour, I've loved to roam,
Among rocks and cliffs where sea-birds come;
And then, retreat from waves that laved
My tiny feet with moss and foam,
Ah! those were joyous days to me,
When on thy beach I played, O sea!

3
When happiness my bosom swelled,
My willing feet were turned to thee,
And in thy sparkling, crested waves
Was sure of love and sympathy.
Nor hill, nor dell, nor lawn, nor tree,
So dear as glimpse of thee, O sea!

MARY WASHING THE SAVIOUR'S FEET.

[See engraving ; also Matt. 26 : 1—16 ; Mark 14 : 1—11 ; John 12 : 2—8.]

JESUS retired to Perea after the resurrection of Lazarus, a miracle which led many of the Jews to believe on him. But his growing popularity increased the hatred of the sceptical priests and Pharisees, who sought the death of Lazarus, in order to destroy the evidence of this mighty work, by enabling them to raise a false issue, and to show that he was still a tenant of the tomb.

After a season of seclusion, he with a few of his disciples journeys toward Jerusalem, according to the custom of the most devout, to spend a season in preparation for the Passover. Six days before that festival, he arrives at Bethany and enters triumphantly into Jerusalem, while the multitude spread their garments and garlands before him, and shout "Hosanna in the highest." He drives out of the temple the market-men, overturns the tables of the brokers, boldly meets and refutes his adversaries, teaches the people, heals the sick, and performs other mighty works. On the evening of these days, he retires from the crowded city to his suburban home at Bethany.

Here we find him, at the close of the fourth day of that memorable week, in "the house of Simon the leper," elsewhere called "the house of Martha and Mary." The table is spread for their evening repast ; at one end of it sits the Saviour, in meekness and wisdom ; at the other end is Lazarus, admiring his lovely sister. Martha serves, with characteristic solicitude, for the honor of her house and of her royal guest. Mary, filled with gratitude for the wonderful restoration of her brother to life, bows before her Lord, washes his feet with her tears, and wipes them with her hair.

The washing of feet is still an act of friendship and hospitality in Oriental countries, commonly performed before the anointing of the beard and hair, the head and feet, by servants for their masters, by disciples for their Rabbi, and sometimes

at festivals by the host or hostess for their distinguished guests. Her gratitude, love, submission, joy and faith were evinced not so much by the service which she rendered, as by her mode of performing it. For water she substituted her tears; for a napkin, her hair; and for perfumes, an ointment most precious, made of spikenard, the nardus or nard plant, valued at forty dollars, and used principally in palaces and the courts of kings. By her side, on the marble floor, stands her box of alabaster, a species of marble, commonly white, with veins of varied and beautiful hues. Simon, a man venerable for age, wisdom and piety, stands with one arm resting on the table, and beholds the scene with admiration. The beloved disciple gazes inquiringly upon the countenance of his Master. Peter, the most ardent and impetuous of the apostles, looks on with sympathy and wonder. But the mean and mercenary traitor stands in the rear, carefully considering what personal advantage he can gain from the events that are passing before him. In his selfishness, he covets both the box and the ointment; and, when he sees the one opened and the other poured upon the Saviour's head and feet, cries out, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" Mammonized and miserable creature! Hast thou not stolen silver and gold enough from that bag? Has selfishness such dominion over thee that thou canst not see anything devoted to thy Lord, without a desire and an effort to convert it into money, to put it into the common treasury, and then to distribute a part among the poor, and to purloin the rest? No wonder thy Master rebukes thee. It is infinite forbearance that allows such a thief and traitor to live.

Turn from him to the most amiable and devoted of the sisters of Bethany. Hear her Saviour's commendation of her: "She hath wrought a good work upon me;" "against the day of my burial hath she kept this." Whether that ointment was a gift, or the reward of her industry, she obtained it honestly, and had treasured it up, that she might show, by this symbolic service, her faith in her divine Redeemer, and her gratitude for his merciful interposition. What cared she for the edict of the Sanhedrim, requiring his discovery and appre-

hension? The Master is come; and she yields herself to the reception of his instruction, to the honor of his person, and to the enjoyment of his presence. It was well that she did not understand the full import of his words, "against the day of my burial hath she kept this." Their literal significance would have overpowered her.

But her Benefactor understood them. He knew that Gethsemane and Calvary were before him. Around these his thoughts so clustered, that he viewed the events of the passing hour in relation to them. "The dead," thought he, "are washed, wiped, anointed and embalmed; and, in anticipation of my last hour, I have received from you, Mary, the consecration of death."

Still, hope sustained her and her household. Full well they knew that he who had burst the bands of death, and brought Lazarus from the cold precincts of the grave, could shield himself from Jewish rage, and vanquish the powers of darkness. When supper was ended, they retired to rest; but, while they slept securely, his enemies were plotting his destruction.

Morning dawns; the Saviour and his travelling companions depart for Jerusalem, and the sisters of Bethany watch his retiring footsteps till the Mount of Olives hides him from their view. Soon the report goes forth of his betrayal, apprehension, denial and crucifixion. But his resurrection and ascension follow in fulfilment of prophecy, and his Gospel spreads rapidly; and, in verification of his words, wheresoever it is preached in the whole world, there is this, which Mary did, told for a memorial of her. It has made her name immortal. Consider it, ye daughters of Zion. You may die; but the good you do will live after you; it can never perish. Labor on and labor ever in the cause of humanity and of Christ, for your reward is sure and great, both in this world and also in that which is to come.

THE FAMILY AT BETHANY.

BY L.

THEIRS was no palace-hall
Bedecked with Eastern pomp and pageantry;
No lowly train attended at their call;
A simple lot was theirs, — those pure, meek-hearted three.

They bore an humble name, —
They gleaned the harvest through the sunny hours;
Beside their cottage door, when evening came,
They watched the daylight fade from orient flowers.

And oft they sang old songs
Cheerful and clear around the household hearth;
They sang of Israel in her day of wrongs, —
Of Israel in her pride, the chosen of the earth.

Once a bright stranger sought
Beneath their lowly roof, for food and rest;
Nor fame, nor treasured gold that meek One brought,
But heaven was in his eye, love reigned within his breast.

The brother loved him well,
And Martha strove to make his welcome meet,
While Mary caught the melodies which fell
From his mild lips, and, wondering, listened at his feet.

And hither oft again
The Saviour sought a refuge in his woe;
To soothe his grief, three kindly hearts were fain, —
One home on earth gave love; *even that* 't is sweet to know.

But sorrow came at last
O'er that charmed circle — that dear household band;
A light, a presence from amidst them passed,
While summer blooms and birds shed beauty o'er the land.

Death his dim shadow laid
On the fond brother's darkly flashing eye:
On him the gentle sisters long had stayed
Their hopes; but now he breathes nor word, nor wish, nor sigh.

And where was He whose love
 Might calm the tide of sorrow by its power ?
 He came with grief-worn heart, that love to prove ;—
 Blest Saviour ! thou alone hast light for such an hour.

They went his steps to meet,
 To seek the pity which he ne'er denied ;
 And weeping spake, while kneeling at his feet,
 “ Master, hadst thou been here, our brother had not died.”

They led him to the place
 Which sacredly those hallowed relics kept ;
 Upon the Saviour's brow the eye might trace
 The tenderness of love and grief. He bowed and wept.

He wept beside the dead ;—
 (O, melting thought ! that God's own Son did weep) ;—
 Then roused he that pale sleeper from his bed ;—
 Death, when *that* voice commands, his treasure cannot keep.

Now is he still the friend
 Of those who seek his presence thus to greet,
 Remembering him where household voices blend,
 Breathing his name when cherished kindred gladly meet.

Fond mother, speak of him
 With thy calm, gentle tones at hour of even ;
 When infant eyes with sleep's soft spell grow dim,
 Then speak, and fill their slumbers with the dreams of heaven.

By thine unceasing prayer,
 Bring down his presence like a brooding dove
 Beside thy hearth ; O, be it ever there,
 Filling confiding hearts with melody and love !

Should grief, which all must share,
 Upon thy heart its aching burden lay,
 To soothe thy spirit's woe shall be his care,
 His wing shall cover thee and shadow all thy way.

Congregational. Journal.

If there be one that o'er thy dead
 Hath in thy grief borne part,
 And watched through sickness by thy bed,
 Call this a kindred heart.

Mrs. Hemans.

LOVE OF HOME

BY REV. LEWIS SABIN.

THE love of home is an important element of character. It is not an element of weakness and imbecility, but a fruitful source of magnanimity and moral virtue. Next to religious affections, it supplies the most powerful impulses to patriotism, industry, honesty, purity, enterprise, and a noble philanthropy. The strongest appeal to the old Roman patriotism was couched in the watchword, "Pro aris et focus,"—for your altars and hearths. The peril of their homes sent a stirring appeal to their valiant hearts.

But the sympathies of a Roman household were few and weak compared with those which have been nurtured and refined under Christian influences. Among the Swiss so strong is the attachment to home, that a Swiss regiment, in foreign service, is said to have been rendered wholly unfit for duty by accidentally hearing a favorite song of their country. Much of this feeling is said to be found in the people of Scotland, who have been trained up under the stern discipline of the descendants of the Covenanters, and amidst the enchanting scenery of that country.

There are few countries, where the mass of the people have cherished the endearments of home with a stronger affection than that of the descendants of the Puritans in New England. In our clime of chilling winds and frosts we have been forced in a measure to seek our choicest pleasures and recreations at the domestic hearth. The serene and sunny skies of a more southern climate invite the people more abroad, to recreate themselves in the fields and open air. But our bleak hills and driving storms have made us love the fireside, the summer-garden, and the friendly visit. This has operated to narrow down the familiar circle, and to restrict the social relations within a limited range; but it has strengthened the attachments which bind the members of the family together, and to

their common home. They have felt that in each other's smiles and welfare they had something to live for. They have felt that they had a character to maintain for the sake of those at home. They have had a commanding motive to be industrious, honest, enterprising, generous, pure, patriotic, benevolent. The man who, as the hard toil of the day is ended, sits down at the domestic hearth, there to seek comfort and freedom from care; there, in the relations in which nature has placed him,—the husband, the father, the man,—while he listens to his infant's prattle, and his little boy cons over his lesson for to-morrow, and the mother of his children, serene and cheerful, shares in every care, *he* finds strong impulses, moving his brave heart to all goodness. His fireside interests must be cherished and protected. And these home sympathies in time extend to a wider circle, and expand into all the charities of life. Here we find the source of much of the true patriotism and refined and virtuous sensibility, that adorn the best portion of society.

The home feeling *must be cultivated*. Should any doubt the need of this cultivation and encouragement, to prevent the feeling from decay, a brief observation will dissipate the doubt.

We are becoming a people of migrations. Our fathers came to this country as emigrants, and the stream thus set feebly in motion two hundred and thirty-five years ago, now carries with it annually a nation of people. The whole world is on the move. Influences have sprung into existence, in recent times, which operate to unsettle old inhabitants of the Eastern States, and in many ways to break up home attachments. Forty years ago, people began to move from Massachusetts to New York, then to Ohio, then to Illinois, then to Iowa, and then to Kansas and California. There is a spirit of unrest everywhere operating.

The people, who claim to live at home, cannot resist the invitation of railroads and cheap fares to go everywhere, and see everything. Multitudes are half their time abroad. There is an unsettled state of things, unfavorable to the development of the higher and purer qualities of our nature. There are

novelties to call us away from home; changes, too, crowded into every year, changes of habit and custom, changes of operation, changes of communication, and changes of structure. These things, some of them, are well enough in their way, and may be productive of benefits. But who does not see that they are attended with particular evils? One of these is, the dying out of the home feeling. This feeling does not live and flourish on the move. Like the things by which it lives, and to which its affections are fastened, it demands time for growth, in order to become rooted, and to entwine its tendrils around the localities and objects of home.

It is common at present for young men to think more of making money, and gaining distinction and office, than of anything else. It would be wiser if they would make it their object first to have a *homestead*, where they may feel settled in the world, and where the home-endearments may grow and bind them and their children to the spot. It will make the young man more of a *man*, and a better citizen. A distinguished secretary of one of the departments of the general government, four or five years ago, is said to have given the following counsel to a young man, who applied to him for a clerkship in his department. Thrice refused, he still persevered, and the secretary, interested in his determined spirit, said to him, "My young friend, go and buy a piece of land, put up a house upon it, and go to work. Keep your conscience clear, and live like a freeman,—your own master, with no one to give you orders, and without dependence on anybody. Do that, and you will become honored, respected, influential and rich. But accept a clerkship here, and you sink at once all independence. I may give you a place to-day, and I can put you out to-morrow; and there is another man, over at the White House, who can put *me* out; and the people by and by can put *him* out; and so we go. But if you own an acre of land, it is your kingdom; and your house is your castle; *you* are a sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life would assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you." This was good advice. Every young man should seek to have a home-

stead and a home. He will have more self-respect, more thrift, more public spirit, because he loves his home.

"Love is a strong plant," it has been said; "it will overgrow everything else; but its roots do not love new soils."

This is true of the love of home. The tendrils it throws out fasten by growth; and, if ruptured, will not mend themselves, nor be mended by tying. It is the *old* orchard, and the *old* garden, and the *old* pear-tree, and the *old* garret, it may be, that we think of, as dear to our childhood. The new may be more in fashion, and filled with a better furniture, but we do not desire it, for the old is better.

The home affection depends on a variety of things for its full development and strength. One of these is *permanence* of place; another is *the multiplication of things about us which we naturally love*; another is *a virtuous and intelligent family*. Of the first of these I have already spoken.

The second tends to secure the first, for no man desires to get away from the things to which his affections are fastened. And what should a man best love on earth, after his God and those whom God has given him in kindred and friendship, if not his *home*?

There is *a material comeliness and order*, which encourages and strengthens the home feeling.

I might speak here of the influence of *architectural taste* in the style of the building and appurtenances, as conducive to strength of home attachments and the refinement of the mind.

But I pass to speak of *horticulture* as important for strengthening the home feeling.

It is pleasing to see of late a growing attention among us to the cultivation of fruits and flowers. It requires not a great amount of labor and expense to set out shade-trees about the house, and to supply the garden-plot with choice varieties of apples, pears, plums, grapes, and other kinds of fruit, interspersed with varieties of floral beauty. Not many can afford the expense and time to lay out a garden with gravelled walks, and hedges of box and hawthorn, and artificial fountains. It would be extravagant. But most people might multiply the objects of simple beauty and utility around them, without any

extravagant expenditure. Their dwellings, large or small, might look out from amid green trees, and smile with embowering roses and honeysuckles, where the garden should offer all the summer its blended fruits and flowers, as if scattered from a hand moved by a heart full of love. "The man who loves his garden and the types of loveliness which grow there; the things which his own hands have planted and tended, and over which his own eyes have watched against autumn blight, and winter frost, and insect foes, will love his home the better for it." His children will catch the home feeling from him. He loves his home more, because he loves the walks which his feet have long been accustomed to tread by morning, and evening, and moonlight; whose every bend and unevenness he knows in the darkness as well as in the daylight; paths to which his own feet not only, but those of his best and early friend, are familiar; along which little feet have pattered,—some of them now may be treading the walks of the upper Paradise.

There are certain indices or correspondences of character in every individual. If you know what a man is in one respect, you may infer what he is in many others, since personal traits always go in families or groups, and the family likeness, within certain limits, will never lead you astray. The love of a garden, a taste for flowers, indicates home attachments, and at the same time conduces to virtue and intelligence. "Coarse people" may be skilful florists; but, if they are *coarse*, they may be virtuous, and are likely to be more intelligent and refined than others in like condition, and with like advantages.

It is a recommendation of horticulture that it furnishes employment for leisure hours. Many have little fondness for reading, and they feel a woful want of employment during leisure time. It has been said that in this country our amusements are politics, smoking tobacco, and drinking alcoholic liquors. There is too much truth in the remark. Simple and innocent pleasures have too little charm for many. "Young men often fall into vice because they do not know what else to do." They wander about as if they had no home, spending

their leisure time in the streets, or at the street corners, or in the public resorts where the men who are destitute or despisers of home do congregate. The habit of cultivating a garden or playing a flute has saved many a young man from the paths of the destroyer.

Some stern, calculating utilitarian may ask, "What is the use of flowers?" The answer is, They afford us an innocent pleasure. They are instruments of refinement and happiness. They are made to engage our attention, and to interest us. They catch the eye of infancy. Children, bounding through the garden, know their use as well as the bee knows that of honey. "O, the beautiful flowers!" they exclaim, rushing to them as naturally as water to a channel. Flowers have a language which the heart understands. Childhood, in its simplicity, gathers clover blossoms and dandelions all the summer morning, and lays them in the mother's lap, or on the teacher's table, as symbols of affection. Youth and beauty twine their floral wreaths, and bind their bouquets, as recognized messengers of love. Ripened life and worn age pause before them with a fresh pleasure and busy memories of times when life budded and blossomed, and are reminded of the bloom of celestial fields, and a rejuvenescence, of which these are the emblems. This happy influence of floral beauty and order upon the sensibilities and character is in perfect accordance with the well ascertained laws of æsthetics. From the first to the last of life, flowers speak to the heart. Death, the coffin, and the grave, welcome them; and, by their mute signals, utter lessons on the vanity of human life, and at the same time throw back a parting smile on the living, as if already catching a glimpse of the coming immortality.

We should, as much as possible, blend beauty with utility in *everything* about home, to make it lovely; not costly, perhaps, certainly not beyond one's means, but simple, pleasant, attractive. The Former of our bodies and Father of our spirits has encouraged a love of the beautiful by his own works, by garnishing the heavens as he has done, by his inimitable coloring of the flowers, by his giving to the birds their splendid plumage and enchanting song, and by the innumerable

forms of beauty and sublimity throughout all his works. He gives us fruit for satisfying our *wants* ; he gives us also flowers, satisfying the *sentiment* of our nature. And the fruit never comes without the blossom. "The seeds of all things lie wrapped beneath the folds of beauty." The blossom tells us that the fruit is coming, but the beauty of that blossom is not necessary for that use. It has a use of its own, in the very exhibition of its beauty.

Expense, within due limits, is not to be disapproved in providing for material beauty and comeliness around home. The pattern of the Tabernacle and the Temple of Israel, with the furniture of gold, of blue, purple and fine linen, was prescribed by God himself, thus showing that the impressions of taste should be made subsidiary to moral effect.

In addition to material comeliness and taste, another means of promoting the love of home is *intellectual culture* in the family. The home feeling does not depend on profound attainments in science and literature ; but it demands at least a moderate and respectable degree of intelligence in the family.

There should be a good supply of useful books and publications, which should be reckoned as one of the necessities of the family. A taste for instructive reading may be, and should be, cultivated in children ; and when it is formed it will be to them a charm which will attach their affections to home, and be a safeguard against the temptations of vice to which many of the young fall a prey. Reading in the family supplies matter for profitable conversation. It leads to an agreeable interchange of thought in the mutual communication of what has been read, and the discussion of important subjects and events. Besides, the young should be encouraged to cultivate their minds at home, and to pursue their studies there. They can often learn as much at home, in the long winter evenings, as they can in the school-room. They are too apt to think that education is only to be looked for in the school. But home is the place where education is to be carried on, more than the school-room. If the father can assist them in their studies, it is well. But if they can have little assistance at home, it will do them good to conquer difficulties by their own application.

The youth of promise is he who concentrates his mind on difficult points in his lessons, and is resolved to conquer,—to think out the problem, and be a victor. Such a scholar will find pleasure in his studies. His mind will acquire self-reliance, vigor and strength.

It is *thinking* which gives power to think well. There are many youth who never think of home as a place to pursue study. At school they ask for help, whenever they come to anything which they suppose to be difficult. They resort to the teacher, or solicit his permission to go to some older scholar, for assistance. They get over a difficulty in this way, only to get into another. They understand for the moment what is told them, but it does them little good. The mind does not expand, and grow strong and active. It is very different with the scholar who is willing to tax his own powers to the utmost before he seeks help to get over difficulties. He not only studies at school, but you may see him at home with his books, working his way, through the hard questions and difficult problems, with patient thought. You anticipate for *him* success in future life. This habit of thinking closely imparts force and power to the mind; it gives breadth and extent to the intellect, and fits the individual for discharging the practical duties of life.

Many people feel that they have *not leisure* for mental culture; they suppose that it is necessary to be a professional man, in order to have time to indulge in reading. This is a mistaken view. I believe the mechanic, the farmer, the merchant, the laborer, have quite as much leisure as the average of men in the learned professions can command. There are some men, who are busily engaged in these different callings of active life, whose minds are well stored with various useful knowledge, acquired from books and periodicals. It is surprising how much may be effected, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, for the improvement of the mind, by a person resolutely bent on the acquisition of knowledge.

The cultivation of the mind imparts a charm to home endearments, and should be regarded in every Christian family as secondary in importance only to that of the heart. It

imparts dignity and interest to the social circle. Mind enlarges mind ; language becomes ardent and instinct with thought, and the conversation of the domestic circle becomes chaste and cultivated, delightful and improving.

The most important means of rendering home attractive and lovely is to *have it pervaded with the pure spirit of religion*. Whatever attention is bestowed on mental culture in the family,—whatever care is given to household order and external comeliness,—the cultivation of the moral and religious affections holds the highest rank among the means of strengthening the *love of home*. For this purpose, other books are important ; but *the Bible* is the best book for the family.

Tree, shrub and flower, prodigal of verdure, and sweets, and beauty, and fragrance, are useful ; — they connect themselves with pleasant histories of the home and the heart. Plant the honeysuckle and prairie rose by your window. But far better is “ the Rose of Sharon ” in your home,— the spirit of Christ and devotion to his will.

In former days, the religious element entered largely into the system of home culture, and it did as much as anything to impart a charm to the spot, which the children, wherever they wandered, *never* forgot.

The simple and patriarchal manners of our Puritan fathers, which they carried out in their families, were calculated to make deep impressions upon their children, and to fasten their most endeared associations around their early home. In after years, they would go far at any time just to look upon the dear, *dear* spot, imprinted on the heart. Fondly the returning visitant remembers the old mansion, the old well, the apple-tree, the meadow, the pasture, the great rock, the cold spring, the lilacs and the rose-bushes,— scenes in which he once sported so freely, and which he loved so well. But there is nothing which he recalls with so fond and vivid remembrance as the moral and religious training to which he was subjected. There was the Sabbath lesson in the Catechism,— it *must* be learned and recited. The tokens of reverence for the aged and for superiors were enjoined, and the injunction must be obeyed. The patriarchal father, how he used to take down

the old family Bible from the shelf, and after reading a portion of it, commend the family to the great Shepherd of Israel! The mother, too, always watchful and loving, was the soul, the presiding genius of the whole; her heart, her counsels, her smiles, her ever ready sympathies were the light of home, to be remembered while any earthly memories last.

It would be well for us if more of this moral and religious culture of former days had been retained, and children were more generally trained now, as then, to habits of subordination, obedience and moral virtue. *Honor thy father and thy mother.*

Our view of the means, promoting home attachments, would be incomplete, were I to conclude without indicating more distinctly the province of *woman* in making home lovely and happy. Home is *the sphere* of woman,—the place of her best and most powerful influence,—the scene where her brightest gems appear, and her fairest laurels are won.

Some are called to teach, and are honored in the calling. If some women choose to practise medicine, or to enter the counting-house and engage in trade, or to labor as itinerant lecturers and public speakers, I would have no controversy with them. There is reason for demanding a wider range of employments and better remuneration for women who are dependent on their earnings for support. But it is not in the public arena that their best honors are gathered. It is in the homes of Christian society that woman has exerted her most illustrious and abiding influence. In the home economy it is her province to *preside*; to conduct the affairs of the house with order, neatness and system, and to diffuse the cheerfulness of her loving and gentle spirit through all its changing scenes. Man goes abroad to labor and conflict; the farm and workshop are to bear the marks of order and thrift from his hard hand; he mingles in stormy debates and political strifes; he tends the fires of the engine, and guides the helm of commerce. Woman meets him as he returns to his door, and there her empire appears; her care instates order; her presence is dignity; her love cements the members of the household, and they “rise up and call her blessed.” Take away the wife and mother from

the home, and what a disruption of the family takes place ! When the mother dies, the home is changed. Its light is extinguished. She who was there,—the virtuous woman,—always there, a “keeper at home,” “having her children in subjection with all gravity,” “looking well to the ways of her household,” has gone to her rest, and that home will never be *what it was*.

The heart of woman, refined, intelligent, pure, pious, gentle, affectionate, sensitive, is the central attraction of home, making it lovely and pleasant as gardens by the river's side. *“Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in the time to come. Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates.”*

HOME.

SCENES of my birth, and careless childhood hours !

Ye smiling hills, and spacious fertile vales !

Where oft I wandered, plucking vernal flowers,

And revelled in the odor-breathing gales ;

Should fickle fate, with talismanic wand,

Bear me afar where either India glows,

Or fix my dwelling on the polar land,

Where nature wears her ever-during snows ;

Still shall your charms my fondest themes adorn,

When placid evening paints the western sky,

And when Hyperion wakes the blushing morn,

To rear his gorgeous sapphire throne on high.

For to the guiltless heart, where'er we roam,

No scenes delight us like our much loved home.

R. Hillhouse.

THE KIND HUSBAND.

BY MARY MONTAGUE.

"WHAT is the matter?" said Mrs. Robbins, when she was waked by hearing some one move about in the little parlor which adjoined the bedroom in which she slept.

"I am getting up, Helen," was the reply.

"Why, can it be that it is morning? It seems as if I had but just gone to sleep," said Helen.

"It is early; not quite four o'clock. I have laid out some extra work to do, and shall go to the shop a couple of hours before breakfast. I saw Dr. Bigelow yesterday; he said I must be careful of you through the warm weather, and that porter would be good for you while you are so weak; so I shall do overwork enough to pay for all you will drink."

"I would do no such thing; you have as much on your hands as you can get along with, now. I shall gain strength fast, as soon as the weather is cooler."

"But I do not like to wait so long before you can be about; so you must make no more objections. You know we husbands do not like to be dictated to. I shall come home at six o'clock to get my breakfast and dress Katy. In the mean time you must shut your eyes, take another nap, and see what a pleasant dream you can have about your husband. Now, be very careful not to disturb that little bit of a Helen who is snuggling so close to her mother."

So said Charles Robbins, as, with the pleasant expression on his face of a light and happy heart, he went forth to commence the labors of another long day.

Just as the village clock struck seven, Mrs. Robbins waked again, and saw her kind husband, who, as he bent over her, said,

"I thought I should have to go back to the shop without saying 'Good-morning' to you, Helen!"

"Have you had your breakfast?" she inquired, with surprise.

"Yes, indeed; the Astor House could not have furnished a better."

"What did you find that was so nice? Perhaps I shall want some when I get up. Was it as good as the fish you cooked once?" said Helen, smiling.

"O, yes; a great deal better; but I ate it all, and it would not have done for you if I had not; but don't you know the *best* make mistakes sometimes? So, you must not laugh at me. Yes, you may laugh, too; but do not get discouraged and cry. I cannot stand that."

The mistake alluded to was of quite a ludicrous character. The day previous to that on which it occurred, Mrs. Robbins, in anticipation of their breakfast, which was to be a fried cod, had sifted some Indian meal and placed it in a bowl in the pantry, that the fish might be dipped into it before it was cooked. Near the bowl was another, which contained brown sugar. As Mrs. Robbins had been kept awake through the night, her husband prepared his own breakfast, just as he had often done. Hearing only general directions, he unfortunately took the bowl of sugar instead of the meal, and wondered why the nice crust did not form upon the fish, as it always did when his wife cooked it in precisely the same manner; nor did he understand, until he began to eat it.

He enjoyed the joke, of which Helen reminded him occasionally, because he saw it kindled a smile on her pale face, such as he loved to see.

"Where is Katy? Are you going to take her with you?" inquired Mrs. Robbins.

"Here I am, mamma," said the little darling, who was standing by the side of her mother's bed, with her sun-bonnet on, all ready to go with her father.

"Have n't you a kiss for mother and little sister?"

Katy was raised up by her father, to leave the kisses and take a peep at her baby sister; love for whom already filled her heart.

"Why, Charles, her hair has not been combed," said Mrs. Robbins, as she saw the long frizzled curls.

"It is no matter; the neighbors all know you are sick;

perhaps at noon you will feel able to do it. I do not like to ask any one to undertake it, they make such work in trying to curl it," replied Mr. Robbins.

Katy was sitting on the side of the bed, looking most earnestly at the baby, as these remarks passed between her parents.

As her father was taking her down, she said,

"I want to see her little feet every time."

So the tiny feet were uncovered, and, "Arn't she precious?" expressed her childish joy in a tone of voice as of a miniature mother.

"Do you not think God was very kind to send you this dear sister, whom we all love so much? You must be a very good little girl, and then you can teach her to be good when she is older," said her mother.

"*I think so*; I will teach her, 'Now I lay me,' when she talks, and the letters on my blocks, too," was the reply.

"Now father will take you down, and I want you to play about and not trouble him, because he is very kind to let you go with him."

"Helen, I have carried the milk down cellar, excepting what I left in the pantry, with the baked apples, for your breakfast. I shall stop at Aunt Walker's and ask the old lady if she or Betsey can come up for an hour or two, to dress the baby and fix you up a little. At noon I will bring you some porter, as the store was not open when I came home to breakfast. Now, promise you will not try to work about at all when you get up, because I can do all that needs to be done this evening."

"Yes, I will promise, you are so kind," was all that Helen could say.

The world around, society at large, accounted the family, who occupied *only half* of that little brown house, as *poor*; but did they estimate rightly? What is poverty? What is wealth?

Mr. Robbins returned at twelve o'clock with little Katy, who begged to be allowed to carry the bottle of porter to her mother, because she wanted so much to have her get well.

Then he prepared his own dinner, and made a nice cup of tea which he carried to his wife, with some blanc-mange.

"Where did you get this blanc-mange?" asked Helen.

"Sure enough, where did I get it? Why, after Mrs. Walker went home, and told Betsey how bad your mouth was, nothing would do but that Betsey would go to the store, get some moss, and make this, and when I came by she gave it to me."

"How very kind people are to me! I should not think they would be so."

"Betsey said she had not forgotten some things you had done for her. Perhaps that was the reason."

"I do not want *pay* for doing a neighborly kindness," said Mrs. Robbins, with a good deal of emphasis.

"No, I know you do not; but the Bible says, 'A man that has friends must show himself friendly;' it teaches, too, that a spirit of kindness shown toward others awakens a similar spirit. That is all."

After Mr. Robbins had partaken of his simple meal, in company with Katy, the dishes were placed in a pan of cold water with those which were used in the morning, Katy was washed, undressed, and laid on the lounge, to take her long afternoon nap, whilst he went forth again to finish the *shop labors* of the day.

Mrs. Benton, who lived in the next house, ran in, after she had taken her own early tea, to see how Mrs. Robbins was getting along, and made a fire; so that when Charles returned weary to his supper, he was glad to find his tea steeped and plenty of hot water for the dishes.

"How are you feeling to-night, Helen? And how does baby do?" were the pleasant inquiries of her husband.

"I think we are doing well. Mrs. Stanwood and Mrs. Bailey have been here. Mrs. Stanwood says I can have more of these sweet apples if you will get them; and Mrs. Bailey brought me an apple-pie. I think I shall have to give it to you. It is made of early apples, and I want you to eat it. It will do just as well, if we are one."

"Helen, I do think it seems nice to be sick among such kind people. In the city one might die and the people at the next door know nothing of it. I should not like to be sick in New York, should you?"

"I do not like to be sick anywhere," said Helen.

"No, I suppose not; but still I think there is a choice in places," rejoined her husband.

The clouds seldom gathered so dark around Charles Robbins that no ray of the sun pierced their gloom. When the hour of summer-twilight drew on, the dishes for *all day* had been washed, and scattering things were in their places. These were not done from a sense of duty ALONE, but because he loved to lighten the cares of his wife, and smooth the rugged path she was travelling with him.

Since another little one had found shelter and welcome in their home, Mr. Robbins had called Katy *his own*, while the youngest was called "*mother's* baby," because she necessarily engrossed so much maternal care.

Now, he said to her, "How would my little daughter like to have papa take her up in his lap, and rock her to sleep, while he is singing?"

"Pretty well, I should," said the delighted child, who had learned she must not *expect* such attentions, yet was very happy in receiving them.

"Get your night-dress first," said her father; and while he sang a pleasant lullaby, the child sank peacefully to sleep, and was laid upon her mother's bed.

Mrs. Robbins was weak and weary; she loved her husband as he deserved, and it grieved her to see him toiling early and late, day after day, with no better prospects of relief. If she regained her own health, there were reasons why he might not relax his exertions; and was it strange that when he reëntered the parlor he found her trying to keep back the tears which would come?

"Why, Helen, what is the matter now? I thought you said you felt better," he added, with surprise.

"I am better; but I feel badly. I am nothing but a drag upon you, all the time. You can never get ahead at this rate. I wish I was well and strong as other women are."

"I do not know any well strong woman I should be willing to change you for," interrupted her husband.

"Just think of Harry Wells, who was married the same

week we were, and see what a beautiful place he has, while we are worse than nothing," said Helen, from a full heart.

"O, no, my dear wife, you forget; we have each other; besides two dear little girls here, and one in heaven. That is more than Wells can say. When you feel badly again, ask yourself where Nellie is."

"I know she is in heaven, for she belonged there when she was here. What a pity her husband did not appreciate her better!" said Helen.

"I think Wells must have placed a *high* value upon her; for, while he was gone to California, she earned the four hundred dollars which were paid down when they bought that cottage, and the rest remains on a mortgage now; and, what is more, is likely to for some time to come. I think many a man values his wife, just as he does his horse, by the amount of labor she can perform, or the money she brings him in. The idea of sitting down together, and reading, or conversing in such a way as to promote each other's mental, moral, or spiritual improvement, seems never to have even entered their minds. I have not the least doubt, that, if such were told that the responsibilities of this life should be met in a better manner by those who sustain the relation of husbands and wives, and a better preparation made for heaven, they would ridicule the idea. But I believe it, for all that; mutual helpers we are, or ought to be; and if you and the children are spared, only to encourage me, I will never complain of hard times, or short fare. I only wish I could help you more than I can. Sometimes I think I will get some one to come and stay here, so that you need have no care."

"It would not relieve me from care; it might lighten your domestic duties. Now, tell me, if the men in the shop do not laugh at you for doing so much for me and the children."

"Certainly they do; but do you suppose I care for it? Occasionally I give them a lecture on the treatment of wives, such as, I think, the Bible requires. So, you see, we are about even."

"O, I wish I could do something besides sit here and fold my hands, while you are working so hard!"

“Hush, wife; if *I* do not complain, *you* must not for me. It is you who suffer. I felt bad when you were so feeble that you had to wean Helen; but the trial is all over, and you both are doing well now. I hope the children will live to pay you for all you have done for them. You must not talk any more to-night; I am afraid you will not sleep, as it is, I have preached such a long sermon. I will bring out the cot-bed, and make it up here, for Katy and I; after I have put her in it I will make your bed over again. Then, when you have gone to bed, I will read to you a little while. You know you always feel better after hearing the Bible read.”

But not for the comfort and consolation of his wife alone did Charles Robbins peruse the word of God; for, in that quiet hour, in that happy home, did the spirit of all grace descend, the petty trials of this life were changed to its choicest blessings, and the words of prayer uttered by that sick-bed became the language of a heart filled with praise.

H U S B A N D S .

BY WILKINS.

Know then,

As women owe a duty — so do men.
Men must be like the branch and bark to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage;
Clothe them in winter, tender them in age,
Or as ewes' love unto their earlings lives;
Such should be husbands' custom to their wives.
If it appears to them that they 've strayed amiss,
They only must rebuke them with a kiss;
Or cluck them as hens' chickens, with kind call,
Cover them under their wing, and pardon all.

THE CRACKED PLATE

BY REV. H. HUMPHREY, D.D.

"MA, my plate is cracked," said a bright, little boy, of six or seven summers, pushing it from him, and just spoiling his sunny face. Without saying a word, his doting mother gave him hers in exchange. Examining the plate afterwards, I found there *was* a small crack in the edge of it; so very *small* that I am quite sure it would have escaped my notice, had it been placed before my seat a hundred times at the table.

Now, that mother was an educated and sensible woman, and, in some respects, she managed her children very well. But did she know what she was doing when she yielded to the childish whim of her darling boy? I am sure she did not. Had she reflected for a moment, she must have seen that such indulgences, carried out, were directly calculated to spoil the child, by making him dissatisfied with everything that might not happen to be just so at the table, or anywhere else.

I am afraid there are a good many estimable mothers who might learn a profitable lesson from *this cracked plate*. There are no demands which children will not learn to make if they are indulged in all their capricious notions. No matter whether it is a "cracked plate," or a cold pancake, or a little poorer fork than the mother happens to have, or some dish that is not quite so well cooked as common, that makes the trouble and pouting. If the mother indulges the child by yielding once, she can scarcely refuse to do it again and again. He will become more and more dainty and capricious, till she will have no peace. Nothing will satisfy. He will be forever teasing and grumbling about something. "I don't love this, and I don't love that." And so he must be "humored to death."

There is a more excellent way, which is not only infinitely better for the child, but saves the mother a great deal of trouble. If, when the little urchin pushed away the cracked plate, and scowled up his face, his mother had sent him away, and made him go without his breakfast, he would have been glad

to get it, with something on it, by dinner time. Such fretting and teasing is exceedingly annoying to many fond mothers, and there is no need of it in the world. It is their own fault. Any child can be cured with very little trouble; or, as "prevention is always better than cure," any boy can be so trained from the first as not to know whether his plate is cracked or not, provided it has something on it to satisfy his hunger. And, being early taught to deny himself in little things at the table, and trusting to his mother's better judgment, will be a great advantage to him in after life. Let him be accustomed to eat what "is set before him, asking no questions," and it will grow into a habit, greatly ministering through life to his health and comfort. Any boy that is allowed to change his plate because it happens to be cracked, and to complain that he don't like this, and he don't like that, and to have a little nicer plate to pamper his capricious appetite, will have good reason, when he becomes a man, to complain of the early over-indulgence of his fond mother, and to wish that, when he complained and grew moody because everything was not just so at the table, instead of changing the cracked plate, she had sent for the birch, or put him upon short allowance, till he would relish such things as other boys eat, and are glad to get them.

Children who are commonly too much indulged in their food will, sometimes, when crossed a little, go off to bed in a pet without their supper, to punish their mothers for denying them what they ask for. In this sort of resentment or retaliation they should by all means be indulged, till they find out that they punish themselves more than anybody else.

I know it is sometimes difficult to decide how far to indulge young children in the kind and qualities of their daily food. They should not be required to eat anything to which they evidently have a decided natural aversion. But mothers should take care how, by pampering the appetite of the child, they create an aversion to any kind of nutritive food which is adapted to an unvitiated appetite, and to make him strong and healthy. But there can be no room to hesitate when a boy can't eat his dinner upon a *cracked plate*, or when he demands any similar indulgence.

WHY SHOULD FAMILY RELIGION BE REVIVED?

BY REV. W. GALE.

PART II.

It greatly promotes *domestic happiness*. No one who has carefully examined the subject can doubt this. In proportion as the members of a family are truly pious, there will be order, and a prompt discharge of all the relative as well as devotional duties. This will secure a corresponding amount of mutual happiness. Truly Christian parents have no greater joy than to see their children walking in the truth; and every pious and affectionate child must experience a corresponding pleasure in the assurance that his parents are the sincere and devoted friends of Christ. And not only so, but religion, if it be genuine, will exclude from the family, as from larger communities, the demon of discord, lead to the suppression of the evil passions and selfish desires; refine, elevate, and strengthen, the natural affections; introduce new subjects of thought and conversation; awaken new hopes; and, in various ways, draw into closer and more endeared union those who, in the absence of religion, would be bound together only by natural ties and common interests.

When parents and children can look upon each other as the disciples of Christ and the heirs of heaven, of what pleasing emotions are they the subjects! What bright anticipations are they permitted to entertain of the future! How delightful must be their seasons of morning and evening devotion! How well are they prepared for the duties, trials, and changes, of each successive day! How little have they to fear from the approach of death! How precious to them must be the hope, that, after death, they shall all meet in their heavenly Father's house, no more to die, no more to suffer, no more to separate!

Again, family religion is closely connected with the *welfare of the church, and of society at large*. We have already noticed

the maxim, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Observation, as well as Scripture, assures us that what parents are in moral character and social habits, their children are likely to be; and that what children are in the family, they will generally be in all the pursuits and relations of life. If well trained and educated when young; if, at an early period of life, they acquire the habit of subordination; if they cheerfully conform to the good and wholesome regulations of a well-ordered household; especially if, in the fullest sense of the term, they obey their parents in the Lord,—then most certainly, in all ordinary cases, they will be a blessing in the various relations and pursuits of life. They will be the firm supporters of law and order; they will be faithful in their business transactions, and in the discharge of all relative duties. The grand nursery for the church is the family; and that, too, is the school of character for the state. God promised to prolong the Jewish nation, and to increase them mightily, if they were faithful to maintain family religion. "Now these are the commandments," said Moses, "the statutes and the judgments which the Lord your God commanded to teach you, that ye might do them in the land whither ye go to possess it. That thou mayest fear the Lord thy God, to keep all his statutes and commandments, which I command thee — thou and thy son, and thy son's son, all the days of thy life." And the reason was this: "That thy days may be prolonged, and that it may be well with thee, and that ye may increase mightily, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee, in the land that floweth with milk and honey." In the last verse of the last chapter of Malachi, to which allusion has already been made, religion is noticed as the only thing that would save the people from ruin,—“Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.” Here is a principle which God has ever observed in his dealings with mankind — with the Jews, and with other nations. Nothing but the turning of the heart of the fathers to their children, and of the children's heart to their fathers, or the religious instruction and discipline of families, can secure to any people the blessing of Heaven, or give to them lasting prosperity. What was it that

happily distinguished our Puritan fathers and their first descendants more than almost anything else? It was their family religion. And whatever there is remaining among us that is truly excellent and valuable, either in a moral or social point of view, must be traced very much to the same source. Nothing can be more easily established than the beneficial effects of family religion on the church and on all the interests of society.

Family religion promotes *the spiritual welfare and the salvation of the household*. Says an interesting writer, "God has blended, and almost indissolubly, the immortal interests of parents and children." Christian families are the nurseries of God's kingdom above, not less than of his church in this world.

If it is true, as we often hear it said, that the offspring of professors of religion are as bad as other people's children, it is not true that the descendants of parents who perform their duty are as bad as those of parents who neglect it. If it is true that the children of the most pious and faithful do not always turn out well, it is also true that no parents are perfect,—that none bring up those committed to their care, in all respects, as they ought. But it is not true that children who are left without religious instruction, and are ungoverned,—who are allowed from early life to have their own way; who grow up in irreligious families, or who are disobedient and impatient of restraint while young,—are as likely to prosper, and to be saved, as others better trained. Such a conclusion is as much at variance with facts as with the teachings of the Bible. The early habit of subordination to parental authority is a very important means of personal piety. Though every dutiful and well-trained child may not, through the power of temptation and untoward circumstances, be converted and finally saved, yet there is much more hope of such a child than of one who is self-willed, and troublesome in the family, in the neighborhood, in the school-room, and in every community to which he belongs. What children are at home, they usually will be abroad; and what they are, when young, and in the family, they will be, for the most part, in all the subsequent periods and scenes of life. There may be some exceptions. The grace of God can subdue

the most neglected and stubborn child that ever lived; and, without his grace, those who have the best training will be lost. Yes, if He please, those who have the worst training, or no training, will be converted and saved. Instances of this kind do occur. We call them, however, wonders of grace. They do not ordinarily take place in God's dealings with mankind. Such a work is like changing the Ethiopian's skin or the leopard's spots. Though God is a sovereign, dispensing his blessings as he will, yet he is pleased to work by means; and no means does he more use for the spiritual good of men than those we are now considering. In proportion as children are rightly trained, we may hope that they will be converted, and ultimately saved. Let them be truly consecrated to Christ, and educated for him, as he requires, and there will be but little to fear as to the result. Labor and pray for a revival of family religion.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

DOUBTLESS many are deceived, in time of ease and prosperity, with imaginary faith and fortitude; so that there may be still some doubt while a man is underset with outward helps, as riches, friends, esteem, &c., whether he leans upon those or upon God, who is an invisible support, though stronger than all that are visible, and is the peculiar and alone stay of faith in all conditions. But when all these outward props are plucked away from a man, then it will be manifest whether something else upholds him or not; for, if there be nothing else, then he falls; but if his mind stands firm and unmoved, as before, then it is evident he laid not his weight upon those things he had then about him, but was built upon a foundation, though not seen, which is able alone to stay him; although he be not only frustrated of other supports, but beaten upon with storms and tempests, as our Saviour says, "The house fell not, because it was founded on a rock." *Leighton.*

A SONG.

BY MRS. CHARLES A. ELY.

"Mother, my heart is light and gay."

MOTHER, my heart is light and gay,
And I must laugh, and sing, and play ;
Chide me not, your own dear child,
If I seem with pleasure wild.

Mother, Henry comes to-morrow,
Then adieu to care and sorrow.

And I must weave a garland fair
Of tender buds to deck my hair ;
And my robe of sky-like blue
I must wear to please him too.

Mother, check that falling tear,
Kiss your happy daughter dear

I well remember he told me
How much he loved my childish glee ;
How he prized my joyous heart,
Though he soon from me must part.

Mother, Henry comes to-morrow,
This is not the time for sorrow.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

SWEET is the image of the brooding dove !
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love !
The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim declining years, —
The only love, which on this teeming earth
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

Norton.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MRS. C. B.

As a young plant wants sunshine to unfold and mature its beauties, so a child requires the smile of a mother to develop its moral nature, and call into exercise its best affections. Probably all mothers have some natural regard for their children; but, in many, maternal love is not what it should be. They do not sufficiently realize that the heart is as susceptible of culture as the intellect, and needs it far more. Yet, some intellects and hearts require it much more than others; just as in the material world some soils demand more cultivation than others. And the mother, to whom nature or cultivation has not given warm affections, will not be likely to awaken the purest emotions in the heart of her child. Hence culture is needful.

It pains me to hear any one say, "I do not like children;" and yet I have heard the expression from the lips of a mother. And, when I expressed surprise, and asked, "How can you help loving little children?" she said, pleasantly, "Well, now that I have them, I *like my own*."

How coldly that word *like* fell upon my ear! Surely there should be a deep feeling in the heart of a mother; and, where this is wanting, there is nothing that can fully supply its place, and exert an equally salutary influence on the heart of a child. Some may say that grace will do this; and perhaps it will. But it produces the desirable result by kindling into a flame the little spark of love that was in the heart.

Indeed, so efficacious is the divine principle, that, combined with other auspicious influences, it does sometimes produce, in the heart of one who was never a natural mother, so exact a counterpart of a mother's love, that, if there is any difference, we cannot tell in what it consists. I know a beautiful instance of this in the person of one who assumed the position of a mother, and who probably has been to the children of her

adoption all that a natural mother could be; and the love that she has meted to them has been in "full measure returned into her own bosom." Many a mother fails to command from her own offspring the love, the almost reverence, that is freely yielded to the inestimable lady to whom I refer.

Now, she owes much of the beauty and excellence of her character to the blessed influence of a mother's tender regard. She had a loving, devoted Christian mother, whose affection she returned with one so pure and fervent, it would seem as though it were mirrored back from the heart of the recipient. Death has broken that tender, holy tie; but its hallowed memory will remain with her until the dis severed bond shall be reunited in the presence of Him who loves little children. Till then she will be to her adopted sons and daughters what her mother was to her. Happy are the children of such a mother! Many instances might be adduced to show that the moral culture, which we bestow upon our children, they will, in all probability, bestow upon theirs; and that the more love we cherish in our own hearts, the more we shall awaken in theirs.

From the depths of my heart I pity the little ones that are not the objects of a "mother's love." I do not mean that cold regard that simply feeds and clothes the perishing body, and leaves the mind and heart uncultivated; nor yet that injudicious fondness that indulges every wish of a child; but the love that is under the control of moral principle; and, while it earnestly endeavors to promote the happiness of its object, still yields to no wish the gratification of which conflicts with its best interests; but firmly restrains every wrong propensity, and strives to subdue every unhallowed passion. Such a course is much better calculated to win the affection of a child than an unlimited indulgence; because it first commands his respect, which is a necessary attendant of love.

Mrs. Leslie's story of "The Step-Mother" is a happy illustration of this principle. With a heart deeply imbued with holy affections that were drawn from the living fountain above, she won the love of her adopted children, even against their previously-formed resolutions to resist her influence. She gently constrained to the course she thought it right for them

to pursue, and restrained them from all that she believed to be wrong; and thus uniting undeviating kindness with unwavering firmness, she won at once their confidence and respect.

The position of a mother, whether natural or assumed, involves a fearful responsibility. She needs both wisdom and grace. And, even if she possess these very efficient aids, her way is often one of trial and perplexity; and He who knows the wants of a mother, has given, to smooth the difficult way, that precious gift, maternal love; one of the most blissful emotions that ever thrilled a woman's heart; and its tendency is to elevate and purify, as well as to add to her happiness. It is often a safeguard in seasons of trial and temptation, and a powerfully sustaining motive to enable her to endure poverty and suffering. It watches the cradle of infancy, guards the faltering steps of childhood, and, like a sacred shield, encircles the path of youth. The joys of maternity are enhanced, and its griefs alleviated, by the same sacred influence; and in every age how often it wings to heaven the fervent prayer, that its loved ones may be kept from sorrow, and saved from sin! It never tires nor grows cold; but, as life wears away, increases in strength and purity, till death stills the heart's last throb. Lives there a mother who has never felt the deep, holy tenderness of a mother's love?

In all the recollections of my childhood and youth, and even of my maturer years, my richest earthly blessing was my mother's love. Without it life would have been dark. From every pleasure of my early days my heart turned to that love as to a higher, purer joy. In every little trouble, my spirit elung to that sheltering affection. And, when the morning of life had passed, and the "heat and burden" of mid-day must be borne, with my mother's sustaining presence I could endure suffering and sorrow without a murmur, and without a tear. That precious love, that cherished presence, no longer remain to me; but, while "life and being last," its memory will never fade from my heart.

"A mother's love — go ask the buds that live
By heaven's pure dew on yonder parching hill,
Ask the pale flower that summer's suns revive,
For some faint emblem of that holy thrill.

The fickle dews may shun the plant that pines,
The lofty sun forget the flowery glen ;
A mother's love with death alone declines;
And say, ye white-robed angels, dies it then ?”

NURSE OF A MOTHERLESS INFANT.

BY MRS. WELBY.

THOU art not mine — upon thy sweet lip lingers
Thy mother's smile ;
And, while I press thy soft and baby fingers
In mine the while,
In the deep eyes, so trustfully upraising
Their light to mine,
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing
To my soul's shrine.
They ask me with their meek and soft beseeching
A mother's care ;
They ask a mother's kind and patient teaching,
A mother's prayer.
Not mine, yet dear to me, fair, fragrant blossom
Of a fair tree,
Crushed to the earth in life's first glorious summer ;
Thou art dear to me,
Child of the lost, the buried, and the sainted ;
I call thee mine,
Till fairer still, with tears and sin untainted,
Her home be thine.

THE FATHER'S LAMENT.

BY META LANDER.

WHEN I saw thee day by day
Slowly fade and waste away,
Like an autumn leaf,
In mine eye there welled a tear,
To my heart there stole the fear
Of o'erwhelming grief.

When thy lip had ceased to smile,
And thy pleading eyes the while
Sought relief from me ;
When the rose had left thy cheek,
And upon thy forehead meek
Pain sat wearily ;

Then my heart within me died,
And there came a rushing tide
Of foreshadowed woe,
Which my soul was soon to learn,
When the floods from sorrow's urn
Over it should flow.

When I caught thy moaning sigh,
When I heard thy feeble cry —
Anguish-cry of pain ;
When I saw thy quivering lip,
Sadly watched thy deathlike sleep,
All our vigils vain ;

Then, on joy's fair-blooming flowers,
Fast descended sorrow's showers,
Laying hope in dust ;
Long I wrestled with my God,
Asking strength to bear the rod,
His sweet love to trust.

In my torturing suspense,
In my agonizing sense
Of the dreaded stroke,
Heart and flesh had well-nigh failed,
O'er my faith had grief prevailed,
Had not mercy spoke.

When thou upward turn'dst thine eye,
Looking for some angel nigh,
Through earth's wildering maze,
Yearning for the land of light,
Fast unfolding visions bright
To thy spirit-gaze ;

Then I longed to soar away
Upward to immortal day,
Far from this dark night ;
Where there comes no parting word,
Where no wail of grief is heard, —
Never falls a blight.

When thy beating pulse was low,
Shadows gathering on thy brow, —
Tones of music hushed ;
When I watched thy fleeting breath,
Saw thee in the arms of Death,
Life from out thee crushed ;

O, my lost one ! darling child !
Then burst forth my anguish wild
In o'erwhelming tide.
Could it be my flower of bloom,
Blighted in the rayless gloom
That I wept beside ?

When I kissed thy marble brow,
Whiter than the virgin snow,
Was thy spirit near ?
When thy mother's grief to calm,
I besought for Gilead's balm,
Didst thou bend thine ear ?

Lord, thou knowest all my heart ;
Know'st how hard it was to part, —
Pity thou my woe !
Ah, my child ! thy parting knell
Tolling slow that long farewell
Haunts my spirit now.

OLD MOLL AND LITTLE AGNES; OR, THE RICH POOR AND THE POOR RICH.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE must now leave the stately mansion on C—— street, and follow our friend Florence Mowbrey with her charge to a humble cottage, three miles out of town. It was now the latter part of November, and Louis had been extremely busy in arranging the few articles of furniture, which they had been allowed to retain, to the best advantage. But the room of the invalid had been his chief care, and his constant adviser was often called from the other parts of the house, to say whether the couch would be pleasanter in this corner or that, drawn up before the cheerful fire. At length all was arranged to his entire satisfaction; and never had the gorgeously draped parlors of his early home seemed so cosy and comfortable as this. It was the best room in the house, being on the first floor, and having a south-west view, the sun lay in it nearly all day. Fortunately, there was a small room opening from it, so that the two single beds for the invalid and his nurse could be placed there, as this apartment was to serve for parlor, in case they happened to have any visitors; but this they did not expect. Beside these two rooms, there was a good-sized apartment in the rear, with another bed-room leading from it, and a small kitchen beyond. In the attic there were four chambers, so that there was an abundance of room for their diminished household. Running along the side of the house, about the length of the dining-room, was a pleasant portico, which, as Downing remarks, gave expression to the whole building. At the end of this portico there was a flight of steps leading to a small garden, containing about a quarter of an acre. Here were currant, gooseberry and raspberry bushes, and quite a number of peach, cherry and plum trees. To this garden

Florence looked forward as a source of great interest to the invalid, as well as to the children.

And now every piece of furniture was in its appropriate place, the family were called together to pronounce upon them, before Mr. Buckingham was led from his temporary quarters to take possession of his new abode. Bridget, who was a protégée of Florence, and now the maid-of-all-work, followed at the call of her mistress, and warmly pronounced the parlor the "heartsoimest looking room I've seen for many a day."

Mrs. Buckingham remained silent, as usual, until Louis, putting her arm in his, said, cheerfully, "Mother, is n't this pleasant?"

"It looks well enough," she replied, "if we could keep it so; but how is a sick-room ever going to be fit to receive callers?"

"Florence and I do not expect any," continued Louis, gayly; "and as you say you shall not see any who do call, why, I don't see that we need to set aside a room for the purpose."

The lady bit her lip, and said no more; and with one lingering glance around to see that all was right, and a little moving of the arm-chair to the front of the grate, the affectionate son stepped briskly out to introduce his father to his apartment.

Florence's eyes filled with tears as she witnessed his tender care when he tenderly guided his father's steps over the sill of the door, and waited patiently until he dragged his palsied limb over the carpet. When he was seated, the invalid gazed around with the pleasure of a child, his eye resting a moment upon the family pictures which were hung upon the walls, then turning to the table in the corner, and then whistling a response to the merry welcome of the familiar bird, hanging from the window.

"It pays me for all," whispered Louis in Florence's ear, "to see how he notices everything, and how pleased he is."

"Tell her," lisped Mr. Buckingham, pointing to his wife, "to go away; she don't belong here." It was with difficulty that

he could make himself understood, but now in his earnestness his words were terribly distinct.

No one answered ; but presently the lady turned, gave him a withering glance, and walked haughtily from the room. Florence, who had been watching her, sighed heavily. She hardly wondered at the thought of the patient, "she don't belong here," for a heavy frown had settled upon her brow, and her mouth had become almost fixed in an expression of disgust. All else was bright and cheerful, and even to his enfeebled mind she seemed out of place.

In the evening Agnes unexpectedly arrived. Florence had sent for her to come the first opportunity ; and, as Mr. Van Lennep had business in the city, she accompanied him. It was not his first visit to the cottage, for he had been unwearied in his search after one which would be a pleasant home for them, and was as much pleased as Florence herself, at finding this was to be let.

Agnes was almost wild with joy to be restored to her friend, and ran joyfully from room to room, expressing great delight at all she saw. Mr. Buckingham patted her hand, then tried to reach her head, to express his surprise that she had grown so tall. "Where's Lily?" he asked, when she turned to run away.

"Florence says Lily is coming at Christmas!" replied the child.

Amid the multiplied cares of superintending her little household, the weeks flew rapidly by. Louis entered upon his new business on the first day of December, and by his faithfulness and activity soon gained the entire confidence of his employers. It was Agnes' privilege to watch for the sound of the little bell which the affectionate son placed on the bed by his father when he left the house. As the invalid frequently slept late, and Louis always left a bright fire in his room, Florence determined that this should be Agnes' hour for study, until she began to attend school. This she was to do after the Christmas holidays, Mrs. Van Lennep having insisted upon paying her tuition, as Florence would not be able to direct her studies as she had done. She soon found great assistance from the child, in the

care of the patient, who sang to him, combed his hair, related instances of the sagacity of her dog, and the surprising intelligence of Miss Rose, until he laughed as heartily as she wished. She soon became so expert in feeding him, that he would take food from no one else. However dark and gloomy the day, Agnes was always happy. Indeed, the thought that she was of use, rendered her spirits so buoyant that Florence, who had considered her a quiet child, was surprised at the change. She danced through the house, singing like a bird, and carrying sunshine wherever she went. The sick man always welcomed her approach with a brightening face, or a snap of his finger with his well hand. Where is Beauty, was Louis' first question, upon entering the house, if she was not in sight. But this did not often happen, for she almost always recognized his step coming up the yard, and flew to open the door for him, and to relate her day's experience with her patient.

Even Mrs. Buckingham was lured into occasional forgetfulness of herself by the enthusiasm of the child. When she went out, she always met with some adventure. She frequently brought home some little bunch of flowers which the market-man had sent to the patient. And "O," she used to say, "everybody is so kind!"

On these occasions, Mrs. Buckingham would sometimes drop her work for a moment, and listen with interest; but only to resume it with a deeper sigh, as she exclaimed, that she should be thankful when Lily came home—then she should have some attention. She did n't see why Mr. Buckingham need to engross all the cheerful company there was in the house. She usually sat from morning till night with some articles of her former fashionable attire lying loosely in her lap, trying to arrange them for present use, if any of her city acquaintance should call. But they never did call; and, from protesting that she would not see them, nothing should induce her to do so, she began to abuse them most heartily, and congratulated herself as well rid of such false friends.

The day before Christmas, Lily arrived, accompanied by a lady with whom she had been staying. Mrs. Storey resided in Philadelphia, and was a distant connection of Mrs. Bucking-

ham. Their acquaintance had been renewed at the falls the previous summer, where she had been struck with Lily's beauty and grace; and, having no children, she now came to offer to take the child and educate her as her own. She was intending to be absent on a tour to the south for two months, and would give the mother until the end of that time to decide whether she would consent to the proposal.

Mrs. Buckingham, with more of true feeling than she had exhibited since the change in her circumstances, promised to think of the subject and let the lady know her decision. She, however, soon came to the conclusion to be governed by Lily's conduct. If she proved as great a comfort as Agnes had done, nothing should induce her to part with the child. If, on the contrary, she were wilful and passionate as she had heretofore been, she would gladly be rid of her. The mother was innately selfish, and, in her decision, no thought of sacrificing her own ease or pleasure for the good of her child entered her mind. No question arose, "Is Mrs. Storey qualified to be a mother to Lily?" "Will she exert a right influence over her?" No, it was entirely this, "Will the tediousness of my life be increased or lessened by her presence?"

On this point, twenty-four hours enabled her to come to a decision. As might have been prophesied from her former character, Lily sneered at everything in and about the house, and was always comparing it with her city home, or the house she had just left. She looked upon Agnes, and even Florence, with contempt, for appearing cheerful under such circumstances, and declared she "never would be contented, never."

It was plain to see that her presence cast a gloom over the whole household; and as Agnes soon commenced attending school, Florence's heart sank within her. Poor Florence! It was a sad and weary termination to all her bright hopes. Though endeavoring to appear cheerful, she was sensible of a daily increasing weight upon her spirits, as the time had long passed when she ought to have heard from Mr. Hanley, announcing his arrival in India. In vain Louis watched the shipping-list. In vain Mr. Van Lennep made inquiries of shipmasters, no intelligence of him could be gained. Mechanically

she went about her daily duties, but her cheek grew pale, the fire faded from her eye, and a close observer might see that she was weary and sad at heart. It was at night only, when all the other inmates of the cottage were locked in the arms of slumber, that she allowed herself to dwell upon her own sorrows ; and sometimes the thought of them overwhelmed her. Bereft of property, home and friends, at a time when life generally appears most bright and hopeful ; pressed with the agonizing fear that some evil had happened to him she loved, the midnight hours were often passed amid groans and bitter tears.

But Florence was a Christian, and the God upon whom she leaned for support in the hour of her trials, did not forsake her. Often, when her need was greatest, and her heart was ready to cry out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" she felt a strong arm around her, and she realized the presence of her Saviour, while soothing words were suggested to her mind, and she could say with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

One day, about a month after Lily's return, her mother put a note into Florence's hand, requesting her to read and forward it. This was the first intimation which she had received of the offer made by Mrs. Storey, and she was not surprised that the letter contained the full consent of the mother to give up her child. Indeed, Lily's ingratitude was the subject of her complaint from morning till night.

Under the existing circumstances, Florence could utter no remonstrances, for she could hardly conceive a worse influence for the child than she at present was subjected to, and she could but feel that it would be a great lightening of her care to have Lily away. Louis, when consulted, or rather when his mother announced to him her decision, said, "There is no doubt but we should be a happier family if she were away, for she has done nothing but fret, and tease Agnes, ever since she returned ; but how is she to be educated ? Will Mrs. Storey teach her to control her temper, or will she, for the sake of her beauty, indulge her in every whim ?"

"O," exclaimed his mother, "as she grows older, she will be ashamed of her conduct, and learn to govern herself."

When the kind offer of Mrs. Storey and her mother's acceptance of it were made known to Lily, she took no pains to conceal her delight; and, from that time, her conduct became more unamiable than before. She addressed even her mother with a pertness and want of respect, which showed that she already looked down upon her, and felt herself wholly relieved of all the affection and respect due from a child to a parent.

Did no regret enter Mrs. Buckingham's mind, that she had so wholly neglected her child's moral culture? Did she never remember that she was responsible for the weak, selfish, and undutiful spirit which her daughter manifested?

Time, which stops for no man, went steadily on; days and weeks swelled into months, until the softened breezes and swelling buds announced that spring had come. Since the departure of Lily no changes of importance had occurred in the household, except that Florence's step had grown slow and heavy; and Agnes, who was now a tall, capable girl of nine years of age, had gradually assumed many of the duties which formerly devolved upon her friend. When or why she consented to these new arrangements, Florence could not tell, for all seemed to come so naturally, that she had no opportunity to remonstrate.

"Florence, dear Florence, do come here!" Agnes called out one morning; and, so saying, the lively girl pulled her gayly to the door, then down the steps into the garden, where she showed her that the crocuses had come up, and needed immediate attention. While Florence stood doubtful, Agnes ran back to the house, procured an old bonnet, pair of gloves, and trowel, and, before she hardly knew what she was about, the young lady was busily engaged in digging around the roots of the young plants, which were just beginning to peep up from the earth. In the mean time, Agnes flew to the unfinished duties of Florence, which, with a light heart and active hands, she quickly disposed of, having coaxed Mrs. Buckingham to arrange the parlor.

"You have such good taste," she said, winningly, "that you know how to make furniture appear to the best advantage." And the lady, who unconsciously had been gradually

yielding to the gentle influence of the child, suffered herself to be persuaded. The next morning the same thing happened, with one great addition. The air was soft and balmy, the sun shone pleasantly upon the little portico, and Agnes, with her heart beating wildly at her own success, wheeled the invalid's chair out of doors, and then darting back, soon appeared, leading Mr. Buckingham slowly forth to enjoy the pleasant sunshine. He seemed quite as much pleased as she did; indeed, he laughed so heartily at the surprise he should give Florence, that it quite impeded his progress to his chair.

At length the young lady started at the sound of a merry laugh, and was quite as much astonished as they expected, to see her guardian arrayed in his coat and hat, bowing and smiling with something of his old manner. Agnes was herself astonished, when Mrs. Buckingham consented to lead him back, if he wished to return before Florence was ready to come in, and hurried away to school with her heart brim full of happiness.

"O," she soliloquized, "who could wish to be rich? While Mr. Buckingham was so, how miserable we all were! Now I think even Mrs. Buckingham is happier, if she would only say so; and dear Louis, how good he is!" But here her thoughts turned to Florence, and she sighed again and again. Before she reached school, Agnes had made a plan, so great she hardly expected to realize it, but she would try. This was, to write herself to Mr. Van Lennep, and tell him Florence was not well, and ask him to invite her to Beech Grove. How to make her accept the invitation, was indeed the great point; but she thought she could succeed by representing how much better it would be to give Mrs. Buckingham an opportunity to be more with her husband, which she must be if they were alone.

That very night she drew Louis to the further part of the room, and entrusted to him her great secret, which he fully approved, and encouraged her to persevere in. She then related the events of the morning, which he considered a great achievement, particularly the tact with which she had left her patient in the care of his wife.

"It is plain enough to me," said the youth, taking her hand, as she, in her enthusiastic way, went on to tell all her hopes for the family, and her anticipations of health for Florence in consequence of her visit to Beech Grove, "it is plain enough that you were born to be a blessing to us. Now, Beauty, say what do you think we should do without you?"

"O, I don't think you could do at all," she answered, laughing gayly. "Mr. Buckingham would have nobody to amuse him; and you,"—she turned her bright eyes full upon him for one moment,— "would have to open the door for yourself, and eat your breakfast alone."

"Yes," he added, "and I should have the thought of no smiling face to cheer me as I came home weary from my work; nor could I be sure that my slippers would be at hand, and a nice little supper prepared to welcome my return."

Agnes' cheeks flushed brightly with pleasure, but she immediately turned away to assist Florence in the next room, and Louis returned to his father to tell him the news of the day.

Though the young girl was earnest in her desire for Florence to visit her friends, yet it was not until July that the way seemed plain for her to do so. At that time Agnes had a long vacation of two months, and was so desirous of making a trial of her skill as housekeeper, that it seemed a pity that she should not have an opportunity of doing so. Besides, her health was so delicate, that even Mrs. Buckingham urged her going.

Three months passed away, and still Miss Mowbrey remained at Beech Grove. She was really improved in health and strength, and, if not cheerful, was much benefited by the Christian conversation of her valued friends, and enabled to be resigned to the afflictive dispensations which had befallen her. Every week she received a joint letter from Agnes and Louis. Agnes kept a journal of daily events, which were of the greatest interest to the reader, and then Louis took the letter to the store and made many comments upon home affairs. His father had suffered at times from great restlessness, and could not be persuaded to remain in doors; but his mother grew every day more tender in her care for him, and Agnes had exhibited wonderful skill

in assuming other cares, so that she could feel that it belonged to her to attend to his wants.

I will give the reader an extract from her journal: "Dear, dear Florence, last night Louis brought home a box of excellent strawberries for his father, and this morning he made a nice breakfast. Do you know he eats with us now sometimes at breakfast, and always at dinner. Mrs. Buckingham sits at the head of the table, and he next her, so that she can cut up his food. She speaks so softly and pleasantly to him, that sometimes he stops eating, and gazes at her. I tell her it is because she is growing so handsome, and that I want to gaze too. Sometimes I have seen the tears come into her eyes, when she thought she was not observed; but she quickly wiped them away. Since you went to Beech Grove, Mr. Buckingham likes to have me read a chapter in his room, as you used to do, and say a prayer. Lately, his wife has come in and staid until we were through. I can't help thinking she is trying to be good. I wish I could tell her how happy it made me to give myself to my Saviour, and feel that he will order all things for my good. But I can pray for her, as I do every day, and ask God to give her the comfort of his presence."

Florence had not expected to stay half as long; but her friends persuaded her that her family were at present better without her, and that she needed recruiting, so she suffered week after week to pass away, without forming any definite plan for her return, until a letter from Agnes was put into her hand, with only these words:

"O, Florence, come home! Come quick! Mrs. Buckingham is very sick,—I fear, *dying*! AGNES."

BRIGHT be the coronal of bliss
 That future days shall date from this!
 The light that Hymen's torch supplies,
 Plumes Affection's paradise;
 The angel Constancy dwells there—
 Heaven grant this be your mortal share!
 With every hope more clear and bright,
 Twin stars of one chaste loving light!

Bradshaw E. Walker.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

MATTHEW 5: 33—37. OATHS.

When Christ delivered his sermon on the mount, the Jewish Rabbins placed a false construction on the third commandment. They limited its oaths containing a name of the Supreme Being, and consequently held that it was a sin to swear in common conversation by Jehovah, but no transgression of the law to swear by Jerusalem, the temple, or the altar; by the sun, moon, earth and stars; by the head, hand, foot, breast or beard, and by the objects animate and inanimate around them. Their error has its advocates in our period. It is not very uncommon to hear persons who would shudder at the thought of swearing profanely by any of the names of the Most High, use without either hesitation or compunction such expressions as these: "by Jupiter," "by my stars," "for mercy's sake," "the dickens," and the like. Against every such species of profaneness, he brings the authority of this command of the decalogue, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." In the interpretation of this text one question arises of grave importance; "Does the Saviour here forbid or even discourage legal oaths? Speaks he with precision and literal exactness, or popularly, generally and figuratively?"

The doctrine of the unlawfulness of *all* oaths has had its advocates in every age, as by Pythagoras, and some of the Stoics among the Greeks, and among Christians by Clement in the first century, by Justin Martiz, Irenaeus, and Basil in the second, by Chrysostom, Jerome and Hilary in the third, by Cyril and others in the fourth, by the Pelagians in the fifth, and in later times by the Albigenses and Waldenses, by certain sects of the Greek church in Russia, by the Anabaptists, Friends and some of the Moravians. Even Olshausen and some other learned commentators of our age maintain that "the

oath is an emanation of sin. In support of their sentiment, they plead the general obligation of mankind to speak the truth, also the words of the Saviour in this passage and those of the apostle James in the fifth chapter and twelfth verse of his epistle, both literally interpreted. Against this doctrine, it is maintained that an oath brings the motives to speak the truth clearly and distinctly to mind, multiplies them and increases their force by calling God to witness our veracity; that Christ was here speaking to those who held the lawfulness of legal oaths, and if he intended to prohibit them, then in use throughout the nation, and understood to be of divine authority, he would have specified them; and that the nature of an oath is consistent with revealed and experimental religion. It is a solemn affirmation in the name of God, a calling upon him to witness the truth of what we testify. It implies no irreverence of him, nor of any of his names, titles or attributes, but a profound reverence and veneration of them all, a fear of his displeasure and a desire of his approbation, affections common among the most devout, and required by the Bible.

Besides Christ explains the declaration, "swear not at all," by specifying the prominent objects which the phrase "*not at all*" includes, as the heavens and earth, Jerusalem and the head, a specification in which we should have expected first of all the forms of judicial oaths among the Jews, if he had intended to prohibit them. If, as Bishop Whatley justly remarks, we are to learn from what the Scriptures omit as truly from what they contain, this omission is here tantamount to a divine warrant and sanction. Judicial oaths were then common in the administration of the theocracy, and if Christianity was intended to modify or discontinue them, here was the time and the place for the modification or repeal. None being given, the law continues in force, and the usage is sanctioned.

To this conclusion, the practice of Christ and his apostles lead us. In the course of his trial, the high priest administered to him the most solemn form of a Jewish oath. "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Under this oath, the Saviour replied, "Thou hast said." Paul, more frequently than any other apostle, calls God to witness the truth of his affirmation, saying, "God is my witness," "my record," "before God, I lie not," "I charge thee before God." These are of the nature and authority of oaths. The phrases and declarations, "if by any means," "as of sincerity," "as of God, in the sight of God, speak we in Christ," "as the truth of Christ is in me," "I testify in the Lord," are of the same general character.

The context favors this construction. Christ had just expounded the sixth and seventh commandments. In his exposition of the sixth (omitting as some versions do to the phrase "without cause") he employs language unlimited and comprehensive of *all* anger, while he really forbids only anger for which there is no just occasion, which is too intense or protracted, unholy and cruel. So in his exposition of the seventh, his language is general and taken literally *universal*, whereas other passages limit it and require us to give it a restricted sense. In harmony with this principle, he explains the third commandment as a prohibition, not of *all* oaths, but only of such as are false and profane, extra-judicial and wicked. Hence Luther remarks, "We are to consider swearing as prohibited, in just the same sense as killing, and looking at or lusting after a woman, were so before. To kill is both lawful and not lawful. To lust, in the legitimate sense of the original word, in man or woman is sin, and is not sin, and hence we ought to make the right distinction between the two. The prohibition in each case is to be received with the limitations which the genius of revelation or the word of God in other passages affix to it. With this judgment the opinion of Calvin and other reformers agrees. Indeed, the sentiment may be regarded as the doctrine of the reformed churches.

Christ here forbids all profane and false swearing, not judicial and legal oaths; all vain and idle words in social intercourse, not the terms of refinement, endearment and respect. He would not reduce our conversation to the monosyllables *yes* and *no*, but would have it free from all profaneness, coarseness and extravagance — a harmonious and beautiful symbol of a pure and holy heart. He would have us think and speak frequently and reverentially of God, his government and worship and of whatsoever pertains thereto. He would have our speech well seasoned with grace — dwelling not on trifles, but on the most important themes, in style and sentiment pure and elevated, not ambitious and pedantic, but simple, natural and easy; never bitter and malignant, but always kind and charitable, full of mercy and goodness, ever allying us to the best on earth and to heaven.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches that had painted covers which hindered you from seeing what o'clock it was.— *Walpole*.

When friends come to see you uninvited do your best to entertain, but make no comment nor apology; it sounds to your guests like a reproach for taking you unawares.

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

OUR last number chronicled events to the 10th of June; the present to the corresponding day of July.

England.—Since our last, news has reached us of the state of the English mind on the question of our Government sending home its minister for interference with our national policy. It shows the good sense of that people approves our judgment and action, and thus preserves the peace of these two nations. Long may it continue to bless the world! We are also assured that Mr. Dallas, our present minister to the Court of St. James, is deservedly popular, being received and entertained, both by the Government and by the English nobility, with demonstrations of confidence and honor worthy of his high position.

One hundred clergymen, says an English paper, have, within a short time, seceded from the ministry and communion of the English Church to join that of Rome, a fact unparalleled since the days of Cramner. Is this the fruit of Puseyism?

England has contributed nobly for the relief of sufferers by the inundation on the Roane and other French rivers. Such action cements the ties that bind nations in amity and concord.

Ireland appears restless in some of its districts, and arrests by the constabulary are numerous.

Much has been said of England's debt, but from the following estimate, it seems that she is in no danger of bankruptcy:—The aggregate wealth of England is estimated by Herapath at £4,447,000,000, of which amount £1,700,000,000 is in cultivated soil; £550,000,000 in dwellings, factories, &c.; £750,000,000 in waste lands, public buildings, churches, hospitals, prisons, naval and military establishments; £300,000,000 in railways; £245,000,000 in live stock; £200,000,000 in canals, etc.; £200,000,000 in manufactured goods; £230,000,000 in agricultural implements, and £120,000,000 in mines.

France.—The late dreadful inundation in some of the districts is abating, leaving thousands of the inhabitants houseless and without employment, for whose relief both government and the public bestow their charities, and are making ample provision. The king sub-

scribed for this object six hundred thousand francs, while the jewels worn by the empress in her diadem, alone, at the baptism of her son, were valued at fifteen millions. Is the honor of royalty worth so much more than the relief of its loyal subjects?

Napoleon has laid before the French council a proposition, that, in the event of his demise, his wife shall be appointed Regent, and the government be administered by her and a council till his son and heir to his throne becomes eighteen years of age; and the imperial press are writing up the measure. But it is yet problematical whether success will attend it.

Russia.—The English in the Crimea are exploring by means of diving bells the waters about Sebastopol, where their navy sustained loss, and have already recovered several cannon in a good state of preservation, and other munitions of war, stores and the like. But her slaughtered seamen she cannot recover till the sea shall give up the dead that are in it. The hull of a Russian brig was found completely destroyed by the worm so injurious to vessels in that harbor. The English frigate *Terrible* and some other vessels of the Allies are said to be much damaged by the same animal. From that great battle-ground of modern Europe armies are still returning, not as they went to the conflict, but dreadfully wasted by disease, slaughter and death. It is estimated that nearly one million lost their lives directly or indirectly by the late war. Such is glory's gory bed!

The grain crop of this country will be needed for home consumption, and our vessels there in anticipation of Russian produce at remunerating prices may be constrained to return without large dividends to their owners. The evacuation of the Crimea proceeds rapidly and was expected to terminate before the close of June.

Italy.—Report, which does not always accurately give us facts, says that this country and Austria are apprehensive that the people of Piedmont contemplate a revolution. European journals generally regard it as a groundless fear. May it not rather be a sense of natural justice and retribution, a dread of the consequences of the cruel oppression which that people have suffered?

A few changes are reported in the Sardinian ministry, and it is said that a secretary in the Austrian ministry has gone to Rome to convince the cardinals of the necessity of some reforms in that government. This is a remarkable measure. What, is Austria to act the reformer, and that, too, in an Italian theatre!

Denmark.—The treaty of the United States with this country with reference to the Sound Dues, expired by the action of our government on the 14th ult., and on the 17th one of our vessels from Cronstadt, laden with Russian merchandise, passing the Straits was hailed, the dues demanded and paid under protest.

Australia.—Last advices evince a great gain in golden harvest gathered from her auriferous fields. Trade continued steady; and showed a balance in favor of the colony.

Central America.—These governments continue in an unsettled state. Walker's influence increases. Efforts are progressing to examine the late causes and persons engaged in the recent outrage on the Panama railroad. The questions between England and the United States respecting this territory are still unsettled.

DOMESTIC.

Congress is mostly occupied with the state of the territory of Kansas, and with the Presidential canvas. We trust that this hot weather will make them think of an adjournment.

California.—Gold still arrives from this western state of the Union. The steamer Illinois brought two and a quarter millions. But all her mineral treasure are a poor compensation for the scenes of violence which disgrace her, if perpetuated and extended. Lynch law prevailed there before the organization of territorial and State governments. These we hoped would terminate them; but they seem deficient in power based on the intelligence and virtue of the people to secure such a result. Hence in San Francisco and some other places a vigilance committee has been constituted and usurped the government. It arrests, tries, condemns and executes criminals, and administers justice in a most summary manner. To us, at first, this seems like anarchy; but when we find the best citizens thus combined for personal safety and the public good, and reflect upon the unsettled and heterogenous state of society there, it may possibly prove a necessary evil which the progress of civilization and social order will remedy. Between alternations of hope and fear we wait the issue, while men in large numbers are arming for the support, both of the committee and also of the government.

Brooks' fine.—This representative of South Carolina was recently fined by Judge Crawford for his dastardly assault upon Senator Sum-

ner, of Massachusetts, three hundred dollars. Such is the terror which justice awakens in evil doers in the District of Columbia. We do not wonder there is some talk of the removal of the seat of government. The report of the Committee of the House on the Brooks outrage came up on the fourteenth, and his expulsion was voted by a majority of that body, but not by two-thirds, the number required to expel a member. Upon the proclamation of this vote, he offered a brief speech, at the close of which he resigned his seat. So ends this tragedy so far as the assailant is concerned.

Kansas.—Early in June, Col. Sumner, having driven out by the U. S. troops under his command, the Missouri ruffians, proceeded to disperse the Convention of the Free State party by similar force of arms but without the shedding of blood. Cases of personal and domestic suffering must arise in such an unsettled state of society, and on a field where freedom and servitude meet, grapple, and contend earnestly for the mastery; and while we sympathise with the suffering there and everywhere and rejoice in its relief, and in the extension of intelligence, virtue and happiness, we confess to some difficulty in ascertaining the reliable facts in this case, so discrepant are the reports of party journals and partizan observers. But truth and righteousness are mighty, and, we trust, they will in the end prevail.

The man who will not, when necessary, incur hazards, for the sake of acting well his part in life, will never achieve success, much less distinction.

It takes four things to make a real gentleman. He must be a gentleman in his principles, a gentleman in his tastes, a gentleman in his manners, and a gentleman in his person.

He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

A wise lady has said, "If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example."

FASHIONS.

THE styles of the season we published in our last issue. In the present, we give the following designs of embroidery:—



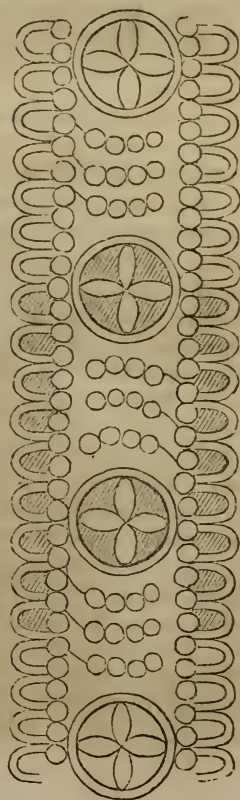
Bertha.



Canzon on Black Tulle,—to be worn over pink or purple dress.



Under-sleeve.



Worked in applicationⁿ.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE BEREAVED WIFE.

By M. J. G.

THE Sabbath dawned, and the hum of business was hushed, and the zephyrs played in the leafy branches of the village shade trees. Nature would fain make us believe life a tranquil summer's day. Listen! did ye not hear the sound of the church-going bell inviting you to the sanctuary of the Most High? Behold among that crowd who go forth with reverent mien to hear God's holy word, *one* whose brow bears the marks of deep anguish; but why so changed? A few Sabbaths ago, she entered the sanctuary with form erect and smiling face. Ah! ye see a vacant seat by her side, and feel that death has come as near to her as he can before he lays his hand upon her.

The man of God arises. Hark! from his lips, tremulous with age, fall these consoling words: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken, blessed be the name of the Lord." He describes with simple pathos the loving kindness of God, in bestowing upon us the gift of friends to participate in life's joys and to lighten life's burdens. The speaker's eye kindles with celestial fire as he portrays the goodness of the great I Am, in the afflictions of his holy hand. With what deep earnestness does he dwell upon the duty of living submissive to Divine Providence, and cheerfully saying, "Thy will, O God, not ours, be done!

The afflicted *one* listens, but it hears of no healing balm for her wounded heart. She is almost ready to suspect him of cold indifference. She leaves the house of God and seeks her own desolate home.

It is eve. The last rays of the setting sun have faded. It is an hour for holy thoughts. Her spirit would hold converse with the dead. She goes to seek the place where they have lain him down to rest. She treads lightly on these sacred mounds, for the Christian sleeps here. She drops a tear, raises a silent prayer to Him, who hath said: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Hark! did ye not hear that sigh of sorrow? It seems like the whispering of an angel in her listening ear; cease thy communion with the dead; turn thy thoughts earthward, for the living; the dead need not thy sympathy. Behold, by yonder weeping willow that sighs a requiem over cold clay which rests beneath its protecting branches. It is the dust of her other self whom we met in the house of God. Anguish almost insupportable is written in her every feature. In the bitterness of her spirit she prays that she too may die. Eternity alone can tell her agony. She is enveloped in thick darkness. But suddenly a star arises and sheds on her its cheering light. It is the star of Bethlehem. The balm of Gilead has been applied to her broken heart. A voice from the grave seemed to say, "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Over that precious dust she breathes another prayer, not that may she die, but that she may so live that, when life's duties are done, she may be reunited in Heaven with him she loved on earth.

A BRIEF WHISPER IN BEHALF OF OLD MAIDS.—Young maidenhood is apt to give to old maidenhood a glance of pity; mingled sometimes with a dash of derision; but as woman, we presume, does not commonly voluntarily make herself an old maid, and as some girls may possibly live on with names unchanged, in spite of hope and innocent expectation, it becomes them to treat benignly those who represent what they are one day to be. We think that maiden ladies, real warm-hearted ones, are golden links in the chain of society; that they have done nothing to be ashamed of, that they need hide their diminished heads. Old maids, of the right kind, are a blessing to the community, and to treat them with neglect, or speak of them with derision, because they bear their own name instead of the name of some worthless lord of creation, whom they would have to *support* as well as honor and obey, is an act of inexcusable injustice. Let all due exaltation then be given to this useful and honorable portion of the community, who fill wisely and well vacancies in society which would otherwise be left unfilled; who supply the places of careless mothers, indifferent and inefficient help, and who, to sum up everything, in the artless words of a little child, "*are the best aunties in the whole world.*"

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.

Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money, which he can spare, ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by frequent change of residence. A man, who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home. It is a form of property, that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations, that spring up around it as the birth-place of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary, where the spirit cherishes its purest thoughts—are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness in this world is found at home; but how few recollect, that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place, where we were happy yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account, we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say, easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautiful without a consider-

able outlay of money,—Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with those ample beauties, which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the ivy around the ruin and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practises to animate the senses and please the mind. Follow her example and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence, the whole Universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the appreciation and enjoyment of beauty are concerned, and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being, if he fails to fulfil this beneficent purpose of his creation.—*Times*.

ENIGMA. What flower expresses a lone man and one of his trials? Look out for the answer in our next.

INCIDENTS AND HUMOR.

POLITENESS.—While the rain poured down in torrents, the umbrella of a gentleman struck the hat of another standing on the sidewalk, and knocked it into the gutter, where it filled with water. The person picked up his hat and coolly said:—

“What do you ask for that?”

“I ask your pardon,” replied the gent—which so well suited the owner of the wet beaver, that no other parley was necessary.

A HEROIC MUSICIAN.—Among the wounded at the storming of Sebastopol, was a musician, who received a shot in the knee, and was under the necessity of having his leg amputated in consequence. As usual, preparations were made for binding him down, in order that he might not be able to move.

“What are you doing, doctor?” inquired the wounded man.

“I must take off your leg, and it is, therefore, necessary that you should be bound down,” replied the doctor.

“I will never consent to such a proceeding,” exclaimed the musician.

“You may tear my heart from out my breast, but I will never consent to be bound down. If you have a violin, bring it me.”

A violin was brought. After tuning it, the wounded man said:

“Now, doctor, you may begin.”

The operation, which lasted about thirty minutes, now commenced, and the patient played his violin the whole time, without a single false note, or the slightest change in his features! (?)—*New Berliner Music Zeitung*.

IRISH HELP.—A lady in New York has recently had a remarkable experience with a new Irish girl.

“Biddy,” said she, one evening, “we must have some sausages for tea this evening; I expect company.”

“Yes, ma'am.”

Tea time arrived, and with it the company. The table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared.

“Where are the sausages, Biddy?” the lady inquired.

“An' sure, they're in the ta-pot, ma'am. Didn't you tell me we must have 'em for ta'?”

AN APOTHECARY'S JOKE.—A few days ago, a number of young men who were bent upon having a good time, deputed one of their number to secure some brandy. The messenger represented to the apothecary that it was wanted for bathing purposes, and after some persuasion procured the desired article. The apothecary, however, suspecting something wrong, mixed a little antimony with the liquor before it left his hands. The consequence was, that those who drank the liquor soon began to complain of illness, and finally imagined themselves poisoned. One hastened home to die in the bosom of his family, another made his will, and a third commenced repeating a prayer. They all, however, recovered eventually, and prosecuted the apothecary for a violation of the liquor law.—*Olive Branch.*

It is beautiful to behold at a wedding the sorrow-stricken air of the parent as he "gives the bride away," when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying his best to get her off his hands.

HOUSEWIFERY.

GINGER BEER.—Two gallons of ginger beer may be made as follows : Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire ; add to it two ounces of good ginger bruised, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for half an hour. Then skim the liquor, and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon, and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacupful of yeast to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made ; and after it has worked for two days, strain it and bottle it for use. Tie the corks down firmly.

MOULDINESS.—Fruit jellies may be preserved from mouldiness, by covering the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with finely pulverized loaf sugar. Thus protected, they will keep in good condition for years.

A GOOD WAY OF COOKING ONIONS.—It is a good plan to boil onions in milk and water ; it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. It is an excellent way of serving up onions, to chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stew-pan, with a little milk, butter, salt and pepper, and let them stew about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot.

WASHING SILVER WARE.—It seems that housekeepers who wash their silver ware with soap and water, as the common practice is, do not know what they are about. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia, says that "housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds ; it makes it look like pewter. Never put a particle of soap about your silver, then it will retain its original lustre. When it wants polish take a piece of soft leather and whiting, and rub it hard."

TO MAKE SAUSAGE.—To 30 pounds of meat, add 10 ounces of fine salt, 3 ounces of sage, 1½ ounces of pepper, 2 ounces of cinnamon, and mix well together. Apply it to the meat before chopping.

POT CHEESE.—There is another dish, when one is scarce of sauce, that we use a great deal : Take a crock or two of thick milk ; put it on the stove stir it occasionally ; let it get milkwarm, and no more ; take it off, and pour ; it into a thin bag ; hang it up five or six hours, so that the whey will all run off ; then take a bowlful, and put on enough sour cream to make it quite soft.

GEMS AND APHORISMS.

A MOTHER's countenance is the first book read in the nursery and the last one laid aside.

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
 I woke and found that life was duty;
 Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?
 Toil on, sad soul, courageously,
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be
 A noonday life and light to thee.

HONEYMOON.—The origin of this word is from a custom of the Tentines, an ancient people of Germany, who drank mead or metheglin, a beverage made of honey, for thirty days after every wedding.

Is the heart yet unknown? give it to God, with a desire it may be broken; and if he break it, thou shalt not repeat thy gift.—*Leighton*.

We may know what Christ hath done *for* us, by what he hath done in us.—*Mason*.

In Christ, the whole gospel is treasured up; he is the light, the food, and the medicine of the soul.

Patient waiting upon God, and importunate calling upon God, are twin sisters, found always in company.—*Mason*.

The *law* presseth on a man till he flies to Christ; then it saith, thou hast gotten a refuge, I forbear to follow thee: thou act wise, thou art safe.—*Bengelius*.

Great care must be taken as to the end of our actions, for this, like the altar, sanctifies the gift; as is the *end* such is the man. He whose end is worldly, is himself earthly; but if God be a man's end, it makes him God-like.—*Brooks*.

A SOLACE.—There is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intenseness. When the good and lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom, a beauty, so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs us.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

We cut from our exchanges the following remarkable account of *Shoes made by machinery*.

Suppose a Lynn shoemaker had been moved by the spirit of prophecy, and said, ten years ago, that in 1856 St. Crispen would be upset, work bench and all, by a machine, worked by steam or water power, invented by an ingenious Frenchman, to cut and make boots and shoes, from beginning to end, of all sorts and sizes, seven hundred per cent. cheaper, and at the same time neater and better than mortal hands can make them. He would have been laughed at for his prophecy.

Jean Pierre Molliere, of Lyons, France, says the *Mirror*, has invented a series of machines, for which he has obtained patents in France and in the

United States, with which from cutting out the uppers and soles, through all the processes down to polishing and burnishing the edges of soles and heels, (which finishes the article), boots and shoes of every size and style are made with such facility that, while the shoemaker's mean price for making, say 98 pairs of men's shoes or boots, is \$117,50, the mean price by the Molliere system, for the same work, is \$16,72—which is equal to over 700 per cent, difference in favor of the machines. By the Molliere system it takes 170 persons at farthest, to make and finish 1,000 pairs of boots and shoes of all kinds, in a day; and they are men, women, children, of whom no superior artistic skill is required. To make and finish the same number of boots and shoes, by the old process, would require from 1300 to 1400 men and women, skilled in the trade.

A company has been formed in New York, to dispose of rights to use this remarkable invention.

BOOK NOTICES.

"*Forest and Shore; or Legends of the Pine Tree State*, by Charles P. Ilsley, published by John P. Jewett and company of this city.

This book consists principally of fugitive sketches, previously published in the Portland Transcript, and so favorably received by the numerous readers of that popular journal as to demand their reprint in their present form. The style is easy and flowing, and many of the incidents of thrilling interest. The whole is well calculated to quicken the memory of the history of the trials of the first settlers of our country.

"*The Camel*, his organization, habits and uses, considered with reference to his introduction into the United States, by Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, published by Gould and Lincoln, of this city.

This is a book of decided merit, from the pen of a ripe scholar and distinguished statesman, well printed and of permanent value. It embodies a great amount of information respecting this useful animal, demonstrates his peculiar fitness to certain districts of our country, and urges his introduction here by numerous and cogent reasons. It treats of his breed and species, of his hump, head, foot, stomach, size, color, temper, disease, longevity, usefulness, diet, treatment and speed, of his use in the caravan, in war and in the arts. We cordially commend the work to our readers and the public.

This appeal has not been vain. The camels are here. The Ploughman informs us,

There is really something new in this country, out of the political world. The camels and dromedaries that our Government ordered from the East, to be used on the Western plains, have actually arrived at Indianola, Texas, where they now are to be seen daily marching through the streets. By the last accounts, through an Indianola paper, the camels are now employed in carrying Government freight from Powderhorn to the depot in that place. They carry the great weight of 1600 lbs. each, and with the greatest ease upon their backs.

The dromedary is employed by the Arabs as their riding nag, while the camel is used for a beast of burden. This is the only distinction made between them. The first will move along at a brisk trot at the rate of 100 miles per day, or with a speed approaching that of the railroad cars; and we do not hear of any smash-ups, or trouble from the lack of ventilation. One would think this the very perfection of travelling. The word dromedary means

swift. The camel gets over the ground on a walk as fast as a horse at a trot.

Maj. Wayne, U.S.A., the officer who procured the camels, was at Indianola on the 23rd ult. Indianola is a seaport with a few hundred inhabitants, on the Gulf of Mexico.

"*Our duty in Perilous Times*," a sermon by Rev. E. N. Kirk, D.D., published by S. K. Whipple of this city.

We like this discourse better than any that have fallen under our observation on the present state of our country, on account of its separation from party politics, and its faithful discussion of a great moral question upon Scriptural grounds.

We have received the catalogue of Messrs. Smith and English, Pa. of their extensive assortment of theological and miscellaneous books, which affords to students many attractions. The whole are arranged in departments and each work is described. Scholars would do well to examine it.

We have also received *The Bibliotheca Sacra* for July.

Its contents are

1. The Theology of Dr. Chalmer's, by Rev. J. M. Manning, Medford, Mass. consisting of copious extracts, with a careful analysis and judicious comments upon the Scotch Theologian.

2. The Scriptural Authority and obligation of the Sabbath Examined, by the Rev. W. M. O'Haulon, Burreby, Lancashire, unfinished.

3. The Imprecatory Psalms, by Rev. John J. Owen, D.D., Professor in the Free Academy, N. Y. in which the false theories of interpreting them are exposed, and the true method briefly stated, but not philosophically and freely expounded, the theory which refers them to the holy indignation of their authors.

4. Aliens in Israel, by Rev. Joseph K. Bennet, Cambridge, Mass. in which the liberal policy of the Jewish theocracy toward strangers is ably developed, and in some particulars contrasted with the exclusive policy of some among us, in respect to immigrants.

5. The Historical and Legal Judgment of the Old Testament Scriptures against Slavery, by Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D.D., of N.Y., concluded from the preceding number, a very able discussion of the subject.

6. Plutarch on the delay of Providence in Punishing the Wicked, by Rev. Horatio B. Hackitt, D.D., Prof. in Newton Theological Sem.—Like the other productions of his pen, distinguished for Attic neatness of style, and for accomplished scholarship.

7. Science and the Bible, No. II. a continuation of the debate between Profs. Dana and Lewis, on the six days of creation.

8. Notices of New Publications.

9. Editorial Correspondence.

We have received the following sheets of Choice Music from G. P. Reed and Co., 13 Tremont St.

My Sailor Brother's Grave; for the voice and piano, words by Miss H. M. Child, music by S. B. Ball; The Lily; No. 5, of the tone blossoms, for the piano, by F. Spindler; Good Night My Heart; No. 2, of a series of six songs, by Robert Franz, with words both in English and German; Serenade of Mozart; No. 2, of a series of twelve pieces, the Beauties of Mozart and Beethoven; for young pianists, by H. Oesten.

From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street.

Ho! for the Kansas Plains; a song and chorus, by James G. Clark; Speak Gently; a song by W. V. W. Wallace; Ernst—favorite Polouise by Ch. Zeuner.



THE EARLY CRAWFORD PEACH.



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

REV. LEONARD WOODS, D. D.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

[WE insert the following communication respecting this lamented theologian, so extensively and favorably known to the Christian public, in compliance with the request of several of our patrons, and from the conviction that many of the incidents in the life of Dr. Woods, and of his characteristics *as a husband and a father*, will prove interesting and useful to our readers and promote the objects of our Magazine. As materials accumulate, it may be followed occasionally by other similar articles. — EDITOR.]

TO REVEREND WILLIAM G. SCHAUFFLER, D. D.:

Dearly Beloved and Highly Respected Teacher, — For many years I have promised myself the pleasure of addressing one who is associated with many of my childhood's most pleasant reminiscences. After the decease of my beloved father, I determined at once to write you a full account of his sickness and death, knowing well your child-like affection toward him, and your interest in our family. But my numerous domestic engagements in a family of four sons, (one of whom bears your name) and my sorrow whenever I recall the agonizing sickness of my sainted father, have led me to postpone writing you to the present time.

But as the season recurs when we laid his body in the dust, to rest until the morning of the resurrection, — a season, when every day carries me back a year, and when I live over again the scenes in which it was then my painful privilege to mingle, I have resolved to defer no longer.

Toward you, my dear father and mother cherished the affection of parents. Indeed, I think his love was remarkable for all those under his instruction.

I remember when I was a child, that on one occasion I returned from service in the chapel on the Sabbath, and began

to criticise the sermon, which was from one of the students. Unobserved by me, father entered the room, when, hearing my remarks, he came toward me, and pleasantly putting his hand under my chin, said, "Harriette, be careful what you say of my children. Remember all the students are my sons."

I believe many will bear witness that, not only in the faithfulness of his instructions, but also in his interest for their welfare, both spiritual and temporal, he acted toward them the part of a father. In many instances, where this interest led him to point out a fault, (and few could perform this duty so tenderly,) and where the student felt a little restive to be dealt with so personally, I have known thanks returned for the kindness after many years and much riper experience.

Many students have been heard to remark, that having their errors thus pointed out, put them on their guard and prevented them from much trial, and have expressed their gratitude for his faithfulness, who understood their exposure better than they themselves did.

But his tenderness *as a husband and father*, were still more remarkable. You who knew my father and mother so well, doubtless have often remarked the uncommon affection which united them. One thing was particularly noticeable in their family government, and that was their perfect unanimity.

I do not recollect a single instance in which their views did not perfectly coincide in respect to the welfare and comfort of their family. As children, we well knew that if one of them approved or disapproved of any course, the other was sure to do so.

His affection for my dear mother was beautifully exemplified during her long sickness. For the period of ten years during which she suffered from paralysis, his attention to her never tired. By the most unwearied tenderness, by the most affectionate sympathy, and by the most devoted love, did he strive to soothe her pain and alleviate the restlessness which always accompanies a complaint like hers. Often have I been affected almost to tears, at the sight of her brightening face as she listened for his well-known footstep or welcomed his approach.

On his return from his daily walk, he sometimes brought her a bunch of bright leaves or a flower, which he presented her with the tenderness of a young and ardent lover, and which she could not be induced to part with until it had withered and decayed.

For several years during her sickness she was able to attend church ; and as it was difficult for her to get into a carriage, she preferred walking. He generally started with her fifteen or twenty minutes before service, and with the utmost care directed her steps to the very door of the pew where he had prepared a comfortable seat for her by his side.

I well remember the remark of our deceased friend, Mrs. F——, in relation to this point. “I have often wondered,” she said, “why God allowed so good a man to be so much afflicted in his family ; but now I see that our heavenly Father has a gracious design in it toward the young men connected with the institution. He thus gives them an example of the most unwearied conjugal love.”

But his tenderness as a husband was equalled by his affection *as a father*. The blessed words of Scripture, “like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him,” have always come to my mind with peculiar beauty and force, because he taught me to realize the pity of a father. Often when a child I have shrank from the look of sorrow and pity from my father’s eye, when I had done wrong. It penetrated my heart and chastened me as no other punishment could have done. His correction was always in love and never failed to make the impression upon me that the necessity for it gave him exquisite pain.

On the evening of the Sabbath, a day which he truly loved and which he often welcomed with the words,

“Thine earthly Sabbaths Lord we love,”

or,

“Welcome sweet day of rest,”

it was his custom to remember each of his children in prayer. For those who were present and those who were absent, he

besought the richest of heaven's blessings, a heart imbued with love to their Saviour.

Often I was so much affected by the solemnity and fervor of his petitions, and the earnestness with which he prayed that our childish feet might walk in wisdom's ways, that I could hardly remain in the room. I have many times gone to bed and wept at the thought that these prayers would rise up as witnesses to condemn me if I failed to improve them.

In connexion with his prayers, he improved every favorable opportunity of impressing instruction upon the minds of his children. Both by precept and by example he taught us to speak evil of no man, but to cherish feelings of kindness toward all.

"Think differently if you must," he used to say, "but differ kindly." There is no one trait of his character that left a deeper impression than this on my mind. On no occasion would he allow those over whom he exercised authority, to speak evil of any in his presence, and often when some person, not understanding or appreciating this solicitude for the reputation of others, violated this law of kindness, I have seen his mild eye rest upon them with sorrow and reproof, while he endeavored to call to mind some alleviating circumstances.

I remember one day when a child, that I considered myself very much aggrieved by one of my companions. As I was in strong terms giving vent to my displeasure, father overheard me, and after waiting a moment said, in his gentlest voice, "Harriette, I want you to come to my study."

I obeyed, and he pointed to my favorite place on a stool at his feet.

"I want my little daughter," he said as he fondly patted my hand, "to put away all those naughty feelings of resentment."

"I can't, sir; I can't help it," I answered, sobbing.

"You love your companion, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I replied with some hesitation.

"Well, when such things come up to trouble you, remember all that you can, that is pleasant, and that will help you to keep all calm here," he said, as he smoothed my heaving breast.

How many, *many* times has the remembrance of that quieting, soothing voice and motion, together with this remark which he made later in life, "I always find it easier to forgive an injury after I have prayed for the offender," helped me to cherish feelings of kindness and forgiveness toward those whom I supposed had wronged me.

One of his favorite methods of administering reproof or encouragement, was by writing little notes to his children, even while under the parental roof.

During a protracted sickness when at the age of seventeen, I used to amuse myself as I lay upon my bed by writing notes to him, which were promptly answered even amidst the pressure of public duties and cares. As from a child he had always been my confident, I now continued to relate to him all my joys and griefs, both temporal and spiritual. These precious epistles are now among the choicest memorials of his love. Dear, *dear* father! The tears drop from my eyes as I remember all your love and think that I can experience it no more in this life.

In the religion of my father, there was nothing of gloom; and to this I can ascribe my freedom from the thought, so common among the unconverted in early life, that in becoming religious, I should be obliged to give up all pleasure. My dear parents not only encouraged us in active exercise, but themselves frequently joined us in sports and games, and my richest treat when a child was to find an enigma which puzzled my father, or made him laugh, as he did most heartily, when occasion required. Indeed, there was naturally a rich vein of humor and wit in his character, though in his later years this seldom exhibited itself. One instance, however, I remember a few months before his decease. He had been taking exercise, and came into the sitting-room to lie upon the sofa. Several of my brothers were present, and father lay smilingly listening to our conversation, which was upon the late fashion of wearing mustaches. One of my brothers, who had been cultivating this appendage, and had already a brisk, flourishing fringe to his upper lip, noticing that father was listening with pleased attention to the arguments, said, "Father has

become quite used to mine, and says nothing now against my wearing them."

"No, my son," was the quiet reply, "I was afraid you would call out like Micah, 'ye have taken away my gods and what have I more.'"

During the last years of my dear father's life, those who have seen him most have observed in him such constant growth in grace, such an earnest endeavor to obey the inspired precept and to "add to faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity," that they felt his divine Master was fitting him for his heavenly home.

In the latter of these graces, brotherly kindness and charity, he certainly was far beyond any other Christian I ever knew. Indeed, I once heard the remark made of him by a good minister, that he carried these traits so far as to be a weakness.

When he was told of some efforts to injure his reputation, he at first could not believe the report, and when he was constrained to credit it, he made an attempt to apologize for the offender. Charity with him certainly suffered long and was kind.

When he heard any unkind remarks which one Christian brother made of another, they gave him great pain. He often said, "it makes my heart sore; I want to live in an atmosphere of love."

In a farewell address to his children, left by him to be read to them after his funeral, he showed that this desire extended also to those who were nearest and dearest to him. In closing, he wrote, "It is also my desire and prayer that my children and the children of my dear wife may ever cultivate as they have done, the kindest affections toward each other.

"The Lord grant, that this our family circle may all be united in love to Christ and in love to one another, and through the abounding grace of God may at last be united in the employments and joys of that happy world where there is no sin, nor sorrow, nor death.

“And it is my desire and prayer that all my grandchildren and all my future descendants may love the Holy Scriptures and be followers of Jesus, that they may be adorned with the beauties of divine grace, and that they may be lovely and useful in life and happy forever.

“The Lord in infinite mercy grant that I and all my descendants may thus be saved from sin, and at last inherit the kingdom of heaven, and all to the glory of divine grace.”

The first thought which entered my mind when we ascertained that his spirit had departed, was not concerning my loss but his unspeakable gain. He is where he longed to be in a world of love, and made forever perfect therein.

His delight in the Scriptures increased with each revolving year. During the latter period of his life, when he and my present mother constituted all of the family at home, it was his habit at morning and evening prayers to read chapter after chapter in the Bible. Often she fearing it would fatigue him, asked, “Shall we stop now?” He replied, “One more chapter, and then one more.”

The simple word of God without commentary or remark was indeed meat and drink to him.

My lamented father spent the fourth of July, 1854, with us at our sea-side home where we had a happy, though unexpected meeting of many dear brothers from a distance. He returned home on the fifth, much exhausted by the unusual heat. But after a day or two, being recruited, he went out to take his usual exercise in his garden, when it is supposed his fatal illness commenced. Upon returning to the house, he was so much distressed that he took medicine from which he found temporary relief. The result of the post-mortem examination proved that the violent exercise which he then took, caused the lower part of his heart to expand, and rendered the valves useless, so that the blood rushed through it in a tumult. The upper part appeared to have been diseased for years.

For several days he was comfortable, though distressed at times for breath, especially at night, and upon lying down. Yet he walked out daily, and went as usual to church on the Sabbath, though I think but a part of the day. Yet he soon

grew rapidly worse, and when I went to Andover on the second day of August, I found him in such agony as I can hardly endure to think of. From this time until the day of his death, with one or two exceptions of an hour, he was unable to lie down. For a few days he used ether freely, which seemed to abate his distress, but which made him "dreamy," as he expressed it. It rendered him also so drowsy, that he dropped to sleep the moment he was a little relieved; but we were obliged to awake him in a few moments. After some days the ether ceased to soothe him, and it required no small degree of fortitude to witness his sufferings. Indeed there were few who could be calm enough to watch over him and administer to him, as we were assured by his physicians that any agitation in those around him might cause his instant death.

During all these days and nights of weariness and agony, he never uttered a word of complaint. Twice I heard him pray, "Lord, give me patience and submission to the end." When partially relieved, as he sometimes was, for an hour or more, he attended to letters of business connected with the different benevolent societies, with which he had long been associated, dictating replies of advice or encouragement. He literally died with the harness on, being interested to the last in the great enterprises of the day, and also in the minutest events connected with the family. He made all the arrangements for his funeral, and gave directions about his private business, as if he were going on a journey. I held the paper while he wrote a few lines to his son-in-law, who was to preach his funeral sermon, expressing his wish that all extravagant eulogy should be avoided. In connection with this wish he had prepared a simple epitaph to be inscribed on his tombstone, and which was left among the directions in his will.

On the Sabbath before his death his sufferings for want of breath were very accute, and he was also afflicted with a severe pain in his eyes. Sometimes he suddenly pressed his hands upon them as if he could hardly endure the distress, yet he bore it without a murmur. I had been applying a poultice to see if that would afford him relief, when he said, softly, "Harriette, I don't like to have you spend your Sabbath in the care of me. It takes too much time from your religious duties."

Just at night we drew him from the front room into his own chamber, and toward the window where he could see the gorgeous sun-set, and there at his request I sang to him a few verses from his favorite hymns, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above."

With his eyes most of the time closed, he thus listened to the last song he ever heard, until the sound of the anthem of the blessed before the throne of God broke upon his ear.

When asked on Wednesday night, August the twenty-third, what special request should be made for him in prayer, he replied, "None but the prayer of the publican expresses my wants."

The next morning he fainted and was laid upon the bed where, for the first time during his sickness, he remained through the day. You can hardly imagine the relief it was to see his weary head at rest upon his pillow. After this he was somewhat relieved in his breathing, though the water was oozing from every pore of his poor swollen limbs, until at half-past eight, when his sight had gone, he asked, feebly, "*Are you all here?*" and calmly resigned his soul to God.

It was my peculiar privilege to be with my father and to hold him by the hand in the hour of his conflict and victory. My beloved mother and five sons-in-law were also kneeling around his bed when he thus fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

I cannot close my long communication without assuring you that our mother was an unspeakable blessing to him during his life, and in his last sickness. Her fortitude and calmness when her heart was ready to burst; her presence of mind, joined with her tenderness and love, I have never seen surpassed. Three of her sons were with her during almost the whole of the last trying scene, and manifested the utmost filial devotion. Father loved them as children, and they deeply mourn his loss.

Your strong love of my dear father and the overflowings of my own heart at these reminiscences, must be my apology for the length of my epistle.

With sentiments of high regard for yourself, and with an

affectionate remembrance to your family, in which my husband
most heartily joins,

I remain, dear sir,
Your affectionate friend and grateful pupil,
HARRIETTE WOODS BAKER.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF REV. LEONARD WOODS, D.D.

BY META LANDER.

Rests he now, the veteran soldier — wearied with the mortal strife,
Went he up a glorious victor from the battle-field of life.

Fierce to him the stirring conflict, — but he wrestled long and well;
And his arms were girded on him, when the stalwart warrior fell.

Joy for thee, exultant spirit! for thy warfare now is o'er,
And the din of clashing armor shall oppress thy soul no more.

Oh! the sweetness of awaking in that "land of pure delight!"
Oh! the fulness of the glory, bursting on thy ravished sight!

But for us still in the conflict, panting with its dust and heat,
Weeping ever for the loved ones, falling underneath our feet —

How for one — but *one* sweet vision, ache these tired mortal eyes!
Sick with longings to behold thee, till our heart within us dies.

Oft we press beside the gateway of the still abode of death,
Trembling knock upon his portals, listening with suspended breath.

Vain, alas! this mournful striving! — for the wall is high and wide;
Comes there only weeping echo, answering from the other side.

Yet we still repeat the effort, aching from the silence deep,
Knocking, pleading, calling, crying, till the night-dews o'er us creep.

Hear'st thou not, departed loved one, our perpetual yearning cries?
Dost no breath of all our sorrow float to thee in Paradise?

Seest thou not that fount of anguish, constant in its hidden flow?
Is thy tender heart unconscious of its gushing depths of woe?

Never sound the stillness breaketh. Hopeless must that distance be,
Thus debarring all communion of our loving hearts with thee.

Hopeless! ah, these stricken spirits, sinking under sorrows' weight!
Why should we be ceaseless wailing, kneeling by that lonely gate?

Upward to the heavenly portals, could we lift our trusting sight,
Far into the shadow-valley, would there ray celestial light.

Knocking at those gates of glory, answered is our pleading call;
Sweetly come the angel-voices from behind that jasper wall.

Fall they on us in our darkness, weeping at the gate of Death,
As upon our drooping eyelids we have felt a seraph's breath.

Courage, then! still press we onward cheerly to the faithful fight;
Soon will lift the cloudy curtain veiling loved ones from our sight.

Then shall pass the heavy shadows from these sin-be-clouded eyes,
Break the clear eternal morning o'er the hills of Paradise.

Let thy memory, parted spirit, cheer us on our struggling way!
And thy gently falling mantle strengthen us to win the day!

From our weakness faltering often, fainting in the weary strife,
May we fall like thee victorious, *dying into endless life.*

N. Y. Evangelist.

TO YOUNG MEN IN MERCANTILE LIFE.

BY REV. DR. SHEPHERD.

CHRISTIAN INTEGRITY.—NO. V.

IN previous articles I have defined the *nature* of Christian Integrity, and illustrated the *means* of its attainment by young men in business life. In this concluding article, I beg leave to speak of its *value*, which will be manifest when this cardinal virtue is viewed in its relation to personal reputation, the honor of religion, and the welfare of the undying soul.

Let us attempt to form an estimate of the value of integrity in its influence upon *personal reputation*. What is life worth without character? Solomon, says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver

and gold." I speak of reputation sought not as an end, without any scrupulous regard to the means by which it is secured, but as the result of correct principles of what secures the confidence and esteem of the wise. Such a reputation can scarcely be held in too high esteem by young men commencing active life, dependant upon their own success for subsistence, and for a standing in the community. Many such think too little of it until overtaken by some sudden impulse of depravity, they are taught its worth by sad experience, when it is too late to secure the prize. Comparatively few young men enter business life with a cash or stock capital. But "a good name" is a capital within the reach of all, better "than great riches." With it, no young man, in ordinary circumstances, will fail of success. It amuses us to see how reckless many are, of such a prize, so easily secured and so valuable at this day when defections and frauds are so numerous. The very fact that these are so rife in our chief marts of commerce, places a bounty upon unflinching integrity which falls within the reach of the humblest. Will not more of our young men, reared up by the altar of prayer, and instructed from the sanctuary, fix their eye upon such a shining mark, and press forward until they reach the prize?

Again: the value of Integrity in business life may be seen in its relation to the *honor of religion*. Amid the numerous defections in the high places of trust with which the mercantile community have been afflicted, some have been found among these, professing godliness. Superficial minds, unwilling to investigate the intrinsic merits of Christianity, and even fixing their eye upon its imperfect professors as the criterion by which to judge of its claims, have hastily pronounced it to be a failure, alleging that it does not make men honest. Not unfrequently being themselves among the sufferers through the fraudulent management of a Christian professor, and seeing those who make no pretensions to piety stand firm in the hour of trial, they have rashly pronounced the Bible a fiction, and the Church the nursery of hypocrisy. Thus the Gospel has been dishonored in the house of its friends, Christ crucified afresh and put to open shame through the perfidy of his

disciples, and a stone of stumbling created, over which multitudes plunge into everlasting destruction. From this source, more than from all others, have sprung up the dreams of the Socialist, the hallucinations of the Spiritualist, and the filthy delusions of the Mormon, and the various other strange heresies of the day, in the vain hope of finding some better basis for an improved civilization. And we may be assured, that this work of delusion will go on and increase until the Church of Christ shall purify herself of this leaven of dishonesty and deceit in her members. And to whom shall we look for this work of reform to begin with greater confidence, than to the young men in mercantile life? Infidelity of this sort can only be lived down. Oh, for some second Luther, or Whitefield, or Edwards to pass through the land with burning zeal and trumpet tongue, to awaken the Churches to come up, one and all, to the high Scriptural standard of living honestly and in the fear of God! A reformation in moral integrity that shall pervade all classes and professions in business-life, is as imperiously demanded for the glory of God and the well being of mankind, as that which has been so successfully achieved in the use of intoxicating liquors. Who will stand forth as the champion and advocate of such a reform? We have line upon line, precept upon precept, in Christian doctrine, I will not say too much or too discriminating. We have the theory as clear and as convincing as the light of the sun at noon-day. But who will bring it so to bear upon life and practice, as to constrain us to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God? Where shall our young men in active life, our men in high places of trust, learn to walk honestly in all things, except in the school of Christ, and with his love shed abroad in their hearts, fearing to do wrong more than they fear to suffer reproach, poverty, or death? So live, and you will adorn the doctrine of godliness, and glorify your Father in heaven.

“ So let your lips and lives express
The holy Gospel you profess ;
So let your works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
Thus will you best proclaim abroad
The honors of your Saviour God :
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.”

But the value of Christian Integrity may be learned from its necessary relation to the *welfare of the soul*. The question at issue is not one of profit or pleasure, or of any earthly good. Although godliness is profitable unto all things, and hath the promise of the life that now is, yet its great reward lies chiefly in the life to come. How can that be hoped for, unless we stand firmly upon the Rock of Ages? Christ resisted unto blood, striving against sin. If you would prove yourselves the worthy followers of such a Master and Leader, you will take to yourselves the whole armor of God, that you may stand in the hour of temptation. What would it profit you to gain the whole world and lose your own souls? You must die; you must stand before the all-searching eye of a holy Judge; you must receive a sentence according to the deeds done in the body. Think of that recompense of reward which constrained Moses to suffer afflictions with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Think of that self-denying integrity which determined the three Hebrew captives to prefer the fiery furnace to the sin of a popular idolatry. Think of that inflexible regard to things invisible and eternal, which carried Daniel to the lion's den, rather than to restrain prayer for a season, before God. In the balances of the sanctuary, in the light of eternity alone can you approach the value of that integrity of heart which led Paul to sacrifice all his ambition for worldly honor and grandeur, and to be accounted as the least of all, yea, the very offscouring of all things, that he might be found in Christ, and rejoice in hope of future glory. Behold a great company of martyrs cheerfully embracing the stake, and singing a song of praise while the flames were encircling their bodies, in hope of a better resurrection, when, by sacrificing principle and perjuring themselves, they might have lived honorably and fared sumptuously among men. Bunyan describes Christian escaping from the city of destruction, with wife, and children, and friends hanging upon him and entreating him to desist and return, as thrusting his fingers into his ears, and rushing on, crying aloud, "Life! life!! ETERNAL LIFE!!!"

So may you, in the day of temptation, when evil advisers

and wicked seducers beset your path and seek to draw you away into deeds of fraud, and felony, and perjury—so may you stop your ears against their blandishments, resisting all their deceitful suggestions with the declaration, “Right! *right!!* ETERNAL RIGHT!!! I WILL DO RIGHT!!!” Till I die, I will not remove my integrity from me. My heart shall not reproach me as long as I live!”

Young men, the hope of the Church, and of the State, ye are a spectacle unto angels and men! “See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil.” Be ye steadfast and immovable in preserving a conscience void of offence toward God and man. So shall your “peace be as a river and your righteousness as the waves of the sea.”

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'T is morn — the sea breeze seems to bring
Joy, health and freshness on its wing:
Bright flowers to me all strange and new;
Are glittering in the early dew;
Its perfumes rise in every grove,
Like incense to the clouds that move,
Like spirits, o'er yon welkin clear,
But I am sad — *thou* art not here.

'T is noon — a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue wave of the deep;
A soft haze like a fairy dream
Is floating over wood and stream.
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower
Is gleaming like a lonely star,
But I am sad — *thou* art afar.

'T is eve — on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dies;
The stars come down, and trembling glow

Like blossoms on the wave below,
 And, like an unseen sprite, the breeze
 Seems lingering 'mid the orange trees,
 Breathing its music round the spot;
 But I am sad — I see *thee* not.

'T is midnight — with a shooting spell
 The far-off tones of ocean swell —
 Soft as the mother's cadence mild,
 Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
 And on each wandering breeze are heard
 The rich notes of the mocking bird,
 In many a wild and wondrous lay;
 But I am sad — *thou* art away.

I sink in dreams — low, sweet and clear,
 Thine own dear voice is in mine ear;
 Around my cheek thy tresses twine —
 Thine own loved hand is clasped in mine,
 Thine own soft lip to mine is pressed, —
 Thy head is pillowed on my breast;
 Oh! I have all my heart holds dear,
 And I am happy — *THOU art here!*

ELLEN SINCLAIR;
 OR
 ROMANCE AND REALITY.
 BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER III.

ELLEN's chief pleasure consisted in reading, and her mother was no longer at a loss to account for the change in her disposition when she perceived the character of the books which she read. Unfortunately, during her stay with her aunt, she had access to a large, though not very judiciously selected, library, and contracted a taste for fictitious reading. Upon some temperaments, this course would not have produced such a disastrous effect. But the young girl's imagination was strong and active, and the exciting romances which she devoured so

eagerly, created a dissatisfied feeling, and a distaste for reading of a more serious nature, and for the duties and pleasures of every-day life. The bright and glowing land of romance in which she wandered, made the daily routine of life irksome and disagreeable.

Mrs. Stanhope, her aunt, was a kind-hearted, but rather indolent woman. She gave her niece every advantage for pursuing her studies, and carefully supplied her with everything which she thought would conduce to her comfort and happiness, and saw that she was dressed, as she conceived that her niece ought to dress ; but there all care and anxiety ended. She never conversed with her in regard to the duty of rightly improving the important season of youth, or advised her about the choice of books or of companions, or even inquired in what manner she employed her time when out of school. So long as she seemed happy and contented, her aunt was satisfied that she was doing well.

When it was pleasant weather, Mrs. Stanhope made it a point to attend, every Sabbath, the afternoon service of the wealthy and popular church of which she was a member, not because she realized the obligation, or appreciated the privilege of so doing, but because she thought it *respectable*. Besides, it gave her the opportunity of observing her fashionable acquaintances, of noticing the bad taste with which some of them dressed. Ellen might attend if she liked, there was plenty of room in her pew, but whether she did or not, was a matter of perfect indifference to her aunt.

This lady pursued the same ruinous course with her own children, and would have been highly indignant if any one had intimated that she failed to discharge her duty to them. She was considered, by the world, a pattern. She gave largely to the poor, especially where she thought it would be known, and subscribed liberally to Foreign Missions, but she never realized the obligations which rested on her as a Christian *wife* and *mother*. There are many such parents in our land, who, professing the principles of the gospel, cast reproach upon His name, and by their heartlessness and hypocrisy, their cold formality and love of the vain pomps of this world, virtually

teach their children to despise and reject Him who, when on earth, said, "*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.*"

If Ellen had been one of those wonderful beings, a heroine of romance, she would probably have firmly resisted the temptations which beset her path, and come out of the fiery ordeal pure and immaculate. But she possessed, with much that was good and lovely, the follies and weaknesses incident to poor, fallen human nature ; she had a heart which the Bible and our daily experience teach us is naturally depraved, and can perform, in its own strength, nothing good and acceptable to God.

To do her justice, she strove for some time to obey the solemn injunctions of her parents, and so to order her life as to throw no discredit on the principles which she professed. But she trusted too much in her own strength, and too little in Him "whose strength is made perfect in our weakness." It was not at her aunt's residence as at Elmwood, where there was every sweet and holy influence, both at home and abroad, to guide her feet into the right path, and every kind encouragement held out to induce her to continue therein.

From the mere force of habit, Ellen kept up for some months the semblance of religion, that is, she attended church occasionally, and performed her daily devotions. But it was not with the same sweet feeling of childlike love and confidence, with which, in other days, she had drawn near to her heavenly Father. She hurried over them coldly and formally, as an imperative, though irksome, duty. She insulted the Being she had vowed to honor, by drawing near to Him with her lips while her heart was far from Him.

The love of fictitious reading, which had become with her such a strong passion, was the principal cause of this great change. The highly wrought romances to which she had daily access, had inflamed her warm imagination, and turned the kindly sympathy of her nature into unnatural channels.

CHAPTER IV.

It was with the full knowledge and sanction of her parents, that Dr. Howard had visited their daughter. Possessing an honorable, intelligent, and highly cultivated, and above all, a

sincere Christian mind, exemplifying in his daily life the principles of the gospel, they felt that they could safely trust to his keeping, the happiness of their beloved child. His pleasant and winning manners had endeared him to each member of the family, and her parents already regarded him as a son, and it was understood that they were to be united when she attained her nineteenth year; of this she wanted but a few months at the time of her return to Elmwood.

Even amid the joy of their first meeting, Dr. Howard felt chilled at the indifference and levity in her manner; but he charitably attributed it to a timidity which he thought would soon wear off. But time proved to him his mistake. If love is ever blind, it was not so in this instance, for it needed but a few interviews with her to convince her lover that there was a great change in her character, and it pained his noble heart to observe the unfavorable nature of that change. He justly attributed it to the influence to which she was subjected during her absence, but did not dream of its true nature, or that it was still exerting its baleful effect. He noticed with surprise, that her taste for reading was altered; that the lofty strains of Milton, the pure and precious hymns of Cowper, and the sweet melody of Bryant and Wordsworth, woke no responsive echo in her bosom; that the books of philosophy, history and biography, which they used to read together, she considered dry and uninteresting. Sometimes he ventured to read aloud a thrilling passage in some one of his favorite authors, but her wearied air and forced attention, contrasted in his mind painfully, with the flushed cheek and kindling eye with which she had listened in other days.

But if Dr. Howard was disappointed, she was no less so. She contrasted her matter-of-fact lover with the heroes of romance of whom she read, and it must be confessed that he fell immeasurably in her estimation. He did not in the least resemble a "corsair" or a "bandit chief;" neither did he possess the grace and accomplishments which distinguish the hero of a modern novel.

The affected airs and graces, the pretty starts and exclamations which she thought so bewitching, produced no effect on

the worthy doctor, save to awaken in his mind a feeling of astonishment at the change which had come over his once lovely and artless Ellen. He paid her the compliment of considering her a reasonable being, and therefore wooed her in a reasonable and rational manner. He did not desire for a wife a mere parlor ornament, but a companion to walk by his side through the pathway of life, to share its joys and cares, and to soothe by her love and sympathy, its many sorrows.

CHAPTER V.

Ellen had brought quite a number of her favorite books with her, but this stock soon became exhausted. Her mind craved the unhealthy stimulus to which she had been accustomed, but her father's well selected library afforded her scanty means of gratifying it. There was, however, a "circulating library" in the village, which, though it contained many valuable and instructive works, was filled with much of the miserable trash which is flooding the country. She eagerly availed herself of this opportunity for indulging her favorite taste.

Her mother was a very mild and amiable woman. Though very naturally pained at the marked change in her daughter's habits and feelings, she fondly imagined that when she had finished the books which she had on hand, she would gradually interest herself in her former pursuits. But indulgence served only to confirm her habit, and at length her mother felt it her duty to interfere.

The unfilial spirit with which Ellen met her mother's very gentle remonstrance, wounded her to the heart, and, after some deliberation, induced her to mention it to her husband. Immersed in business, he, like too many fathers, left his children almost entirely to the guidance of their mother. He had observed with no little uneasiness, his child's altered appearance, but thought that the kindly influences of home would, ere long, effect a cure. His brow grew dark and troubled as he listened to his wife's fears and anxieties in her daughter's behalf, and he told her that he would seek an early opportunity to converse with her. "Where is she?" inquired he of his wife the next day, as he arose from the dinner table.

"She is up stairs," replied the mother; "she has not been down since morning. When she gets a new book from the library, she does not feel as if she could eat or sleep until she has finished it."

He ascended the stairs and tapped at the door of his daughter's room. Receiving no response, he gently opened the door and entered. But the scene of confusion which presented itself to his astonished vision, almost defies description. We hope that none of our young lady readers ever behold its counterpart in their own chambers. The bed was not made, articles of wearing apparel were scattered around the room and upon the floor, the toilet table was covered with a confused collection of books, papers, combs and brushes, and the dust lay thick upon the chairs, bureau and mirror.

Upon a low seat by the window, with her hair and dress in a very untidy condition, a faded shawl wrapt around her person, and her feet in an old pair of slippers, sat the young girl, bending with flushed cheek and parted lips, over the "last new novel," so intensely interested that she did not observe her father's approach.

"Ellen," said he in a low tone.

She started as she looked up and beheld her father's grave countenance.

"Are you sick," he inquired, "that you keep yourself in your room all day?"

"No, sir," replied she in a confused manner; "I was—that is," she added, rising from her seat, "I will be down stairs directly."

"What book are you reading?" he asked, taking it from her unresisting hand. An expression of contempt passed over his countenance as his eye fell upon the title. "Can you find no better employment?" he inquired, glancing his eyes at her with sternness. "Even if your mother did not require your aid, I should suppose that you could employ your time more profitably in arranging your chamber. I am grieved and mortified," he added, "to think that my daughter should sit down to read with her room in such a condition."

Her cheeks crimsoned, but she made no reply.

"I wish you to carry this book back," he continued in a gentler tone, "and draw no more from the library, at least not until you can make a better selection. I hope you understand me, Ellen," he resumed, after a short pause, turning to leave the room, "and that you will not oblige me to allude to this subject again."

As the door closed after her father, Ellen, moved more by anger than sorrow, threw herself upon the bed and burst into tears. After weeping violently for some time, she arose, and, bathing her swollen eyes, arrived at the conclusion that her father was very tyrannical, and that she was one of the most abused and persecuted persons in existence.

She carried the book back, and did not think it best openly to disregard her father's wishes, but she still read by stealth all that she could obtain from other sources. Many a night, when her unsuspecting parents thought her quietly sleeping, she was poring, with eager eye, over the pages of some thrilling romance.

CHAPTER VI.

A few weeks after the conversation narrated in the last chapter, Ellen's parents left Elmwood to spend some days with her grand-parents, who resided a few miles distant, leaving in her charge all of the children but the youngest, whom they took with them.

Many and earnest were her injunctions to her daughter on the morning of their departure, who promised faithfully to observe them. In the afternoon of the following day, she seated herself in the sitting-room with a new book, in a pamphlet form which she had purchased in the morning of a pedlar who called at the door. She had read but a few pages when she was interrupted by a loud scream from one of the children. With an exclamation of impatience, she threw down the book and left the room to see what was the matter.

Just at this moment, Dr. Howard ascended the steps and rang the bell. Owing to the confusion which reigned in the nursery, it was not heard, and, with the freedom of a privi-

leged visitor, he opened the door and passed into the sitting-room. As he seated himself upon the sofa, he took up the book which she had thrown upon the table. An expression of surprise passed over his countenance, as he glanced at the title, for it was one of Sue's demoralizing productions; and he was still more surprised and confounded when, on turning to the title page, he beheld her name. A veil was lifted from his eyes. Many things which had seemed to him strange and unaccountable in her sentiments and conduct, flashed upon his mind, and his heart grew sick within him.

She blushed deeply when she entered the room and beheld the book in Dr. Howard's hands. After a few attempts at a general conversation, he took the book from the table, where he had laid it when she entered, and turning over its leaves, said, "Does this book belong to you, Ellen?"

"No — yes! — I believe it does," she stammered.

"You have not read it, I hope."

"Why not?" inquired Ellen, with heightened color. "You do not object to light reading, Francis?" she added in a milder and rather apologetical tone.

"Certainly not," returned Dr. Howard. "From books which illustrate in a natural manner, the joys and sorrows, the temptations and experiences of life, much good may be obtained; though even such ought to be read with prudence and moderation. I do, however, very strongly object to works of this character. I should blush to see this book in the hands of my sister, and I am inexpressibly grieved and shocked to see it in the possession of one who is so soon to sustain the more sacred and tender relation of *wife*."

"I hardly know by what right you use such language to me," replied Ellen, haughtily; "or by what authority you assume the office of censor."

"Right?" repeated the Doctor reproachfully. "Considering the relation we bear to each other, *that* is rather a singular question. Believe me, Ellen," he added in a gentler tone, "I assume no superiority over you. I should not question your right to warn or counsel me, if you saw me going astray."

"I am not ambitious of that privilege," replied Ellen, sar-

castically ; “ and, as Dr. Howard seems to be so weary of his engagement, I release him freely, fully, and forever. He is at liberty to form any other connection which may suit him better, and I shall claim the same privilege ? ”

“ Are you in earnest, Ellen ? ” said Dr. Howard with assumed calmness.

“ In proof of it,” replied Ellen, drawing a small gold ring from her finger, “ I give you back the bauble you gave me, when you vowed *eternal* fidelity.”

“ Perhaps it is best that this should be so, Ellen,” said Dr. Howard sadly, and after a short pause. “ I could not take as a companion for life an habitual novel reader, neither could you, with your present views and sentiments, be happy with me. You have been, you are still, very dear to me, Ellen, and before we stand on the footing of mere acquaintances, allow me to take, for the last time, the privilege of a friend, and solemnly warn you of the danger of the course you are pursuing. It is unworthy of an immortal being, of one who has dedicated herself to Christ, and if you persist in it, it will surely bring upon you shame and sorrow, bitter and unavailing repentance.”

After Dr. Howard’s departure, Ellen sat for some time like one in a dream. Hurried on by her angry and excited feelings, she had gone farther than she intended. She was not aware that her coldness and indifference, and want of interest in his society, had gradually alienated the heart of her lover from her. Conscience was aroused from its long slumber. Her base betrayal of the confidence of her confiding parents, her neglected duties and broken promises, her wasted time and unimproved opportunities weighed heavily upon her heart. She saw her guilt in the sight of a pure and holy God, and shuddered at the precipice on which she stood.

When her parents returned, they were alarmed at her pale and haggard appearance, and anxiously inquired the cause. She poured upon her mother’s sympathizing ear the sad story of her sin and folly, and of its bitter fruits. Her mother was grieved at this disclosure, but strove to encourage her daughter in her good resolutions, and to soothe her with the hope that

her difference with the Doctor would prove, at the worst, only a temporary alienation. But Ellen knew his disposition too well to entertain this hope. She knew that he was influenced less by impulse than principle; that if he became convinced that a separation was for their mutual good, no earthly consideration could induce him to alter his purpose. She was aware, also, that he had arrived at the conclusion that she no longer entertained for him the regard that she had formerly professed.

Days and weeks passed. Her glad laugh and merry tone no longer fell pleasantly upon the ear as of old, her cheek grew pale, and her step slow and listless. She had submitted to her father's inspection her collection of books, and destroyed all which he thought objectionable in their tendency, and endeavored to interest herself in the cares and pursuits of every day life. But alas! bad habits are more easily formed than broken. Her mind craved the unhealthy excitement to which it had been accustomed, and the sober realities of life were dull and uninteresting.

More impelled by a sense of duty than by the hope of gaining any relief from her present unhappy feelings, she resumed her seat in the church of God. But it was not with the same emotions of joy and peace, with which she had sought the sanctuary of Christ when in the warmth of her first love. The dark cloud of unbelief obscured her moral vision, and God, in his righteous wrath, seemed to have hid the light of his countenance from her.

She rarely met Dr. Howard, and when she did, he seemed studiously to avoid her. A close student, and possessing more than ordinary talents, he had risen rapidly in his profession, and soon became the principal physician, not only in Elmwood, but in towns adjoining. The invalid poor whom he visited gratuitously, spoke warmly in his praise, and his strong sense, firm principles, and courteous and gentlemanly bearing, made him universally respected and beloved. She contrasted him with the silly and senseless fops, who fluttered around her, and bitterly regretted the pride and folly which led her to throw from her like a worthless thing, a heart so noble.

R I G H T S .

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

This is a favorite word in our days of progress, a kind of key-tone that is struck interminably. The statesman is eloquent for the rights of his constituents, and the politician for his own. The emigrant, as soon as he sets foot upon our soil, talks about his rights, and finds his stranger-vote weighs as much as that of the rulers of the land.

The soldier, "sudden and quick in quarrel," bears his rights upon his sword, and the school-boy is fain to stand for his rights and his wrongs, too, on the same belligerent people. Here, where freedom is the birthright of all, it is early claimed, so that babies rule their nurses, and children are in doubt whether they may not rule their parents.

In a republic, where such large liberty, and the abuse of liberty, prevail, it is not surprising to hear from the gentler sex, so contented of old, some claim for a grant of new rights, or an extension of privileges. This they occasionally advocate, with a zeal which overleaps the barrier-opinion of the profound moralist, that "in contentions for power, both the philosophy and the poetry of life, are in danger of being trodden down."

Possibly, a still greater loss might accrue to domestic happiness, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman, *as woman*, be forfeited or sacrificed.

"I have given her as a help-meet," said the Voice that cannot err, when it spake unto Adam, in the cool of the day, amid the trees of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize-fighter. No; a *help-meet*, such as was fitting for men to desire, and for women to become.

Since the Creator has assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes, it is to be presumed from His unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If He has made one the priest

ess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its sacred shrine, its unrevealed sanctities, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates, or rock its turrets? Need she be again tempted, by pride or curiosity, or glowing words, to barter her own Eden?

The true nobility of woman, is to keep her own sphere, and to adorn it, not like the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is first to light the day, and the last to leave it. If she share not the fame of the ruler and the blood-shedder, her good works, such as "become those who profess godliness," though they leave no deep foot-prints on the sands of Time, may find record in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Mothers! are not our rights sufficiently extended—the sanctuary of home, the throne of the heart, the moulding of the whole mass of mind in its first formation? Have we not power enough in all the realms of sorrow and suffering—over all forms of ignorance and want—amid all ministrations of love, from the cradle to the sepulchre?

So let us be content and diligent, aye, grateful and joyful, making this brief life a hymn of praise, until called to that choir which knows no discord, and whose melody is eternal.

BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.—Beautiful is old age—beautiful as the slow-dropping mellow Autumn of a rich glorious Summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow, the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and—strange that it should be so—this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of victory; there is none whose life has been other than this.—*Westminster Review*.

SWEET VISITORS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers!
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of Nature, and its print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder; and, perhaps,
My manliness hath drunk up tears;
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years:
But nature's book is open yet,
With all a mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing;
When bursting buds and grass,
And waters leaping to the light;
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wild fleetness, thronged the night;
When all was beauty, then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myrrh on wings of Araby,
Gazed on where evening lamp is hung.

And, when the beauteous spirit there
Flung over all its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And, resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be —
To rise in heaven, like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

NOT ASHAMED OF RIDICULE.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

I SHALL never forget the lesson which I received when quite a young lad, at an Academy in W——. Among my school-fellows were Hartly and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to the latter I looked up as to a sort of leader in matters of opinion as well as of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the lookout for subjects of derision.

Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning as we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing.

The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemson. "Halloa!" he exclaimed; "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!"

Hartly waved his hand at us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, he took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then putting up the bars came and entered school with the rest of us. After school in the latter part of the day, he let out the cow and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of W—— Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson, were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit

next to Hartly. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "keow," after the manner of some of the country folks.

With admirable good nature did Hartly bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartly," said Jemson, one day, "I suppose your daddy means to make a milk man of you."

"Why not?" asked Hartly.

"O, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them, that's all!"

The boys laughed, and Hartly, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milk man, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from neighboring cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our Academy, and both Hartly and Jemson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize for heroism. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who three years ago rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said that with their permission, he would relate a short story. "Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services.

This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in sell-

ing the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back, helpless. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the scholar, 'I can drive your cow!' With blessings and thanks the old lady accepted his offer.

But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with; but I can do without them for a while.'

'O, no,' said the old lady; 'I can't consent to that; but there is a pair of cowhide boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.'

The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time. Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely day after day, never shunning observation, daily driving the widow's cow, wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, and caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives, and furthermore in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartly, do not slink out of sight behind the black board! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be of praise. Come forth, Master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face!"

As Hartly, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood

upon benches, and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartly's feet seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured railery, and, after we were dismissed, he went with tears in his eyes and tendered his hand to Hartly, making a handsome apology for his past ill manners. "Think no more of it, my boy," said Hartly, with delightful cordiality; let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set forth, with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was.

Witness.

MY HUSBAND'S PATIENTS.

NO. VIII.

THE DEVOTED HUSBAND.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER I.

"Good night, father; good night, mother."

"Don't be out late, my dear.

"Oh, no, mother, the singing-school is through at nine, and we shall come directly home." Elizabeth turned back from the door, and approaching her mother with slight embarrassment, whispered, "Please coax father to consent, and let me tell James when we return; it will make him so happy."

The rather sad expression upon her mother's face gave way to a smile as she looked at the blushing girl, and glanced from her to a young man standing near, who, conscious that some-

thing had been said which would greatly affect his "weal or woe," stood tracing with the toe of his wide boot, the bright color which was ingeniously braided into the hearth-rug.

In another minute the door was shut and the aged couple were alone. For a short time they sat in silence, the face of the mother again wore the pensive expression which had become almost habitual, and her husband, not feeling particularly cheerful himself, did not like to interrupt her meditations. At length, however, he said, "Come, wife, don't look so sad; if Mary could speak to us, she'd tell us she was far better off than when she was in this wicked world, for she is in the presence of her Saviour, and beholds his glory. It won't be long either, before you and I shall follow her. We've got most through, wife, and we ought to be thankful that we have the promise of a mansion above. We shall see all our little ones when we reach that better land."

Tears flowed fast down the furrowed cheek of Mrs. Rand as her husband thus spoke; but they soothed her excited feelings, and she replied, "Yes, husband, we've almost lived out our allotted time, and I look forward with trust in my Saviour to the end of my journey, but our dear Mary was not the subject of my thoughts when you spoke. I was thinking of Elizabeth."

"Of Elizabeth! why then look so sorrowful? The very thought of her makes my old heart glad. Why when I'm out in the field mowing or plowing, if my bones ache or I'm very weary, I just sit down on the stump of a tree and think of our Elizabeth, and the vision of her bright, happy face, her merry laugh, and more than all, of her love for her poor old father and mother, rests me a sight; it's better than meat and drink to me."

"What shall you do, then, when she's gone?" asked the mother mournfully.

"Well," answered the father, swallowing a sob which struggled up from his full heart, "we must make the best of it. James is a right clever fellow, and he loves our girl. Now that he's calculated upon having her for so many years, I couldn't make up my mind to tell him he must give her up."

But, husband, wouldn't it be better for them to wait a little longer? What can we do without her?"

"Do you remember what neighbor Gray's wife told your mother the evening we had that famous quilting in the old red house? 'It's the way of the world,' says she, 'and scripeter sanctions it; a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and if it's right for him it's right for her, too.' When I get clear down about Elizabeth's leaving us, I think o' that, and remember that we shouldn't a thought 'twas right for anybody to have kept putting us off from year to year. But, wife, I've been a thinking this ere subject over and over nights for more'n a fortnight, and I've about come to the conclusion to set off half my farm and give James a clear deed of it, provided he'll agree to fix up them north rooms and live here."

"Oh, husband!" almost screamed Mrs. Rand, her face radiant with joy.

"Yes," continued the good old man, "we are growing old and shall soon need somebody to take care of us, and I've pretty nigh made up my mind to do it."

An hour after, when Elizabeth returned from singing-school, and James loitered near the door while she ran in to ascertain if there were any good news for him, Mr. Rand called out from the bed-room, "Elizabeth, tell James as soon as he's milked in the morning to take a walk over here, 'cause I want to see him on business, and tell him not to be frightened 'cause its nothing alarmin'."

I cannot stop to tell of the whispering at the door, nor how the young man's heart beat as he walked home cheered by the words of her he loved, "I know 'twas something pleasant by the way father spoke," nor will I relate his thoughts during that long sleepless night, suffice it to say, Brindle and her associates were treated the next morning to a very early breakfast, and, after being milked, were sent forth to enjoy the beauties of a glorious sunrise, so that the young man reached Rand farm about half an hour before the owner had left his bed. But Elizabeth considered this a most fortunate occurrence, for by means of his assistance, she too soon finished her morning labors, and returned to the house in season to hear what her father had to say.

The young people were overjoyed at the plan, and after consultation with the father and mother of James, the carpenter and mason were called in to make some slight alterations in the part of the house which was to be given up to them. The north parlor was to be newly painted and papered, and a door cut from the entry into a large cheese room, which was now to be converted into a kitchen, and such other improvements made as the young people might suggest.

All this was in the month of August, and the wedding was appointed for Thanksgiving day. In answer to James' look of dismay when she mentioned so distant a time, Elizabeth blushing replied that she couldn't get ready a moment sooner; and one who had witnessed the bustle that commenced at the quiet farm house, would have supposed that three months at least, would have been requisite to restore order.

When the carpenters were fairly at work, and Elizabeth had fully expressed her wishes to them, she started for the city to be absent three days, for the purchase of articles too numerous to mention. She went directly to the house of her aunt, and carried on her purchases under her direction.

James was awaiting her at the tavern at the time appointed for her return, with her father's covered wagon, to take her home, a distance of nearly two miles. He was rather shy of her at first, for her three days in the city on such important business as the spending of fifty dollars, had given her an air of confidence and smartness which quite awed him. But as soon as they were out of sight of the crowd around the stage coach, he said, "There, Elizabeth, those three days were the longest that I ever see. Nothing goes well when you're away. It didn't seem right somehow, to have the sun shining and the birds singing, when I was so dull without you."

Oh, Elizabeth! how could you answer so coolly, when the thought that you were so dear to the large, warm, honest heart beating by your side, quickened every pulse in your body, and sent the tell-tale blood to your cheeks?

"You'll soon be used to it," she answered with assumed indifference, "for I must go again, and aunt says 'twill take me all of a week to get my things, for I haven't bought a dollar's

worth of my furniture, and aunt has given me a silk dress on condition I'll come there and have it made up in Boston style."

James sighed as he wondered what the city aunt would think of so awkward, ungainly a fellow as he thought himself to be.

Weeks and months flew by, amid the hurry of preparation for so great an event as the marriage and settlement of their only child. Mr. Rand had been to Squire Jason, on the hill, and the legal instruments were all prepared conveying to James Choate the farm bounded thus and so, together with half the farm-house thereupon. The neat parlor with its gay carpet, a present, also, from the city aunt, and its row of nice, cane-seated chairs, the closets with the shining dishes, the clothes-press where the new silk hung side by side with a very suspicious looking garment in the form of a coat, all were in readiness for their new master and mistress.

James came and went, smiling and coloring up to his ears, but somehow not feeling so much at home in the new parlor as in the spacious kitchen where the familiar settle held out its arms as to an old friend. He was impatient for the time when he could have Elizabeth all to himself, for now there was so much to be done, and so many neighbors at the farm helping to quilt, or to knit one more comforter, that for a fortnight he had hardly found time to tell her how grateful he was to his Father in Heaven, who had given him so dear a friend, and the prospect of so pleasant a home; or how humble and ashamed he often felt that he was no more worthy of her, knowing as he did, that both Seth Hasen, at the great store by the tavern, and the winter schoolmaster, had been refused her hand. On the evening in question, he had come to make some final arrangements for the wedding, for it now wanted but one week to Thanksgiving.

"In the first place," said Elizabeth, "you must call and invite Parson Green, or he may engage to go out of town."

Poor James! the bare idea of asking the minister to come and marry him, made the perspiration start from every pore in his body. Ever since the wedding-day had been appointed, the poor, bashful youth had trembled as he thought of the dread ceremonies through which he was to pass before he could claim Elizabeth as his own; but the idea had never occurred to him that *he* must invite the parson.

Little suspecting the cause of the silence of her lover, Elizabeth went on to mention a variety of matters which came under her own department, such as the making a loaf of bride-cake, putting up curtains, etc.

"And I," said James, "have a couple of loads of wood to haul and a new hen-coop to make; but, Elizabeth," he added in a distressed voice, "couldn't I get somebody to do the job with Parson Green? I'd rather plough the toughest piece I ever see."

"Why?" said she, laughing merrily, "I hope you're not ashamed of me."

Dread of the formidable business of the evening, entirely took away the appetite of the young man through the next day, but, with the courage of a martyr, at sundown he donned his Sunday suit and proceeded to the parsonage. "It will take but a moment," he thought, "and then I can go down to the farm easy in mind."

The clergyman was in his study where his young son ushered the visitor and left him to his fate. At the end of an hour the good man began to manifest a little curiosity to know the business which had brought his young parishioner to make him so lengthy a call. The whole subject of crops and weather had been thoroughly discussed. Then the new singing-school was brought forward, and James agreed with his pastor that the appointment of Seth Hasen for a chorister was judicious. At length the devoted clergyman feared his friend had met with some discouragements in his spiritual progress, and now, he imagined "I am right," for James, who had been growing more and more reserved, entered with interest into conversation of a religious nature. But when, after receiving gratefully, much kind advice, he made no motion to depart, but only seemed the more embarrassed, Mr. Green was at a greater loss than before.

In the meantime, poor James sat twirling his hat, which he refused to lay down on his entrance, upon the plea of being "in something of a hurry," and he grew very red in the face, sometimes making up his mind to go home and write to the parson, and then thinking "'twould take me all of a week to prepare such an epistle;" sometimes calling himself a fool to

be so afraid, and then wishing he were a thousand miles off, until in his desperation, he started up from his chair, saying, "I guess I must go, I didn't calculate on staying so long, but I was afraid you might be out of town, and I've brought you an invitation for Thanksgiving evening."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Green quietly.

"And Elizabeth told me to invite your wife and all the family," added the young man, while the blood seemed actually ready to start out of his face.

Mr. Green now began to have an inkling of the truth. "Ah!" said he, "there's to be a wedding, is there? I suppose, then, I'm to go to Mr. Rand's. I understood you, it was your mother who was to have the company."

"I suppose so," answered James, "and they calculate on seeing you all there."

Thanksgiving day dawned clear and bright. The ground was covered with a light fall of snow, which, upon the foundation of well-frozen earth, promised fine sleighing. Mr. James Choate arose early, and after an introduction of his successor to the office he had filled in his father's stable and farm-yard, gathered together and packed into his chest what few articles belonging to him remained about the house. A new trunk, well filled with shirts, flannels and stockings from his mother, together with four new linen bosoms, stitched and ironed by the skilful hands of his sister Kate, had been already conveyed to his new abode, and were laid neatly in the chest of drawers appropriated to their use. Then the young man waited rather impatiently for breakfast to be placed upon the table.

"Come, James," said his mother, "this is your last meal at home, I hope you don't begrudge me the time to make it ready."

"No, mother," he replied springing to her side; "here, let me pare these potatoes for you. I reckon you'll miss me some, and if ever you or father need a helping hand, I shall be ready. You know 'tisn't my way to say much, but I aint the boy to forget all you've done for me." After a moment he added, "Elizabeth told me last night, that her father said, 'twas every thing for her to marry into such a steady family. He said he'd

rather have her connected with the son of godly parents, who had brought up their child to fear the Lord, than to have a king for a son-in-law."

Mrs. Choate turned hastily away, to wipe a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron, and answered, "There, did he say that? 'Twas kind of him, anyhow. Well, I hope, my boy, you'll be a good son to them, and a kind husband to Elizabeth. It's a great thing for you to get such a wife, and have such a setting out. There's not a young man in town but would be glad to stand in your place to-night."

"I know it, mother," and the young bridegroom's breast heaved from the intensity of his emotions. After laying down the knife and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, he added, "If God gives me strength and grace to do it, I mean to show her, and her parents too, that I'm not ungrateful."

Having breakfasted and joined with the family in their morning devotions, during which the dear son, about to leave the parental roof, was earnestly commended to the care of a covenant-keeping God, James harnessed the horse into the sleigh, and having kissed his mother and sister, and again reminded them to "come early, very early," (for Kate was to be bridesmaid,) he carried his chest to the door, and, with the help of the young man who was to accompany him and bring back the sleigh, lifted it in and drove away to his new home.

In the newly furnished north room, the wedding guests were all assembled. There stood Mr. Choate, the groom, and his really pretty bride, decked in the Boston silk with its new fashioned bodice and straight sleeves. By their side was Katy and the schoolmaster, who found much more favor in her eyes than in those of her new sister. Opposite them stood their beloved pastor, whom old and young regarded with fond respect, while the sides of the room were lined with chairs brought from every part of the house, and occupied by relatives and friends.

This hour has been contemplated with dread by the bashful James, but in the all-engrossing interest and solemnity of the occasion, he has forgotten every thing save that he is now about to ratify in public the vows he has heretofore made, to love and

cherish through all the checkered scenes of this mortal life, the dear one standing by his side. Unnoticing, or wholly indifferent to the earnest gaze from the many eyes fixed upon him, the young man, with a countenance expressive of high and noble resolves, dedicates himself renewedly, first to his Maker, and then to the promotion of her welfare and happiness who has so lovingly given him the best affections of her young heart. As the reverend pastor pronounced them "man and wife," the idea that he was, henceforth, to be her protector as well as friend, caused the tears to start to his eyes, and a gush of tenderness to thrill his whole being, as, with a respectful pressure of her hand, which she was about to withdraw from his, he placed it on his arm. The benediction has been pronounced, and now the aged father and mother of Elizabeth come up to salute her, and bless her who alone of all their dear ones have been left to them.

Then follow the parents of the groom. "You did well, my boy," whispered his mother with an approving nod, "and made your old mother's heart glad."

After the young people had followed the example of their elders, and sundry smiles and jokes had passed between them, the door leading to the spacious kitchen was thrown open, and a long table was discovered loaded with the most tempting viands, in the midst of which was a large, beautifully frosted and decorated bride-cake.

Of these good things both young and old appeared nothing loth to partake, and with the assistance of the young men the chairs were brought from the parlor, and all were soon seated at the table.

Poor James ! Now he became fully alive to the awkwardness of his situation. Seated with his bride in a conspicuous place near the head of the table, and being made the incessant subject of jokes and remarks, during the discussion of the ample repast, he became more and more confused, was constantly obliged to resort to his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration, which stood in drops upon his forehead, and heartily wished his friends would take some more private opportunity to express their congratulations and kind wishes.

CHAPTER II.

Two years have passed since the scenes related in the foregoing chapter. It is now August. The afternoon is intensely hot, while scarcely a breath of air is stirring. Mrs. Rand is seated in her neat kitchen, and presents the very picture of rural comfort. Let us enter and renew our acquaintance with her. The sun which is so cheerful a visitor to the aged people during the early part of the day, has gone on in his daily march, and now shines upon the opposite side of the house ; the blinds are closed, the yellow painted floor swept so carefully that not one speck of dust can be seen ; the chimney is concealed by a huge pitcher filled with asparagus and phlox ; the small stand, on which for years has laid the sacred law of the household, is in its place in the corner, and near it, seated in a low rocking-chair, whose musical creaking has soothed many a babe to sleep, sits the good old lady whom we have come to visit. Her neatly frilled cap, with its broad band of black ribbon, her short white loose dress over a black skirt, show that in her dress she studies comfort rather than fashion. With her foot upon the rocker of a cradle, and her steel-bowed glasses upon the end of her nose, the aged dame alternately reads a few lines from her favorite paper or imitates the example of Master Jimmy in the cradle, and the large tabby lying asleep on the rug at her side.

In the meantime, the young mother has taken an umbrella to shield her from the scorching rays of the sun, and gone out into the orchard behind the house, to gather a bowl of blackberries for tea. At the end of the orchard is a meadow, and there her husband and father are at work pitching into the wagon their last load of hay.

Having filled her bowl, Elizabeth turned for a moment toward the meadow to ascertain how soon they would have finished, when she was surprised to see the hired boy, who was raking after the cart, leave his work and come running toward the house. She was too far to distinguish objects distinctly, but supposing that he had been sent by her husband for a fresh

supply of sweetened water, she walked slowly toward him. As soon as he saw her, he made signs for her to approach quickly, and called out when near enough for her to hear, "Oh, Miss Choate, your father's in a fit, and your husband and Mr. Saunders are bringing him home!"

Elizabeth grew very pale, and had a faint feeling at her heart, but the necessity for immediate action conquered this, and only stopping for one earnest glance toward the figures of two men who were bearing the insensible body toward her, she darted forward to the house. Mrs. Rand had sunk into a profound sleep, but Elizabeth quickly roused her, saying, "Mother, father is not well, and James is assisting him home."

So suddenly awakened, the poor old lady started up as if she supposed herself under the influence of some frightful dream, while her daughter flew to the bed-room, and saw that every thing was prepared for him to be placed upon the bed. She then begged her mother to be calm, and ran out to meet her husband.

The countenance of the good patriarch indeed resembled death, as his dutiful son bore him gently across the neat kitchen, and placed him upon his lowly couch. As he lay wholly insensible, Mrs. Rand threw herself upon the bed beside him with passionate exclamations of grief, and necessity alone prevented her daughter from following her example, the noise having awaked the baby and the young mother being obliged to restrain her manifestations of sorrow and attend to his wants, so that upon James devolved the duty, first of sending the boy on horseback for the doctor, and then of doing all that could be done for the poor sufferer. With the tenderness of a woman, he bathed the cold, damp brow, untied his neckhandkerchief and chafed his hands, ever and anon bending down his ear to listen to his feeble breathing.

Fortunately the messenger met the physician, and, sooner than they had reason to expect, he entered the room. Mrs. Rand arose from her humble posture at his entrance, and with tears unconsciously flowing down her cheeks, caught his hand led him to the bed and whispered, "Oh, doctor, do save him! I can't be left alone!"

Doctor Bond soon ascertained that his patient was suffering from an attack of paralysis, and resorted to the most vigorous treatment, which soon resulted in his being restored to partial consciousness. In the course of a few hours he recognized each one of the anxious faces bent so lovingly over him, and smiled but could not speak.

The following day he evidently considered himself dying, and it was really affecting to witness his efforts to articulate some parting words. At length they understood that he wished to hear a few verses from his favorite Psalm, and James read aloud, beginning, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," the good old man listening as if his very soul were drinking in the consoling truths.

During the second night he lay in such a deep stupor, breathing very heavily, that the physician was hastily summoned, as his friends feared he was dying. But by the application of powerful draughts to his feet, and a blister at the back of his neck, he again revived, and was able to take a few spoonfuls of nourishment.

The next day, as his afflicted wife and children were by his side, he opened his eyes, and looking with the utmost tenderness upon her who for forty-two years had shared with him life's joys and sorrows, he feebly murmured, in broken accents, "I'm—going—home. Jesus—will bring you safely there!" "Don't mourn for me," he added later, "my Saviour will be with me through the dark valley. I'm full of peace and joy here," laying his right hand upon his breast.

At night, finding himself alone for one moment with his dutiful son-in-law, he said, "James, you have been a good son to me. I leave her to your care. Be gentle with her, for she will be lonely, and so will Elizabeth, too. She is a good girl, and I've often thanked God for giving her so kind a husband."

Poor James! Through the long days and nights since his good father-in-law fell fainting over his rake in the field, he had scarcely left his side. It was he who so gently raised him in his bed, smoothed his pillows, administered his medicine, and fed him with what simple drink he was able to swallow. Above all, it was James who, while his own heart was swelling with

grief, spoke words of comfort to the invalid, pointing him to the blessed land he appeared about to enter. It was James, also, who soothed the hopeless sorrow of the aged wife, and by cheerful tones sought to allay the almost frantic grief of the weeping daughter. He seemed all at once endowed with qualities they never knew he possessed, so calm — so self-relying — so gentle and efficient had he become in the performance of the new duties which had devolved upon him.

But in that midnight hour, when he bent over the aged man who had been to him so loving a father, and received what he supposed might be his last charge and his last benediction, he was wholly overcome. He covered his face with his hands, while his whole frame shook with emotion. He realized what a friend was about to be taken from them, and at the same time he resolved by the grace of God, to fulfil the solemn trust reposed in him ; to be a dutiful son, and an affectionate husband, to the afflicted wife and daughter.

Mrs. Rand, as we have seen at the commencement of our story, was rather of a melancholy temperament. Having been deprived, by death, of one after another of her children, until only Elizabeth remained, she was apt to indulge in feelings of gloom and despondence, from which it required all her husband's native hopefulness to arouse her. Her daughter inherited this tendency, and, during her father's sickness, even after the physician began to give hope that he might partially recover, could never be induced to share her husband's cheerful trust that all things would be ordered for their good.

Though reduced to the feebleness of an infant, yet it was not the will of God that this good man should yet be permitted to enter upon his reward. He was to live a few years longer, and be made perfect through suffering.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The man who returns good for evil, is as a tree which renders its shade and its fruit even to those who cast stones at it.

Ten poor men can sleep tranquilly upon a mat ; but two kings are not able to live at peace in a quarter of the world.

THE EARLY CRAWFORD PEACH.

EDITORIAL.

DURING this month, the first fruits of Autumn are gathered. The apple, pear, plum and peach begin to delight the eye and to gratify the taste. Of these divine gifts, we present our readers with a colored engraving of an excellent variety of the peach, a fruit known to botanists by the name of *Amygdalus Persica*, or *Persica vulgaris*, and supposed to have been originally found in Persia or China.

From those countries the peach tree was introduced into Italy, in the reign of Claudius, thence into England about the middle of the sixteenth century, and thence into this country about a century later. The plant is more delicate and tender than many other fruit-bearing shrubs and trees, flourishing in a congenial soil, and with good cultivation, about two scores of years.

It requires a rich, silicious loam, and in the cold climate of New England, a warm southern aspect. In the Middle States it grows luxuriantly and bears abundantly. The peach orchards of New Jersey and Delaware present a scene of natural beauty unsurpassed in the season of florescence and of ripe fruit. To sail down the Delaware river, and look far as the eye can see, upon these trees in full bloom, or bending beneath the burden of blushing fruit, is like passing through a fairy land, or ranging over Elysian fields.

The owners of some of those vast orchards realize hundreds and thousands of dollars from their annual peach-crop. They send the fruit by steam-boats and rail-cars, to all our large towns and cities, where it finds a ready market, and is admired in its natural state, as a dessert, and in pies and pastry. It was formerly distilled into brandy, and is still dried in large quantities, for winter-use. The famous peach-water, so much

admired for flavoring articles of delicate cookery, is distilled not from the fruit, but from the green leaf.

The tree is easily propagated from the stone, or by grafting, and begins to bear the third or fourth year. We reserve the arts of cultivation, the diseases to which it is subject, the insects which infest it, and various other topics, for future consideration.

There are many varieties of this fruit. Downing notices seventy-nine in his *Fruits and Fruit-trees of America*; and to this number more recent writers have made considerable additions. It is not very uncommon to notice a hundred or more varieties in the catalogues of nurserymen, when probably a quarter part of that number would embrace all that are valuable and very worthy of cultivation. The American Pomological Society have admitted only ten to their list of fruits worthy of general cultivation. These may be found on the sixty-fourth page of our preceding volume.

Among them is the variety named at the head of this article, and here delineated and described on account of its general popularity and cultivation. It was produced by William Crawford, Esq.; of Middletown, New Jersey, whose name it bears. Mr. Hovey, in his *Fruits of America*, Vol. I., p. 29, says: "Its remarkable beauty and very large size, its earliness and productiveness, its rich color and fine form, as well as its melting flesh and luscious flavor, place it first among the yellow-fleshed peaches."

The tree is a thrifty grower and a free bearer. Its flowers are rather small, and its leaves narrow and long, with globose glands. Its fruit is large, oblong, depress at the base, with a prominent and protruded apex, and a shallow suture. Its skin is yellow, with a rosy cheek and small red dots; its flesh is also yellow with a reddish tinge near the stone; its juice, which is abundant, is sweet and delicious. It ripens the first of this month.

A man passes for a sage when he seeks for wisdom; but if he thinks he has found it he is a fool.

ETERNITY.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

Eternity! eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?
Yet swift, time sweeps on to thee—
Swift as the steed to victory,
The flying post, the speeding bark,
The arrow hasting to the mark.

Eternity! eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?
As on a sphere no eye may scan,
Or where it ends, or where began;
Eternity! within thy round,
Nor spring nor issue can be found.

Eternity! eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?
Within a circle hidest thou,
Whose center is a constant *now*,
Whose circuit is perpetual *never*,
Receding ever and for ever.

Eternity! eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?
A swallow might be tasked to drain
The world's huge substance, hill and plain,
Each thousand years a single grain;
Yet wouldst thou then as now remain.

Eternity! eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?
Though ocean's sands and drops we count,
The fraction of the whole amount;
The mighty cycles of thine age,
No calculus could ever gauge.

Eternity! eternity!

How long art thou, eternity?
Mortal! as long as God shall be,
As long as hell's deep misery,
As long as heavenly raptures glow—
An endless bliss! an endless woe!

A SIMILE.

BY PROF. LONGFELLOW.

Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps began to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest
Underneath and overhead.
Darker, darker, and more wan
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of saints that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

NO HOME.

To those who dwell in the sunny atmosphere of a pleasant home, no two words in the language are so full of sorrowful meaning as these. Their casual mention sends an icy chill through the frame, and oppresses the spirit with a strange, overpowering sense of loneliness and desolation.

“I have no home!” What a host of mournful thoughts that brief sentence awakens! No roof to shelter the weary one when he seeks a refuge from the storms of misfortune; no fire-side where he can bask in the genial glow of sweet influences; no household band to welcome him cordially, when other friends prove false, or hover around his pillow, when his frame is racked with pain, and his brain thronged with delirious fancies.

Oh, sad, indeed, is this, and from the depths of our soul we sympathize with those on whom such a lot has fallen. But, most of all, we pity the young who have no home. They "gather their courage about them as a garment," and go forth into the cold pitiless world. To many such, life is a warfare; they are forced to struggle against wind and tide; to surmount obstacles a thousand fold more formidable than the Hill of Difficulty, which frowned on Bunyan's wayworn pilgrim; to turn a deaf ear to syren voices, which would lure them into the snares of error. Often they grow faint by the way and sink down in despair; but "Hope, that gentlest astrologer," murmurs such bright prophecies that they once more move on.

To those, who are thus situated, we would fain offer a few words of encouragement. Do not despond, however gloomy your prospects may be; remember that good old proverb, "It is always darkest just before day." Have faith that light will yet break upon you. Do not look earthward for support in your trial, but learn to trust in God. Then a glorious morning will dawn on your night of care and sorrow, and when the "silver cord" shall have been severed, you will dwell forever in a heavenly home.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

1 John 3: 9. "*Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin: for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.*"

These words are as precious gems in a casket of such curious construction that no ordinary skill is requisite to open it. They are like the communications on an ancient roll which starts the inquiry, "Who will break the seal, unwind and read that we may understand?" Their interpretation is attended with difficulty. What is their true import? They are evidently spoken of a genuine Christian, of one "born of God."

But do they mean that such a person *never sins* in thought, word or deed? Who, then, can believe himself a Christian? "For there is no man that liveth and sinneth not." "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Even Paul counted not himself to have attained, neither to be already perfect; but he strove after higher attainments in holiness, knowledge, usefulness and happiness. If a man sins once or occasionally after regeneration, does he thereby cut himself off from all participation in the kingdom of the Redeemer? Every Christian ought to be holy as God is holy; but the fact is that few or none are so. The best of saints are beset with temptation and burdened with sin. They pursue the path of life as the lame walk, limping and halting. They are soldiers fighting the good fight of faith, athletes "wrestling not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." They are renewed only in part, and that part is as a grain of mustard seed. The leaven is working, but portions of the old lump still remain unleavened.

If, then, these words do not import the sinlessness of believers, *do they mean that what we should call sins in other men are not such in them?* Is the gospel a ministration of unrighteousness? Does murder committed by Christian hands become mere homicide? Faith does not make void the law. "How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" From the conduct and lives of men, we deduce their characters; and what we call good or evil in one, we pronounce so in all.

But if these words do not express the sinlessness of the regenerate, if they contain no apology for the faults and transgressions of believers, *is their meaning that Christians do not commit some sins in which others indulge?* — for instance, that they are not guilty of apostacy, profaneness, backsliding, idolatry and blasphemy? But are there not thousands not chargeable with these who make no pretension to regeneration and spiritual religion, while others possess both who have been guilty of them and other similar transgressions. Who would dare to affirm that all the irresolute, fickle and timid have perished, who in seasons of persecution, to avoid the rack, the stake and other engines of torture, abjured the Christian faith? Did not Peter deny his Lord, and even curse and swear? And how often the prophets warned Israel against backsliding and idolatry? The piety of Christians may languish for a season, and thus create occasion for a revival, a renewal of first love and a return to first

works. It is grace which keeps them from perpetual backsliding. Even blasphemy against the Son of God may be forgiven them. But such sins are not here the subject of discourse.

What, then, is the exact thought contained in these words? *Is it that the regenerate do not sin in the same MANNER as the unregenerate?* Where is the difference? Both sin heartily, transgressing the same law, and opposing the same eternal love. Both incur the penalty of a violated law. Is one a Christian and the other a sinner? This is a difference in the antecedents of the crime. Does one relent while the other does not? This is a difference in its consequents. Does one sin habitually and the other only occasionally? This again is merely a difference in the circumstances, the frequency of the offence, while *sin* still remains to be accounted for, and which is as truly chargeable to the one as to the other. Suppose two men get intoxicated; one, every day; the other, only once a month or on special occasions. Do you pronounce the first an inebriate and the second a sober man? No; you call them both drunkards. Why, then, should you denominate the unregenerate who frequently or habitually transgress the law, sinners, and say of a regenerate man that he does "not commit sin," or even that he "cannot sin."

It is doubtless true that the regenerate do not sin *as* others do. But is this *the* truth and the *whole* truth here conveyed? The expressions just quoted seem to imply more.

So also do the reasons assigned for them. These are, first, that a true Christian is "born of God," literally begotten of God, formed from him, more or less in his likeness, partaking of his spiritual nature and life; secondly, "his seed remaineth in him," the seed of God, a germ of the divine nature, the vitalizing principle of spiritual life, that called by whatever name which makes him a child of God, that which in all its essential qualities, is opposed to every form and degree of sin. This germ grows till it becomes a tree, till sanctification is completed and glorification begins.

This view of the passage is supported by the context where the regenerate are contrasted with the unregenerate, the children of God with the children of the devil, in respect to parentage, nature, works, and state both present and future. The idea here amplified and traced to its source, or the fact here accounted for, was introduced in the sixth verse, where the writer says, "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth, hath not seen him, neither know him." To remain in fellowship with Christ and to persevere in sin

are things incompatible and irreconcilable, as really so as to dwell in light and yet abide in darkness ; for Christ came to take away sin and to provide for our deliverance from it. Hence they who are in Christ, who have his spirit and in proportion as they possess it, are separate from sin.

Then we have the negative form of the same sentiment, a denial to those who persevere in sin of all spiritual discernment and knowledge of Christ. He is not their model ; they have neither seen him nor known him. Of this, the existence and prevalence of sin are a proof. These two tendencies, the one to holiness and the other to sin, evince character and shew allegiance either to God as his dear children, or to the devil as his offspring and servants. Then follows the text on which we are commenting.

But other passages of Scripture favor this interpretation. These words of Peter are of similar import, "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently : Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." The thought is the same, though the argument is different ; here from effects to their cause, there from the cause to its effects. Here purity of heart exhibited by obedience and brotherly love is traced to its source, regeneration, the seminal principle of spiritual life, nourished by the word and ordinances of God living and remaining forever, a principle "not corruptible," material and mortal like that by which we sprang from our natural parents, "but incorruptible," spiritual and immortal like the nature of God, by whose Spirit we are formed anew and to whom we cry "Abba Father." To this the apostle traces the holiness of Christians. Among similar passages we may specify those which contrast the flesh with the spirit, the works of one with the fruits of the other ; those also which treat of the change from nature to grace by the figure of a regeneration, of a new birth, of a new creation, of a transition from darkness to light, of an ingraftment, and of a resurrection.

Consider one of these, ingraftment. "If some of the branches be broken off, and thou being a wild olive-tree, wert grafted in among them, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive-tree, boast not against the branches." Here it is supposed that the old stock bore corrupt fruit. It was cut off and a good scion inserted which contained the principle of vegetable life, which grew and bore good fruit. Here the principle of life was in the scion, and the art

consisted in its insertion and in pruning and cultivating the tree. Excrecent branches from the old stock must be cut off. But if any of them are allowed to grow and to bear corrupt fruit, shall that fruit and its corruptness be charged to the scion and the tree and not rather to the orchardist, to the cultivator, to his neglect of duty? If his pruning knife had removed those branches the scion would have grown more rapidly, taking up all the sap of the tree and produced fairer and more abundant fruit. Exonerating therefore, both the scion and the stock, we say of that grafted tree, it produces good fruit; yea, more, pre-supposing that the cultivator performs his duty with fidelity, we say it does not, and it cannot bear corrupt fruit. We use, with accuracy, precisely the language which the Apostle here employs in respect to believers who are grafted into Christ, branches of the true vine, known by their fruit; they do not, and they cannot sin, because they are born of God and their seed remaineth in them.

Many ancient expositors thus interpreted the passage, and we are happy to find so profound a Biblical scholar as Neander, adopting their view of it. His sentiments are so coincident with those we have advanced that we must be indulged with a quotation from his commentary. "The seed of God is the divine life derived from God and imparted through Christ, from which proceeds the new birth regeneration, and which constitutes those to whom it is imparted children of God. Having by the reception of this divine life been born of God and become children of God, so long as the divine seed, the new divine life abides and continues to operate in them, penetrating their whole nature, they cannot but remain children of God, and manifest themselves as such. Since now this seed from God stands as the exact opposite of the life which is kindred to that of the devil, to all which is sin; it is obvious that the children of God sin not, since this new life, the very thing which constitutes them children of God, excludes from itself all sin. Having this practical proposition, the apostle proceeds to prove that it must of necessity be so, that it cannot be otherwise. Such a one cannot sin. It is in the nature of the case impossible that he should sin, because he is born of God, because this being born of God stands in direct contradiction with sin. Sin cannot proceed from it, can find no point of connection in it. As nothing undivine, but only what is divine can proceed from the divine life, so from those who are born of God as such, there can proceed no sin."

In this view, how interesting is this passage! What encouragement it affords to the cultivation of personal holiness! The true Chris-

tian is "born of God;" the essential principle of the divine life is in him; but like any other child he needs to depend on his Father who is in heaven, to express to him in prayer his wants, his joys, and his sorrows, to seek from him support and every blessing, by the means he has given, and in the manner he has prescribed; and he should do it, assured that this seed of God is in him. He is a branch of the true vine. What he needs is to abide in that vine, and to ply the arts of a judicious cultivation. Then he will bear abundant precious fruit, clusters numerous, large and fair. He is a scion from the tree of divine righteousness and life, and how can he bear corrupt fruit? He has been created anew by Christ Jesus, to the works not of the flesh, but of the Spirit. He has been raised from the grave of carnality and sin to a new life in Christ Jesus. He has the true light, and in him it shineth. How can he walk in darkness?

Christian professor, if the light which is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness. If you are not of the seed royal of heaven, you are a child of wrath. His servant and child, thou art whom thou obeyest, whose rule thou followest, and for whom thou livest and actest. If professing to have risen from death to life, thou art still dead in trespasses and sin, how deplorable is that death! It is spiritual, and unless deliverance from it is speedily obtained, it will become eternal; and thou wilt be always dying, but never dead! Behold Christ is the life of his people! Whoso believeth in him, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and the life which he lives shall be by faith of the son of God, as indestructible, eternal, and blissful as God himself. Turn thou then, and live, for why wilt thou die!

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

Our last contained news from the seat of *war* till the middle of June. The remainder of that month and the fore part of the succeeding one were devoted to the burial of the dead, the care of the sick and wounded, and to other works rendered necessary by the engagement of the 18th of June. Early in July the besieging armies were busily engaged in the erection of works for a new assault; and the Russians also were constructing works of defense. Occasional skirmishes but no general engagement occurred between the belliger-

ent armies. Near the close of July preparations were in progress for some general and decisive action both by sea and land, and the health of the armies was good. The large fleet in the Baltic awakens expectations of some efficient action on the part of the Allies, who have there 101 vessels, carrying 2506 guns. Of these, 85 are English vessels of war mounting 2098 guns, and 16 French containing 408 guns. The news from the Crimea as late as the middle of August shows still more clearly that a decisive engagement must soon take place. On the 16th of that month the French works had advanced so near the abattis of the Malakoff, that soldiers could throw a stone into the Russian position. It is fearful to think of these two powerful armies with all their enginery of death, brought into such juxta-position. What havoc they will make in the hour of conflict!

England has made Gen. Simpson commander-in-chief of her army in the Crimea, in the place of Lord Raglan, whose remains are on the way home. She has witnessed another change in her ministry, Lord John Russell having resigned in consequence of reflections cast upon him by members of Parliament, about his conduct in the Vienna Conference. Roebuck's motion, censuring the government for its mismanagement of the army and the war in the Crimea, was lost by a vote of 289 to 182, and consequently the Palmerston Ministry is sustained. In pursuance of her majesty's recommendation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer purposes to issue bonds to raise £7,000,000 to prosecute the war, a fine chance for her capitalists and quite an addition to her national debt. She has ceased from the enlistment of soldiers for the recruit of her army in the Crimea, at Halifax, professedly on account of the inducement which it offered to citizens of the United States to enroll their names, and thus violate the rights of neutrality. Thanks for so much parental and wise solicitude about her daughter! Would that this love had existed in 1776!

France asked a loan of 750,000,000 francs, and has obtained one of 2,500,000,000, the result of 310,000 subscriptions. She has chartered 97 small steamers, to convey troops.

Austria has been viewed with suspicion by England and France ever since the Vienna Conference, and she is reported more and more favorable to Russia, whose agents use every means to dis sever her from those powers.

Germany has witnessed her king dissolving the second chambers of the Hanoverian Diet.

Denmark protests against the action of our government in refusing to pay her toll any longer on our ships passing the Sound, as they enter the Baltic Sea.

Spain having hardly suppressed her own insurrection and restored order, seems likely to become involved in the Eastern war, as *Sardinia* has. She may do nothing more than suffer the enlistment of some of her soldiers.

The *Italian* States are far from quiet; they partake of the agitation which shakes the rest of Europe.

India remains in peace.

China witnesses no material improvement in her condition. Her revolution goes on, and the reverses of her insurgents reported in the early part of summer were but temporary.

DOMESTIC.

Capital Punishment has been discussed so fully for a few years past, that the community are generally familiar with the arguments for and against it. If in other ages it has been extended to an unwarrantable number of offences, some in our country may err by erasing it entirely from our statute-books. Wisconsin has substituted for it imprisonment for life. For our part, we regard it as an ordinance of God, an unalterable decree of heaven, that the willful murderer should be punished with death. And if we mistake not, there is a sense of justice in the human heart properly enlightened, which demands this. In that State a murderer was recently sentenced to imprisonment for life; but this sense of justice would not acquiesce in the sentence. It took him from the officers' custody and hung him, a terror to all. Such popular violence merits reprehension, yet it here furnishes a lesson which ultra-reformers who hold the inviolability of human life, should diligently study.

Judge Kane's decision in the Wheeler slave case, declaring the right of the slaveholder to transport his slaves through the free States, without violating his right of property in them, seems not to command the confidence of the wisest jurists in any part of the country. To justify this decision, it is said that slavery should be a national, and not a State, institution, not merely recognized and tolerated by the Constitution, but established and authenticated by it.

Gov. Reeder of Kansas has been recalled by government, and the legislature of that Territory has declared itself in favor of slavery. We may be singular in our conceptions of this subject, but we cannot

see why it must not practically be left to each State or Territory. What but the will of the people prevents Massachusetts from becoming a slave State, or South Carolina a free State to-morrow? We doubt whether the North can keep slavery out of that field, or the South keep it there, without the will of its own inhabitants, of its present and future settlers. Massachusetts and Missouri may send emigrants there, but must not the sovereign voice and vote of her own citizens at last decide the question whether she shall be free?

Fusion is talked of in respect to political parties. We have long thought it advisable to subject some of these to the furnace and the compound blow pipe. They need to be purified.

The Elections have resulted in the choice, in Kentucky, of Charles S. Morehead, Know Nothing, for Governor; in Alabama, of John A. Winston, Democrat, and in Tennessee, of Johnson, Democrat.

A National Thanksgiving is moved by some journals, and we cordially second the motion. This Puritan festival has already become so common that it needs nothing more than a recommendation and a good proclamation from the President to render it national. How delightful the spectacle of a free Republic at peace and in prosperity rendering its united thanksgivings to the Author of all mercies!

FASHIONS AND WARDROBE.

In our last number we gave our readers three human figures in full summer costume. In this number we fill the same space with patterns of embroidery. It is our intention to publish fashion plates, not every month, but once in each season. This, we think, is quite as often as the majority of our readers desire, and as any permanent utility can result from them to the families into which our periodicals enter. This will leave us more space for flowers, fruits, embroidery, and kindred departments adapted to make home happy.

Our patterns of embroidery have been engraved expressly for this work, from designs derived from the *Ladies' Gazette*, to which we are indebted for the descriptions accompanying them.

SLIPPER, IN APPLICATION.

Materials — Half a yard of the finest black cloth; nearly the same quantity of scarlet or crimson velvet. Gold thread of the finest quality, No. 3, two skeins, and fancy cord of the color of the velvet.

Cut out of a sheet of foolscap paper the exact size required for the slipper; lay this on the cloth, and mark the outlines of the slippers with white thread. Then draw the pattern, enlarging it to the required size.

Draw only one-half of the slipper, and mark the other half from it. The parts engraved in whitish lines are to be in velvet, which is cut out in the proper shape, that for each slipper being in one entire piece.

Take a broad paint-brush, and wash over the back of the velvet lightly with very thin glue, then lay it on the cloth, and tack it to keep it in its place. Lay it, with the velvet-side downwards, on a thickly-folded cloth, and put some books on it as weights, until the velvet and cloth adhere. The velvet chosen should be of the best description, with a very short pile. If at all crushed, a warm iron may be held upright and the back of the cloth passed lightly over it. This will raise the pile. The edges of the velvet are finished off with two lines of gold thread, between which the fancy cord is laid. They are respectively to be sewed over with silk of the same colors, and the ends drawn through the cloth. Quilted silk or satin should be used for lining these slippers.



MORNING COLLAR.

Materials — Fine Jaconet Muslin, Embroidery Cotton, No. 30, and sewing Cotton No. 50, of the same firm.

We have great pleasure in introducing to our readers a style of collar now extremely fashionable among Parisian belles; and which commends itself especially from the neatness of its appearance, and the rapidity with which it can be worked. All the dresses worn during the morning toilette in Paris are quite high, and closed up to the throat. The habit-shirt is, therefore,



plain muslin, and the collar is the only part embroidered. This collar is worked in the style given in the engraving. The pattern being marked on one piece of muslin, another is laid under it, and the two are run together on the wrong side, and the edges cut evenly. Then turn on the right side, and with the Boar's Head Cotton, stitch the line forming the hem. Tack the collar thus double on a piece of *toile ciré*, trace the fruit and leaf, and work the outlines in buttonhole-stitch. Then work the spots seen in the centre of the melon, and over the collar, by taking a stitch four or five times at least in the same place. Cut away the under-muslin of the leaf, scroll, and outer side of the melon, leaving all the rest of the collar double. The sleeves worn with these collars, of which we have brought a great variety from Paris, are all in the Mousquetaire style, that is, turning back from the wrist, over a bishop's sleeve, not made very full. The sleeves and collars should always exactly correspond.



APHORISMS AND GEMS.

How small a portion of our life is it that we really enjoy. In youth, we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age, we are looking backward to things that are gone past; in manhood, though indeed we appear to be more engaged in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.—*Anonymous*.

We will not be convinced how basely and foolishly we are busied, though in the best and most respected employments in the world, as long as we neglect our best and noblest trade of growing rich in grace and the comfortable enjoyment of the love of God.—*Leighton*.

INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

EPITHALAMIUM.—The Boston *Post* is responsible for the following: On the Marriage of Thomas Hawk, of Mansfield, to Sarah J. Dove. By our Jim:

It isn't often that you see,
So queer a kind of love,
Oh, what a savage he must be
To Tommy Hawk a Dove.

LOVE—Love is a kaleidscope,
Whichever way you view it,
That giveth all things loveliness,
If loving eyes look through it!

AN HONEST LAWYER.—Ben Johnson “going through a church in Surry, seeing poor people weeping over a grave, asked one of the women why they wept. ‘Oh!’ said she, we have lost our precious lawyer, Justice Randall; he always kept us in peace, and always was so good as to keep us from going to law; the best man that ever lived.’ ‘Well,’ said Ben Johnson, ‘I will send you an epitaph to write upon his tomb,’ which was—

“God works wonders now and then,
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man.”

HOUSEWIFERY.

TO MAKE A CORN CAKE WORTH EATING.—Take the whites of eight eggs; one-fourth pound each of corn starch, flour and butter; half a pound of sugar; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; half a teaspoonful of soda.—Flavor with almond, or to suit the taste.

SPOTTED DICK.—Put three-quarters of a pound of flour into a basin, half a pound of beef-suet, half ditto of currants, two ounces of sugar, a little cinnamon, mix with two eggs and two gills of milk; boil in either mould or cloth for one hour and a half; serve with melted sugar and a little sugar over.

NICE PANCAKES FOR SUPPER.—These are made of eggs, flour, and milk. The just proportions are one table-spoonful of flour to each egg. To make small pancakes, beat a couple of eggs thoroughly, and add sweet milk. Then take a couple of table spoonfuls of flour, work into a thin paste and ductile batter by adding the milk and eggs and a little salt. Grease the pan with a piece of sweet lard or butter, and stir briskly to prevent adhering to the bottom. When the under side is sufficiently browned, turn it. Leave the cakes folded, with sugar or honey and butter between the folds, or sugar alone. If this is found to be too solid, add more eggs, and use less flour. A slight sprinkle of grated nutmeg will be an addition.

BOSTON CAKE.—One lb. two oz. flour, fourteen oz. sugar, twelve oz. butter, half lb. raisins, four or five eggs, half gill of brandy, one gill milk.

TO CLEAN WALL PAPER.—Take about two quarts of wheat bran, tie it in a bundle of coarse flannel, and rub it over the paper. It will cleanse the whole paper of all descriptions of dirt and spots better than any other means that can be used. Some use bread, but dry bran is better.

BOOK NOTICES.

CORA AND THE DOCTOR; OR REVELATIONS OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE. — We received the sheets of this charming duodecimo, of more than four hundred pages, in advance of its publication, from the prolific press of John P. Jewett and Company, of this city. It is indeed a brilliant star in that part of our literary firmament, often obscured by clouds and by immense flocks of birds of ill omen. It is not a meteor glaring a moment, and then rendering the succeeding darkness more intense, but a luminary which, we think, will shine brighter and brighter. This book contains the sunny side and the shady of a Physician's life, the manner in which he may do good, and the value of his services to his patients, to the families which he visits and to the community. These "Revelations" are nearly what "the Diary of a Physician" would have been, if written in a connected narrative by a physician's wife to whom he had confided all his professional secrets and the incidents of his practice. It increases in interest from the beginning to the end. Its style, free from the low phrases, the barbarisms and the cant which too often disfigure the romances of our age, is natural, simple, beautiful—and sometimes even elegant. We were so much pleased with it as to obtain permission of the publisher to transfer one of its thrilling scenes to our pages in our last number. We think, it must have been written by a lady, yet some of its scenes are highly suggestive of the learned professions. We should really like to know its author, who dedicates it to Doctor John Jeffries, of this city, in grateful remembrance of his professional services. It cannot fail of an extensive sale and of great usefulness. Success to every such endeavor to subordinate fiction and reality to purity of heart and life, to humanity and benevolence, to Christ and his church.

Remarkable Incidents in the Life of Rev. J. H. Fairchild; compiled and published by himself, and dedicated to the lovers of truth. The incidents of this volume are indeed "stranger than fiction," and though we have never been personally involved in the controversy to which some of it relates; yet, we are free to say that we have read the volume with attention and interest, and that it has served to strengthen a conviction which we had formed from previous knowledge of the case, that the facts pertaining to his history, and here narrated with apparent fidelity, must be either true or false; if true, in any considerable degree, he has been abused; and if untrue, in any essential respects, the error should be exposed and corrected by testimony, the most reliable, both for the peace of individuals and churches, and for the honor of Christ and religion, and an end should be put to this discussion.

If he erred, as he admits, through fear in paying hush money, when he should have stood upon his integrity and his faith in God, this volume certainly evinces subsequent evidence of rare boldness and ability in self-defence, and teaches lessons of great practical moment and of universal application. Having been acquitted by a jury, on whose verdict the decision of the council condemning him depended, we see not how he can be accounted and treated as a criminal on any principle that will secure to other citizens their good name. We trust that all who have either read or reflected on the subject, will give it a candid perusal. This will insure for it an extensive sale, and aid in the erection of a sanctuary for the Pay-on church, to the completion of which the avails are to be sacredly devoted. It is published by himself, and sold by booksellers in all parts of the country.

"Modern Mysteries Explained and Exposed," By Rev. A. Mahan, published by John P. Jewett & Company. This is indeed a book for the times, in which Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, and some other kinds of intellectual and religious quackery are thoroughly analyzed by one well quali-

fied for the work. Its author has freely availed himself of the researches of Rogers and other previous writers on the subject, and has given the results of his own observation and reflection, disproving the theory of the agency of disembodied spirits in these phenomena, explaining them on natural principles, and thus repelling the assaults which they are made the occasion of, upon Christianity and the institutions of revealed religion. It is a good antidote for these poisons, and we cheerfully recommend it to all who have taken them in such quantity as to produce unnatural excitement, painful sensations, hallucinations, swelling of eyes, or palpitation of heart; also to all who have friends or neighbors infected with these diseases, or who desire to see how these modern miracles are performed, and to hear what the prophets of this pseudo-spiritual dispensation say, or to know how much confidence should be reposed in them.

"*The Illustrated Family Christian Almanac for the U. S. for 1856.*" This annual of the American Tract Society, adapted to all parts of our widely extended country, contains, in addition to the usual calendar and astronomical calculations, much valuable information on a great variety of subjects, eleven of which are illustrated with handsome wood-cuts. This is one of the cheapest and best almanacs published, and well merits the favor of the public.

"*Our Memories of the Dead made a sweet savor of Christ.*" By the author of "*Shady Side.*" Published by Jewett & Co. A small book full of consolations for parents bereaved of their children.

We have received the Annual Report of THE STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, an able document of 38 octavo pages — also of THE SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY, a new candidate for public favor which proposes to give the gospel to the destitute in the Southern and South Western sections of our rapidly extending country, a very important mission. We welcome it with cordiality, and shall labor and pray for its success. It is well adapted to promote kind affections between the North and South, and to apply God's own remedy to a great national evil.

MONTHLIES.—Of the numerous monthlies received at our office in August, those by Graham and Godey appear to possess peculiar merit, both in their articles and plates. We should like to notice them more particularly, as also some others, if our forms were not already full.

WEEKLIES.—We are indebted to the following exchanges for complimentary notices of our last number:—The Christian Intelligencer, the Westfield News Letter, the Cambridge Chronicle, The Flower Basket and Young Traveller, the Bay State, the News, and Reporter of Lynn, and many more.

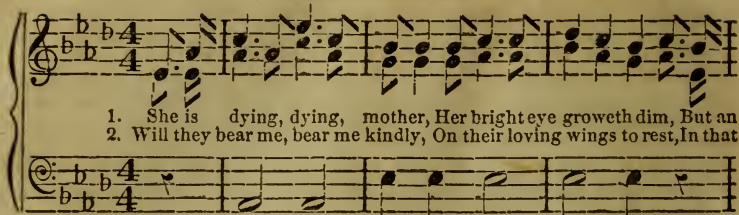
MUSIC.—We have received from Oliver Ditson, Esq., 115 Washington street, Boston, the following sheet music, among which we are happy to notice some excellent pieces for the organ, and all of which we commend to our musical readers:—

1. *Short Melodies* for the organ, six in number, some of them well suited for interludes and voluntaries.
2. *Exiles Home*, by Haliburton; arranged for two voices, by L. G. Casseres.
3. *Gesang der Meermaidchen aus Oberon de Weber*, by H. Camer, a piece for the piano.
4. *The Cousins*, duets for the piano.
5. *The Resignation Polka*, dedicated to Rev. M. P. Jewett, by Julius Erickson.
6. *Boquet Royal Valse*, a duet for piano, by Julien.
7. *Paddy Cary*, for three performers on one piano, by Charles Czerny.
8. *The Dying Californian*, a ballad, by A. L. Lee.

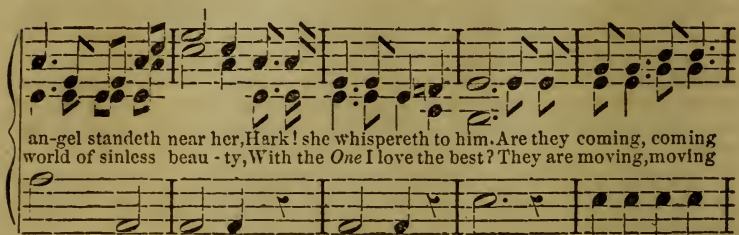
"*The Continental Vocalist's Glee Book*," published by the enterprising Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street. This is another fair cluster from a native vine, an additional proof that America need not depend on transatlantic countries for good music, and that the time cannot be very remote when this article will be numbered among our exports.

THE DYING CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

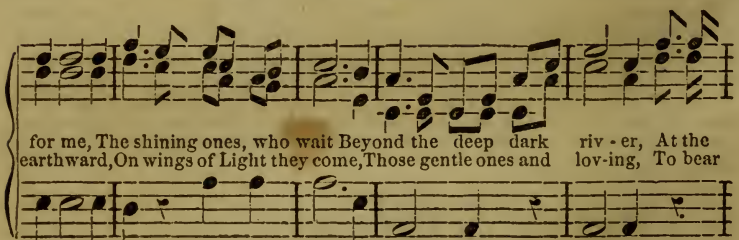
MUSIC BY J. C. JOHNSON.



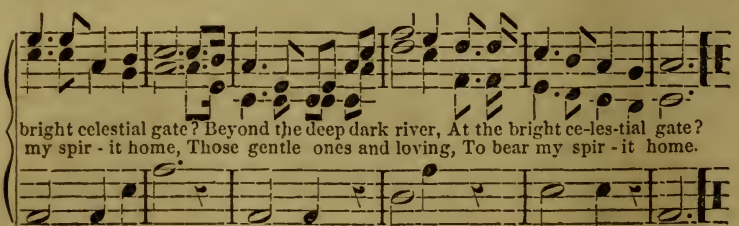
1. She is dying, dying, mother, Her bright eye groweth dim, But an
2. Will they bear me, bear me kindly, On their loving wings to rest, In that



an-gel standeth near her, Hark! she whispereth to him. Are they coming, coming
world of sinless beau-ty, With the *One* I love the best? They are moving, moving



for me, The shining ones, who wait Beyond the deep dark riv-er, At the
earthward, On wings of Light they come, Those gentle ones and lov-ing, To bear



bright celestial gate? Beyond the deep dark river, At the bright ce-les-tial gate?
my spir-it home, Those gentle ones and loving, To bear my spir-it home.

- 3 Oh! the shining golden city!
Now it bursts upon my sight,
Jesus is there—my Saviour,
My everlasting light.
Oh! to praise Him, praise Him ever,
To dwell with Christ at home!
Farewell to earth forever,
Saviour! I come, I come!



GLADIOLUS NATALENSIS.

ADAM, THE BACHELOR.

EDITORIAL.

THE scene was beautiful, when our original father first inspected the animal kingdom, then fresh from his Maker's hand, and just confided to his care. The creating word had gone forth, "Let there be light;" and at God's command, the firmament was spread out like an unwinding scroll. From the womb of the morning, the earth and the vegetable kingdom derived their birth. The sun ruled the day, the moon the night, and the stars twinkled in the sky. Fish, fowl and beast, after their kind, were formed; and man, created in the image of his God, was now to be installed creation's lord.

Seated in Eden's genial shade, Adam saw the birds suspend their flight, and alight on the velvet lawn and the waving boughs around him. With them, the beasts, also, moved by a supernatural power, came to acknowledge his dominion. There were the vulture, the dove, the cormorant, the wolf, the lamb and the lion, as represented in the plate prefacing this number, and in the verse of the immortal bard,

"About him frisking played
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards
Gambl'd before him; th' unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis."

We are aware this will be pronounced excellent poetry, but bad philosophy, by those who believe that the preadamie earth affords evidence of animal hostilities prior to the event of which we speak. But it is not our present purpose to discuss the questions, How long was the period expressed by the word day in the first chapter of Genesis? — How long Adam lived before either his marriage or fall? — Did hostilities prevail among the animals from the beginning? If so, were they on this occasion controlled by their Lord? Or did the fall call them forth?

Let the curious discuss and settle these questions as they

may. The declaration of the Bible is sufficient for us ; “ God brought the animals to Adam to see what he would call them ; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that wast he name thereof. Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field.” This transaction seems to have occurred on the sixth day — after the creation of the cattle, and of Adam, but before the formation of Eve. Milton, poetizing the scene, puts this language into Adam’s mouth —

“ Each bird and beast beheld,
Approaching two and two ; these cowering low
With blandishment, each bird stoop’d on his wing,
I named them, as they pass’d, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God endowed
My sudden apprehension.”

Without special divine aid, how could he have performed the work ? He had lived but a short time, and of course could not possess much knowledge acquired by observation and study. Created in the stature of manhood, doubtless, he was a man in understanding and wisdom. Yet many of these animals he had never before seen, and consequently he must have been endowed with intuitive perception of their natures, dispositions and habits ; or in some way God revealed to him their characteristics and their respective missions.

His knowledge of these appears in the names which he gave them ; as eagle, a word which, in Hebrew and cognate languages, includes also vulture, and is a derivative from the verb to tear in pieces with a beak, or to bear off in talons. So the word serpent is from the verb to hiss ; horse, to leap, or to be swift ; ox, to plough ; and lion, to devour, or to be strong and fierce. If the names which he gave the animals were traced to their proper sources and accurately defined, we should have the elements of a system of natural history, embracing much knowledge of the animal kingdom. But where had Adam learned that the eagle would bear off his prey in his talons, and tear it with his aquiline beak ? If he had heard the serpent hiss, and seen the horse leap and run ; yet how did he know that the ox would be used to plough the ground ? How came he to associate the idea of a plough, an implement which he had

never seen, with this animal more than with the elephant, or with any other? Was he prophesying when he named him ox? He was certainly displaying knowledge which God communicated to him; yea, probably using a word by the inspiration of the Almighty. Here was the commencement of articulate language. God had previously named the firmament, day and night, land and sea, the sun and moon, and all the ordinances of nature over which he alone was to preside. But when he was inaugurating man over the animal kingdom, how suitable that he should employ human agency in giving them names, and that he should speak by and through Adam? They acknowledged their sovereign, and he accepted his dominion over them.

But God had a nobler purpose in this transaction. He would show Adam and all his rational creatures that the mighty work in which he was engaged was not yet completed. As the animals passed before him and received their names, each had his mate to which he was bound by the ties of a common nature. But Adam was solitary. Not a responsive word fell on his ear from any of his numerous charge. He had social faculties, but no one except his Creator, with whom he could converse; not an individual who could participate in his fears, share with him his joys, or unite in his devotions.

“Of fellowship I speak

Such as I seek, fit to participate

All rational delight, wherein the brute

Cannot be human consort: they rejoice

Each with their kind, lion with lioness;

So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;

Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,

So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;

Worse then, can man with beast, and least of all.”

Such is man in solitary blessedness — without companion, and therefore childless, and without converse, sympathy, mutual love or social worship — cold, cheerless and dead while he liveth. Perfect solitude makes a paradise a desert, and a palace a dungeon. Such was Adam the bachelor, — sole proprietor of creation, — in Eden — before the fall — wifeless, homeless, at best but half a man.

THE PROFANE WOMAN.

BY M. G. HALPINE.

Heaven grant I ne'er may hear such sounds again !
I heard a *woman* take God's holy name in vain !

Oh ! did I hear aright ? say ! was it so ?
Oh ! has she, can she sink so very low ?
Can gentle woman, to whose lips belong
The fond endearment and the voice of song,
Whose peaceful breast no baleful storm should move,
Whose words should breathe but purity and love,
Can she, with quick and willing lips, rehearse
The imprecation fierce, the awful curse ?
For her, for her He bore the cross, the shame !
And will she, can she desecrate His name ?
I may not hope to touch that heart of thine ;
Reproofs befit not erring lips like mine,
Yet (if these lines should chance to meet thine eye)
Hear thou the words of One, who cannot lie ;
Who came in all his majesty and might,
To cloud-capped Sinai's dread and awful height !
Beneath whose step its strong foundations swayed,
Whose might it revered and whose power obeyed.
When the red, fiery lightning gleamed around,
When echoing thunders, grov'ling, smote the ground,
He said, amid that storm of fire and rain,
" *Ye shall not take my holy name in vain.*"

Whether by heathen " Jove's" most awful nod,
By " Mary mother" or the " Throne of God,"
Whether by things of earth, or things of Heav'n,
Or Him, by whom we have our sins forgiv'n,
From whatsoever source an oath may spring,
It is a wicked and disgraceful thing.

With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool. If he judge amiss in the supreme point, judging right in all else, does but aggravate his folly. — *Young.*

A man without discretion is as a vessel without a helm, which, however, rich the cargo, is in continual danger of being wrecked.—*Dillwyn.*

THE OLD WITCH HOUSE IN NEWBURY.

BY A. E. PORTER.

It was a very quaint, dingy-looking, old brown house, with a projecting upper story. It was built as early as 1646, only twenty-six years after the landing of the Pilgrims.

Three old, but rather scraggy-looking elms, shaded the front of the building, and to one of the trees was fastened an old guide board. It stood opposite St. Paul's church, (rather an ancient structure, too,) at the head of Market street, in a retired and pleasant part of the town. Most of the houses in the neighborhood, though not very modern in style, were neat and tasteful buildings, in good preservation, and adorned with shrubbery; but this poor old wreck, seemed like a solitary old woman, who had outlived the charms of youth, and the graces of middle life, and in moody despair sat in her old worn grogram dress, with no cap on her poor gray head.

But there she had been allowed to remain, partly from respect to her age, and partly, perhaps, because the spirit of progress had not as yet spied this quiet spot. But she soon came, to sweep, with swift wing, the vestiges of a past age. Brick factories, with the din of their machinery, rose up in the neighborhood, and the shrill whistle of the steam car screamed an accompaniment.

This was the death-warning of the poor old witch house. Pity that she could not have glided from the scene like a ghost, or vanished into air like a witch!

It was a pleasant evening. The sun was lighting with his last rays, the moss-covered old roof, and sending his slanting beams into the now windowless apartments, bringing into bold relief, the huge old chimney with its broad hearth and high mantle tree. A group of boys came running up the street with merry shouts, and armed with clubs and stones.

"Hurrah! come on!" was echoed on all sides, and soon the poor old house was a target for the missiles of the boys.

Then came stronger hands, and the work of destruction went on more effectually. The boards groaned and creaked, for the sturdy old wrought iron nails resisted the destroyers with Saxon stubbornness. The worm-eaten wainscoting gave up its dead and its living inhabitants, amid a cloud of dust from the crumbling plaster. The roof-tree, that had sheltered many an old Puritan, fell with a sudden crash, and nought remained save the chimney and a pile of rubbish. The latter was cleared away in the morning, and when another evening came, the moonlight fell on the large, square, old-fashioned chimney, with its broad hearth, the only memento of the "old witch house." Another day, and nought will be left to tell the story of the poor old suffering couple, that once sat in the chimney side, cowering with fear, or vainly trying to soothe their mutual alarm.

Ay! we see them now, as the cold moonlight falls on that lone hearth. We are carried back to the year 1679, when Increase Mather was sketching his "Remarkables," and laboring to exorcise the devil from the poor afflicted women and children who were accused of witchcraft.

It is Thursday night, the twenty-seventh day of November. Goody Morse sat in her low chair, and her goodman, with lap-stone and awl, upon the other side. Their grandson was with them. Suddenly they heard a great noise, as of a knocking of the boards of the house, and throwing of stones. They ran to the door, but were soon obliged to return, for they were hit by the sticks. They were alarmed, but the noise ceasing, good old Mr. Morse proposed that they should have prayers, and go to bed. As was his custom, he rose and leaned over the back of his chair, covering his head with a cloth. He had no sooner commenced, than a chair moved as if of its own accord, and came bowing itself toward him, and struck him violently on the side.

The good couple, who had heretofore lived quiet and peaceable lives, and were esteemed goodly people, began to be much alarmed, and, according to the custom of the day, to fear that witchcraft was the cause of the commotion. At midnight they were again disturbed, and though they had locked all the doors, they found, on rising, a great hog in the kitchen!

Day after day this poor couple were tormented, as they in all honesty supposed, by evil spirits. The good dame's spinning wheel played strange antics, leaping up and down, and standing on end. The andirons jumped into the dinner pot which hung over the fire, and from thence sprung upon the table, while the pots hanging from the hooks of the crane, dashed so violently against each other, that the old lady was obliged to take them off. When she made the bed, the clothes would not be laid on, but in the spirit of opposition, flew to the other side of the room. But we will hear Goodman Morse's own account of the grievous calamity, for, like many believers in the marvellous, he was "minded to write."

"One morning," he says, "a great stone, being six pounds weight, did remove from place to place. We saw it. Two spoones throwed off the table, and presently throwed downe, and, being minded to write, my ink-horn was hid from me, which I found covered with a rag, and my pen quite gone. I made a new pen, and as I was writing, one eare of corne hit me in the face, and fireballs and stones throwed at me, and my pen brought to me. While I was writing with my new pen, my ink horn was taken from me. Againe, my spectacles throwne from the table, and almost into the fire, by me, my wife and boy. Againe, boards taken off a tub, and sett upright by themselves, and my paper, do what I could, I could hardly keep it while I was writing this relation. Presently, before I could dry my writing, a Monmouth hat rubbed along it, but I held it so fast, that it did blot but some of it. My wife and I, being much afraid we should not preserve it for publick use, we did think best to lay it in the Bible, and it lay safe that night."

Good, honest souls. We can see them now, putting their heads together to devise means to preserve the precious document. Goody Morse is the first to speak. Women are readiest in expedients, and are the most trusting. She sees the Bible; the big, well-worn Family Bible. Evil spirits dare not take the paper from such a hiding place. With what interest they look in the morning for the paper. To their joy it is safe, and the old lady exclaims, "I knew it would be so." The

trio, for the petted grandson is a member of the family, set down to the table, and after the long grace, they talk the matter over, and resolve henceforth to keep their journal in the same safe place. But, alas! the next morning it was not there. "The bag, (I suppose the old gentleman kept his papers therein,) hanged down empty, but [the papers] afterwards were found in a box alone."

Great as were these afflictions, they little knew how much greater awaited them. This worthy couple had already passed their three-score years, and were nearing the appointed limit of human life. Their greatest happiness is in serving God, and living for each other. They have dwelt some years in peace, in this their own house, and here they hope to die. But the devil, as they faintly believed, had taken possession of the place, and there is no quietness there. The good man could not work, for his tools would fly up chimney, or bricks would be thrown violently at him. His wife could scarcely work or spin, for her work would leap up and down, and refuse to be spun; the pots would knock against each other, and no art could keep the dinner in its place.

"Yea," says the good man in his journal, "I saw them myself turn themselves over, and throw out all the water." Of course, such "stirrings up" in the house of such quiet old people, soon produced a commotion among the neighbors. In their wisdom, they soon decided that Goody Morse herself was bewitched. (Why the devil had such a partiality for old women in those times, I cannot learn; but they were always the first to be suspected.) One man, more fearless than his neighbors, averred that he could tell the author of the mischief, and would find the rogue's head on younger shoulders. But as he professed a knowledge of astrology, he was immediately brought before a court, and fined, "because he had given ground of suspicion of his dealing with the black art." The poor man suffered for being in advance of his age, as is the case with many now-a-days.

There was no help for Goody Morse. One man had "a cafe who fel a danceing and roareing and woulde not sucke, but set upon his taile like a dog, and finally died in a fit."

This occurred, because the owner had forgotten to carry Goody Morse a "small passel of wings which she needed." The old lady was a tidy housewife, and wanted turkey wings for dusters and hearth brushes, and as the man had repeatedly forgotten them, she told him she was sorry he had not a better memory.

Goodwife Ordway's child was sick, and her neighbor Morse being a kind-hearted woman, came in to see it, and pitying it, did fear it would die. The death of the child which followed, was attributed to her agency.

Another saw the old lady come in at the key-hole. He knew he did, "for could 'nt he trust his own eyes?" There were men high in station in those days, men of learning and wisdom, and they told the people that these witches must be pressed to death, tortured, hung and drowned, to get the devil out of them.

Poor Goodman Morse and his wife were in great trouble, as they sat by that old-fashioned fire-side. Conscious of no ill-will to their neighbors, but serving God to the best of their ability, reading the big Bible daily, and laboring with patient industry for their bread, they would fain have lived and died in their own quiet home. But there came men of power, and dragged the good woman from her home and her husband; they bound her withered hands, and cast her into the county jail, there to await her trial, before judges determined to condemn. Sad and solitary was the old man as he sat by the fire, trying to pursue his labor as a shoemaker. His lapstone was wet with his tears, and he could no longer sing at his work, ay he drew slowly back and forth the waxen thread.

Twenty-eight weeks the good old woman lay in the county jail at Ipswich, twelve miles from her home. Spring came, the old elm trees put forth their leaves, the birds sung in their branches, and the grass was green around the home of William Morse. The fire burned low on the broad hearth, and the house door stood open. The old man stepped out, and leaning on his staff, looked upward to the blue of heaven, and around on the hills clad in the fresh garments of spring, while his ear caught the distant murmur of the ocean. Every thing

said, "God is good," but for the time the old man's heart responded not. That week his beloved wife Elizabeth was to be brought before the Court of Assistants, to be held at Boston, and he knew too well the horror of witchcraft, to doubt their decision. He hastened to be at her side, to support her if possible in that trying hour. How worn and old and haggard she looked, as she raised her withered hands, and plead "not guilty!" How cruel and hard are human hearts under the influence of superstition!

When we think of that jury, empaneled to sit in judgment on that poor, innocent old creature, the sands of whose life had nearly run out, we are reminded of the merciless judges of the Inquisition, who are commanded to "conquer nature, and never betray weakness or humanity at the torture of a heretic."

But our Puritan ancestors had no secret trials or midnight arrests; they had at least a show of justice, and a trial by jury. It was Thursday; the court all attended the religious lecture, and immediately after, the following sentence was read:—

"Elizabeth Morse, for not having the fear of God before your eyes, being instigated by the Devil, and having had familiarity with the Devil, contrary to the peace of our sovereign lord the king, his crown and dignity, the laws of God and this jurisdiction, you are to go from hence to the place from whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and the Lord have mercy on your soul."

The poor condemned woman heard the sentence, and turned her eyes imploringly to her husband; she had always leaned upon him; could he not aid her now? Alas! he suffers equally with her. What is his own little remnant of life worth, without her society! But as she is led back to her prison, one ray of hope breaks in upon his despair. He will petition for a reprieve. And he does so, and we find a long petition, commencing, "The humble petition of William Morse, in behalf of his wife Elizabeth Morse, your distressed prisoner, &c., &c." His prayer is heard, and a reprieve granted till October. Again he pleads, and gains a second reprieve. Finally, he

gains the ear of Governor Bradstreet, that good old Nestor among the Puritan settlers, and she is pardoned.

Again the fire burns brightly on the hearth ; the pots hang with all due decorum on the crane, as Yankee pots should do, not jostling each other out of the way, but with a bubbling motion upward, just lifting the lid to show the yellow pumpkins or the golden samp within. The old man is happy in his corner, with spectacles on his nose, leather apron and awl, working on shoes, and singing the old tunes from the "metrical version of the psalms of David." There is a horse-shoe nailed to the door, and night and day the good couple pray to be delivered from the snares of the devil, and they add, also, a petition for their absent grandson, that "God would return him to us in his own good time and way," — while we, as we now stand here in the moonlight, gazing on the huge old chimney, and are carried back in fancy to the time of Goodman Morse, long to add to his prayer, "From all such young rascals, good Lord deliver us."

We of the nineteenth century, look back in wonder at the superstition of our fathers; but let us turn to the present for a moment. Just as I sat down to write this sketch, with a picture of the "Old Witch House" before me, I took up, as in lazy moments I am apt to do, a newspaper instead of my pen. An article headed, "A new miraculous picture," met my eye, and the account is as follows:—

"There is a picture of the Madonna existing in a church of the Minor Conventualists, at Cevitta Vecchia, States of the Church, in the chapel of St. Anthony of Padua, which is alleged to have moved its eyes, first when some children who had just made their confession for the first communion, were praying before it. The account further states, that the picture was taken down, and placed upon the altar amid lights, that it has been examined by an ecclesiastical commission, aided by painters and physicians, and that the prodigy still continues. It had lasted, by the account, already from the 20th of April, when it was first observed, to the 18th of May."

Now, who that knows the thousand and one ways by which weak minds are wrought upon, (whether Protestant or Roman

Catholic,) but would smile at the very absurdity of this imposture ?

A Protestant paper asks, if it is not rather small business for the Virgin Mary to be engaged in. Whereupon a Roman Catholic paper takes up the argument, as follows. After acknowledging that there have been fabrications of the kind, and stating that if there is deception, it will surely be found out and punished, he adds : —

“ We see nothing small or ridiculous in the thing itself, for we place a very assured human faith in the exactly parallel case of the picture of Rimini, which is so well attested that we cannot refuse our belief. It requires no greater exertion of power for the Blessed Virgin to transport a mountain into the sea, than to make the eye of a picture move the eighth of an inch.”

To show, also, that the thing is not ridiculous, he quotes St. Paul, — “ God hath chosen the foolish things of this world, that he may confound the wise, &c.” Also, he states as a reason why this prodigy may have been wrought. “ At a time when the veneration which we Catholics, as a matter of faith, regard as due to the blessed mother of our Lord, and the filial confidence which we place in her, is decried as idolatrous, and the relative honor which, in accordance with the instincts of mere natural reason itself, we pay to the pictures of the Lord, his mother, and the reigning saints above, is stigmatized as superstition, it is not unfitting that Heaven should cheer and animate the piety of the faithful, the object of scorn to a contemptuous world, *by a wonder which directly countenances these divine practices.*”

Indeed ! The credulous Increase Mather could go no farther than this. For ourselves, we should have some doubt, whether if the eyes actually moved, they moved in approbation of, or astonishment at, the absurdity of such picture worship. The argument used, reminds us of that advanced by the table rappers, that in these atheistical times, God has permitted such communications from the world of spirits, to prove a future state. But, alas ! those very communications are so contradictory and so absurd, and represent the great departed in such a ridiculous light, that Heaven appears far less desirable than

when left to the beautiful, but indefinite description of St. Paul, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, &c."

The editor, too, who quoted the words of the apostle, forgot those of a Greater than Paul, viz.: — "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe, though one rose from the dead."

But if God intended to work this miracle for the benefit of unbelievers, it seems unaccountable that the only two places selected, should be the two strongholds of the Romish religion, Civita Vecchia, a fortified seaport town of the Papal States, and Rimini, which for hundreds of years, has belonged to the Papal See. If such a miracle is to be wrought, we most earnestly desire that it be done in the Tri-Mountain City, and Protestants as well as Catholics permitted to see.

We remember, when a child, visiting at the house of a sea-captain, who brought many curiosities from the European ports which he visited. Our childish delight was unbounded at the sight of a waxen doll, which opened and shut its eyes. *We* could not perceive the silken string pulled by the owner of the toy, but in our childish simplicity believed in the doll's power to perform the feat, and only longed to transfer it to our own baby-house. We very much fear the pictures of Rimini and Civita Vecchia, are moved by the fancy of the gazers, or the machinery of some doll making genius, who, like Goodman Morse's grandson, has more wit than reverence, more devilry than godliness. We hope, at least in this age, no priest of one of the most ancient churches on earth would lend a hand to such imposition upon the ignorant and credulous. In our own land, where free schools abound, the quick witted Irish will soon learn to say of such blind guides, as does one biographer of Mather: "Instead of weighing evidence, he had not discretion enough to wipe the scales."

It is safer to be humble with one talent than proud with ten; yea, better to be an humble worm than a proud angel.—*Flavel*.

Men are out of their right minds until they come, by faith and repentance to Jesus Christ,—*Bain*.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

BY META LANDER.

ON one knee of the Captain sits little Cally, and on the other little Davie, both of them encircled by his strong arm. He was making himself very merry with the children, uttering strange remarks for the sake of seeing the bright little girl's eyes dilate, and listening to her wise and wondering replies.

"Cally, is not Davie a very bad boy? Don't you think when he dies he will go down, down there?" pointing significantly below.

It was evident from the twinkle of his eye that he had a keen relish for sport, and that he was anticipating great amusement from Cally's responses to his bold catechism. The sunny face of the sweet child was shaded with a look of horror, as her eyes glanced, first, upon the frank countenance of Davie, and then rested with amazement upon the Captain.

"What! do you mean to say that Davie will go to *hell* when he dies?"

The Captain's face wore a sly look of pleasure at his success in startling the child. Assuming, however, an aspect of severe gravity, and as if in his turn shocked, he answered,

"Oh! you must not say *hell*, Cally; that is a very bad word, you must call it the bad place."

With a burst of honest indignation she replied,

"I call it by its right name; its name is *hell*."

Then in a softened voice, but with increasing eagerness,

"No! I do not think Davie will go to *hell*, for if he repents of his sins, and believes in Christ, he will go to heaven when he dies."

"And how do you know that?" asked the Captain, with an air of doubt.

In a low, touching voice, the precious child makes answer,

"The Bible says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

How, then, out of the mouth of this babe, is praise perfected?

There is a moment's silence, a silence full of eloquence, and as, with a moistened eye, the Captain presses a kiss upon her forehead, his heart admits that Cally has triumphed. But who is Cally?

Let me first speak of that city of the Sultan, the city of the palm-tress and cypresses, of domes and minarets, where are congregated people from every clime and every color, and with every costume, a city, which, to an unwonted eye and ear, presents a very Babel of sights and sounds. The scenery around Constantinople affords a strange contrast to the filth and squalor, and vileness of the great city. Among its many suburbs is Pera, where, for some years, have dwelt a choice band of missionaries, whose labors and prayers have called down many a blessing upon the wicked city. From the summit of Pera hill, the eye takes a view of the gay and the gloomy dwellings, dotting its verdant sides as it slopes down to the world-famed Bosphorus. There you glance upon the gleaming waters of the Golden Horn, whitened with the sails of every nation; here also, you see many a steamer ploughing its straight, onward course. To the north your eye rests upon the noble Bosphorus, upon which, when fanned by the spicy south wind, floats a whole world of gallant vessels. There they glide, from the heavy-tonned man-of-war, to the tiniest bark of fairy craft, all crowding onward to the glittering Black Sea.

Before you lies Seragli's Point, a beautiful tongue of land stretching out into the waters, and covered with the date and palm-tree of every conceivable shade of green, through which you catch many a glimpse of turreted palaces and lofty towers. Southward sparkles the peaceful Marimosa, on whose eastern shore you behold Kadi Kesey — the ancient Chaleedon, near which, nestles smilingly, the fair Princes Islands; beyond, your eye rests upon the high promontory, separating the Gulf of Moodavia from the main sea. In the dim distance Olympus lifts up his classic head eight thousand feet above the sea, his regal brow adorned with his glittering, icy crown.

How saddening to turn from the beauty and richness of this ever varying scene, to the miserable and degraded inhabitants of the vast city. But a cheering ray is dawning upon this

night of Mahommedan darkness, a light which shall lighten the Gentiles:

To a missionary family in one of the suburbs of the city, belongs our little Cally, who, at the time of which we speak, is on a visit to a resident of Pera, an American lady, who from the first, has been a warm friend and assistant to our noble missionaries. How has this darling child caught the spirit of her parents? While Cally was speaking Davie continued to look at her with profound attention, and when she paused he turned toward the Captain, tossing his head one side in a most approving manner, as much as to say, "Captain, you were pulling a wrong rope that time."

Her questioner being silenced by her Bible argument, with a burst of enthusiasm, she continued, "Oh I wish I was educated, that I might teach the poor heathen. I have in a box at home ten piasters which I am going to spend in buying books for them."

Having finished she hung down her head, while the Captain, pressing her to his bosom, exclaimed, "God bless the child. How soon she begins the little missionary."

On another occasion an Italian gentleman came to the friend whom Cally was visiting, telling her, in a low voice, that a Catholic lady, a fellow boarder of his, had informed him that the missionaries were in the practice of *hiring* people to become converts. "Now," said he, "if I had nothing else to convince me to the contrary, this child would do it, for no parents who have so trained her, could be guilty of such conduct."

"Mr. B." replied the lady with great warmth, "I have known the missionaries from their first coming into the country, and such an accusation is without the slightest foundation." She then proceeded to speak in the highest terms of commendation of their self-sacrificing spirit and other excellent qualities, nobly defending these ambassadors of Christ from the aspersions of their enemies. Long have they been cheered and sustained by her ready sympathy and hearty co-operation, and many a one among their children will rise up and call her blessed. She is now apparently near her haven of rest. Peace to her dying moments and eternal joy to her immortal spirit!

CEMETERIES.

BY W. B. BOND.

With the feeling of affection which moved Abraham to obtain a permanent burial place for his family, there was doubtless associated a religious principle. For it is a duty the living owe to the dead, to see that their mortal remains are decently interred, in some spot that is worthy the name of a cemetery. Instead of having the enclosure designed for burial in the thickly populated village, where the visitor is exposed to the rude gaze of the passer by, it should be retired, alike from the hum of business, and from general notice. It should be in keeping with the sacredness with which we cherish the memory of the departed. It is highly befitting that an air of seclusion and of cheerfulness, should be thrown around the asylum of the dead, that their quiet slumber may be undisturbed, and the mourner find it a congenial spot whither he may retreat, and spend a lonely hour, with none to intrude upon his grief. All that nature has done to render attractive the place of burial, and all that art can do in keeping with the simplicity of nature, should be happily combined to this end.

The moral effect of a well selected and tastefully arranged cemetery, is by no means slight. Some of the most enduring impressions of childhood as well as in riper years, are made in connection with a visit to the place of burial. The more appropriate and inviting *that* is rendered by the beauty of natural scenery, and by the simple adornments of art, the deeper are the impressions for good, likely to be made upon the mind. Pious meditations among the tombs, will serve to fit us the better to perform life's duties; and while they teach us how to die, teach us also how to live. The follies, the vanities, the competitions, the pride of humanity, here find no place. The passions of men are hushed; their spirits are calm and serious, when thus surrounded by the memorials of death. Lessons of wisdom and virtue are here taught. Here may we learn to estimate the things of time and eternity, according to their true value. For what can worldly honors or earthly greatness avail, when our hold on life is loosing?

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Aside from the influence which religious considerations may be supposed to have, there are other motives which lead to a care for the final resting place of the dead. With some, the motive may rise no higher, than the desire of being remembered among men after their existence on earth has closed. No desire of the human heart is perhaps more general than this wish, to live in the remembrance of survivors, when we are dead. To this end, some covet a costly monument of material structure; some a place in the scroll of fame; and all would live in the affections of kindred and friends. But he is sure to erect the most enduring monument to his own memory, who leaves the impress of his virtues upon the world; so that when he is dead, it may with truth be said of him, that the world is the better for his having lived in it.

With others, the feeling which prompts to the fitting up of the last habitation of man, is a becoming respect and a tender affection, for the friends they have lost, or may lose, by death. The place of burial is a spot all will have occasion to visit; and it may be under circumstances, which will give to it peculiar solemnity and interest. Here too, must we ourselves be brought at no distant day.

“The seasons as they fly,
Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
Some sweet connexion, some endearing tie.
The parent ever honored, ever dear,
Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
A brother's urn demands the filial tear,
And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
To day we frolic in the rosy bloom
Of jocund youth—tomorrow knells us the tomb.”

The resting place of the dead! How many melancholy, yet pleasing associations are connected with the theme! Who does not love to linger around the moss covered graves, and the monumental stones, which mark the spot where lie the remains of generations that have passed away from earth to their long home! Who does not feel the ground to be sacred which has been set apart for the burial of the dead! A thousand pre-

cious memories of loved ones, taken from us by the stern mandate of death, come thronging upon the mind. We seem to hear their familiar voices whispering words of counsel or of comfort. And yet we hear them not. We call; but no voice answers. The places that once knew them, and were made glad by their presence, shall know them no more.

Amid scenes and reflections like these, how consoling is the doctrine of the resurrection! How does the announcement that "this mortal shall put on immortality," shed a celestial radiance around the sepulchre, and illumine its darkness! In hope of a blessed resurrection, may we not speak of death as spoiled of its terrors to the Christian, since it is to him, but the passage to a higher and a nobler state of existence?

"Life makes the soul dependent on the dust,
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres."

HOW TO BE A MAN.

BY REV. W. WARREN.

"BE A MAN" *by filling the place well you are in.* If you are a man, be a man, every whit a man. If you are not man, glory in this, be a woman in the true sense of the word. If you are a youth or child, do not disdain those productive, disciplinary years. Are you poor or rich, humble or honored, citizen or magistrate, be your position what it may, if you cannot improve it, show yourself a man in it.

To the young I say, do not make haste to become men prematurely; but seek to become the best possible specimens of youth. Men's garments do not become boys; youth is the stepping-stone to manhood, the apprenticeship of life. Let that stepping-stone be high, and that apprenticeship long. Life is preliminary, probationary to a future world.

Some seek to show themselves men, whom God has destined to a more refined and influential sphere. There is a limit where the sea ends and the dry land begins. There is an ele-

ment where the birds sing, another where the fishes swim, and the boundary, separating these, neither bird nor fish can safely pass. Angels have their sphere, man his, woman hers. God has made differences, established relations, drawn lines of distinction which neither man nor woman may confound.

He has adapted responsibilities to relations, and these to natures and spheres. Seek to show yourselves true to the nature and sphere you are in ; it is thus you will prove yourselves to be men in the best sense. Out of our place and sex we sink ourselves. Let us be true to our nature and our tastes. Let us magnify the position we are appropriately in, and show ourselves to be the noblest specimen of what God made us to be.

"BE A MAN" *by cultivating yourself.* The mental and moral are the noblest elements of nature. There is need of a sound body, invigorated by habits of virtue and healthful enterprise ; but there is more need of a noble mind, disciplined by culture, and subject to principle. This is essential to the highest state of manhood. Uncultivated mind, like unsubdued soil, or brute strength, fails of its highest productiveness. The whole mind and heart needs thus to be developed and disciplined. We cannot show ourselves men in any true sense till we raise our standard of thinking, of acting and purpose, to the highest practicable point ; and to gain this high ground we must make a covenant with labor, we must resist temptation, and put the heel upon the neck of appetite and indulgence. We must store the mind and taste with what is useful and wholesome, we must be able to go from cause to effect and from effect back to cause upon the strong chain of reasoning ; and we ought to know how to form those chains by close links of logic. We measure men not by stature, nor station, nor by age, nor sex, nor circumstances ; but by cultivated powers, and the success with which they are able to bring these powers to bear upon the noblest interests of earth.

"BE A MAN" *in your pleasures.* When pleasure is sought as an end, it is pernicious, but when recreation is sought as a means to an end, it is useful. But why depend on special excitements and occasions for happiness, and not rather seek enjoyment from the ordinary scenes of life ? Do the birds have

jubilees? do the angels? why then should human life be as the waves of the sea? The reaction of excessive excitements upon the mind and nerves, creates depression of spirits, and a sort of lassitude and woe, that calls for the oft-repeating of the same thing. How much better to ply the ordinary means of enjoyment! These are always healthful, open and perennial. It is the part of true manhood to have the full command of the common and every-day sources of enjoyment. And let recreation, when indulged, be rational and innocent; let parents engage in the pastimes of their children; it is easier thus to restrain them. To be young is no crime, nor to be old, except in wrong feelings and habits, but mere pleasure-seeking is debilitation; true joy comes unsought.

But men often show themselves to be mere brutes or savages in their sports. Despise those that cost needless pain. Shun the joy that is had at the expense of virtue. Show yourselves men in your pleasures. Let them be rational and contribute to moral dignity.

"BE MEN" *in honor and liberality.* Always do your part, and *more* than your part, if need be. Be noble and generous and large-hearted; I do not say you will be richer here nor hereafter; that will depend upon the spirit and motive in the case. But it is wise to be just, and magnanimous, and benevolent, always. Be not mean, but always *men*! Never let others pay your bills, either in the house of God or elsewhere. Always pay the value for a service. Be liberal in your contributions on the Sabbath and at other times. Don't nod the deacon along when the contribution box comes, nor cast thither a three cent piece and a copper, one for conscience and the other for sound. This is small for the christian, for the man, for the child even.

"BE A MAN" *in your dealings.* Be honorable, be honest with all. Some are so upright that when they injure others they are careful to do it lawfully. They have no higher standard of conduct than human statutes. They fear fines and prisons more than God or his judgment. Such are quick to take advantage of another's ignorance; are ready to overreach them in a trade; are hard upon their debtors, and still harder

upon their creditors; will sell you injured articles for those which are perfect, and give you bad weight and measure in addition; would lead you to suppose by their handbills that they are selling goods "at great bargains," when their only object is to *make* great bargains, and a great many of them; who sell their neighbor that which takes away the character and the senses, or what is worse, would sell their neighbors themselves, body and soul, for filthy lucre; such forfeit the character of men, and earn the character of felons or demons. Be open, be honest, be upright. Never stoop to what is treacherous or vile, it is infinitely bad policy. There is a law that precedes all human enactments, to which all are amenable. It was shadowed forth in nature; but it *preceded* nature. It was written on fleshy tablets, afterwards on stone tablets; afterwards in the golden rule, and on the crimson cross. It is the highest standard of earth. Let the merchant read when he takes excessive profits; the broker when he refuses to give the value of paper, or takes exorbitant interest; the gentleman who "*fails*" to enrich himself at other's cost; the farmer who carries injured articles to the market, or lets his cattle or his fowls destroy his neighbor's fields; the mechanic when he makes his wares for sale and not for use; the professional man who "multiplies his calls to lengthen out his bills," who "encourages law suits to get good fees," or seeks the fleece instead of the flock; and the people, too, when they refuse to bear their portion of parish or public expenses. Let those learn this higher law, and be governed by it in the dark as well as in the light, where no law reaches, as well as where government reigns.

"BE A MAN" *in meeting the responsibilities of life*, not in words, but achievements; not in promises but practices at present. Every man is not like Solomon, a king; but every man has responsibilities as important, perhaps, as kings once had. All *are* kings now in some sense. Every citizen is a sovereign, and our sovereigns are all servants; and in this pregnant age when mighty principles are being transferred to future generations, we need men, true men, well-read, strong and stable, capable of comprehending the age and its responsibilities; not preten

ders nor politicians nor gentlemen, but *men* of the true stuff and stamina. I have done with words, platforms, resolutions. I want principles, character, deeds, that will not lie nor die, but that embody themselves in wise, prudent, energetic actions. We want men whose zeal has wisdom, who bow to no mandates but those of truth and principles; who cannot be bought nor bribed with mountains of gold. God does not work ordinarily without men; when he gives us a reformation he gives us a Luther; a revolution a Washington! It is men, next to the spirit of God, that the world wants, and when I look over this wide world and witness the countless evils that crush society and hinder salvation, and ask why it is so; why, upon this fair earth, man only is vile, and man is only vile, why yonder emblem of deity, that paints the fields, and loads the earth with beauty and abundance, has so long looked down upon such scenes of sorrow and woe as this world presents, and all this after the finishing hand of God has been upon it, and the footsteps of the Son of God, marked by blood, have been upon it, and the spirits influence, more powerful than the agent that moved the ocean or the forest, has breathed upon it; the answer comes back to me, "man has not been himself," but failed to act his part upon earth. The church want men more than members or numbers, and the world wants men more than armies or governments, education or systems of ethics or a formal christianity. It wants men after God's own heart, to put *life* into these, and to put these to the great use and work of earth.

"BE A MAN," *by preparing for the destiny of men.* Man is distinguished from the brute in that he is immortal, and has reason and conscience and freedom of the *spirit* to prepare him for the future. The present to the future is what the line of the shore is to the vast océan, a changeless future awaits us. The bird builds for itself a nest, and thus makes provisions for its little future. The animal digs for itself a hole and prepares a granary for future wants. These are true to instinct, they prepare for the future; shall man forget his immortality?

THE HAPPY FARMER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Saw ye the farmer at his plough,
As you were riding by ?
Or, wearied 'neath his noonday toil,
When summer suns were high ?
And thought ye that his lot was hard,
And did you not thank God
That you and yours were not condemned
Thus like a slave to plod ?

Come see him at his harvest-home,
When garden, field, and tree,
Conspire with flowing stores to fill
His barn and granary.
His healthful children gayly sport
Amid the new-mown hay ;
Or proudly aid with vigorous arm
His task as best they may.

The dog partakes his master's joy,
And guards the lonely wain ;
The feathery people clap their wings,
And lead their youngling train.
Perchance the hoary grandsire's eye
The glowing scene surveys,
And breathes a blessing on his race,
Or guides the evening praise.

The Harvest Giver is their friend—
The Maker of the soil :
The earth, the mother, gives them bread,
And cheers their patient toil.
Come join them round their wintry hearth,
Their heartfelt pleasure see,
And you can better judge how blest
The farmer's life may be.

Spiritual sloth leads to spiritual poverty. Corrupt nature doth not always discover its opposition to that which is good by passionate contradiction, but oftentimes too successfully by sloth and sluggishness.—*Anonymous*.

ELLEN SINCLAIR;

OR,

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER VII.

Winter passed away, and spring came with its sweet-scented breath, a rustic queen who pressed the green sward with her soft, velvet feet, her smiling brow twined violets and daisies, and in due time resigned her sceptre to the warm and generous hand of summer.

In the pleasant and "leafy month of June," the "scarletina" made its appearance in Elmwood. It raged with great violence; many a happy home was made desolate, fond parents written childless, and many a little head, which, when living, had known no harder pillow than the warm breast of maternal tenderness, laid in the cold grave.

Mr. Sinclair's two oldest boys were among the first sufferers, and once more Dr. Howard was seen opening the little gate, and passing up the gravelled walk which led to the broad portico that overshadowed his door.

For days the afflicted parents hung over the bedside of their precious children, hourly expecting to lose them both. But at last their naturally strong constitutions triumphed, and they began slowly to recover. But they were hardly convalescent when little Willie, the youngest, a sweet child of about four summers, the pet of the family, was seized with the same disorder. For nearly two weeks his life seemed suspended by a thread. But the fond parents' prayers were answered, and their child given back to them almost from the tomb.

Joy filled the whole household when Dr. Howard pronounced Willie to be in no immediate danger, and earnest were the grateful thanks which they lavished on the kind friend from whose lips the tidings came. For two days he had hardly

left the bedside of his little patient. The countenance of the Doctor showed that he participated in the general joy; he made no reply, however, but preparing some medicine, which he enjoined them to give the child once every hour, to prevent its strength from sinking, he left the house to seek the repose he so much needed.

"Mother," said Ellen, after the Doctor had departed, "I wish you would lie down now, and take some rest. Willie seems to be quiet, and I will call you immediately, should he appear to be worse."

Her mother was nearly exhausted by toil and anxieties, and was finally persuaded to leave Willie, for a few hours, in her care, charging her, ere she did so, to give him his medicine at the stated hours, and to be sure and call her if there should be any change in his appearance.

Willie was a great favorite with Ellen, and the little fellow was very much attached to her, and as she administered the restorative, and drew the covering over his little wasted form, an emotion of gratitude filled her heart that he was still spared to them. As she seated herself by the bedside, she took up a book which lay on a chair near her, and which had been left there by a neighbor who had kindly volunteered to watch with Willie the night previous. It was an exciting story, which had caused considerable stir in the literary world, but which she had never read. Now knowing that for her there was no middle course, she had formed the praiseworthy resolution that she would never again read a book of this description; but she felt strongly tempted to break it *just for this time*. There could surely be no harm, she thought, in reading a few pages to wile away the gloomy hours which passed so slowly.

So first glancing at the bed, to see if her little charge was sleeping, she opened the book and commenced reading. It was intensely interesting, and the grey dawn found her still perusing its pages. At last a low moan arrested her attention. She sprang to the bedside, and bent her head quickly to the pillow. She was alarmed at the strange expression upon the countenance of her brother, and immediately summoned her parents.

Her father perceived that there was a great change in his son's appearance, and hastened for the Doctor, leaving Ellen and her mother to watch, with agonizing interest, the gasping breath of the little sufferer.

"Mother," he said, as Mrs. Sinclair bent distractedly over him, "take me, mother." Then throwing up his little arms, as if to embrace her, he sunk back upon the pillow, a slight shudder passed over his limbs, the long and silken lashes drooped over the large, blue eyes, and he slept sweetly the long and quiet slumber which will not be broken until the morning of the resurrection.

"Strange, very strange!" said Dr. Howard a few minutes later, as he placed his hand upon the heart and wrist, to see if life was extinguished. "He was so much better last night, that I felt almost certain of his recovery. Did you give him the medicine, as I directed?" he inquired, as his eye fell upon the vial that contained it, which was nearly full. All eyes turned involuntarily upon Ellen. As the fearful consequences of her fatal neglect flashed upon her mind, every vestige of color was driven from her cheek and brow. "*Oh, God!*" shrieked the conscience-stricken girl, "*I—I have murdered him!*" And if it had not been for the strong arms of her father she would have fallen to the floor.

He took her up, and carrying her to her chamber, laid her upon the bed. Every thing was done for her recovery which skill and affection could suggest, and at last she slowly unclosed her eyes. As she did so, she met the dark eyes of Dr. Howard which, filled with tender compassion, were bent earnestly upon her countenance.

A brain fever ensued, and she became unconscious of all that was passing around her. She raved wildly of her dead brother, and in the terms of bitterest self-reproach, accused herself of having sent him to an untimely grave. For days she lay between life and death; and when she awoke to consciousness, and began slowly to recover, the grass was growing thick over the grave of "little Willie."

Dr. Howard thought he had conquered his love for her, and perhaps he had. But when he stood by her bedside, gazed on her pale countenance, and felt that it might be to her the

bed of death ; when he heard her repeat his name so tenderly, and lament, with so much bitterness, the folly which was the cause of their estrangement, all of his former tenderness revived. For days he watched by her side, his heart pierced with agony as he met her wandering eye and listened to her wild ravings ; but when she returned to consciousness he withdrew, fearing that the excitement of his presence might retard her recovery.

When she arose from that bed of sickness, no emotion of joy or gratitude filled her bosom. Though her parents strove by every means in their power to soothe her contrition, she turned away and refused to be comforted. She seemed to take a melancholy pleasure in dwelling upon her sin and its punishment, and saw in her affliction, not the pitying love of a tender Father, but the fierce anger of an avenging God.

CHAPTER VIII.

Near the close of a mild and balmy day in September, Ellen Sinclair stood upon the portico of her father's house, gazing upon the varied landscape before her. It was the first time she had ventured out since her illness, and the change that a few short weeks had wrought, showed how unmindful of death, or human suffering, nature moves on in her calm, majestic course.

The sun had just touched the western hills, bathing the craggy rocks, the dark waving woods, and the green meadows in a flood of light ; the evening zephyr, laden with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, softly kissed her wan cheek, and gently lifted the moist curls from her pale brow. But they brought no joy to her disconsolate mind ; the quiet beauty of the scene around her was a bitter mockery to her heart, and it would have been far more congenial to her feelings, if it had been shrouded in midnight.

She opened the gate and passed out into the road, and instinctively turned her steps toward the little church-yard, which lay at a short distance. She passed reverently among the green mounds, reading with a listless eye the names of those who slept beneath. At last, she came to a recent grave, the

size of which indicated that its little occupant was laid down to sleep in the rosy spring of childhood. Across it was a marble tablet on which were inscribed these words :

To the Memory of
"LITTLE WILLIE,"
Infant son of Thomas and Mary Sinclair,
who died in the morning of youth,
aged four years and two months.
"*Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*"

A groan escaped her lips, and kneeling down upon the grave, she pressed her fevered forehead to the cold marble. She thought of her little brother, and as the memory of all his pretty, winning ways and infantine endearments, came thronging around her, her heart ached with the intensity of her anguish.

"Ellen! — Miss Sinclair!" said a low voice at her side.

She looked up, and encountered the troubled gaze of Dr. Howard.

"Excuse me," he said gently, "but you are very imprudent, the dews are falling heavily."

"It does not matter how soon I lie here," said she bitterly.

"Do you then feel prepared for that great change, Ellen?" inquired the Doctor in a grave tone.

"The longest life cannot atone for guilt like mine."

"True," he replied, much affected at the utter despair depicted upon her countenance, "we can none of us make atonement for our guilt. But there is *One*," he added, earnestly, "who has made ample atonement and who gave himself a ransom for you. Will you not turn to Him? Can you not trust in Him?"

"I dare not; I am a murderer," said she in a low tone, covering her face with her hands.

"Nay, Ellen, you do yourself injustice; it is by no means certain that your neglect caused the death of Willie. And even if it were so, you do wrong to despair of Heaven's mercy. Think you that He, who spared not for you his well beloved Son, has willingly afflicted you? Do not turn away

from the hand which chastens you. By ways which we know not, does God lead his children to him, and in the thorny paths of affliction is he leading you back to his fold. I too have suffered, but feel that it is from a Father's hand. May these sufferings serve only to bring us nearer to him, and to each other!"

As these pure and holy words fell upon her ear, she raised her head and fixed her eyes earnestly upon the speaker's countenance. The elevated and spiritual expression within his lifted eyes, and upon his earnest brow, softened and subdued her rebellious heart. Tears gushed from her eyes, but they were not tears of bitterness.

We will not weary the reader by narrating the conversation which followed. Suffice it to say, that in that solemn hour amid so much to remind them of the perishable nature of all earthly joys, their hearts were again united, that over the grave of "little Willie" were breathed the vows which whispered however softly, are heard by the recording angel, and registered in heaven.

It was with a heart chastened and purified by affliction, that Ellen Sinclair gave her hand to Francis Howard. It was with no girlish feeling of romance, but with a newly awakened sense of life's stern realities, and all-important duties that she took upon her the holy name of *wife*.

Amid all the joys which clustered around her path in after years, the love of her kind parents and noble husband, and the presence of loved and loving children, she never forgot the hour when she stood by the side of her dead brother. Most fervently did she have cause to thank the merciful Hand, which snatched her like a brand from the burning, and taught her the solemn lesson, that it is not by wandering in the flowery land of *romance*, but by faithfully performing the daily duties of life that we are fitted for the glorious and eternal *realities* of Heaven.

If there were no enemy in the world, nor devil in hell, we carry that with in us, that if let loose, will trouble us more than all the world beside.—*Sibbles*.

THAT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UPLAND.

There is a land where beauty will not fade,
 Nor sorrow dim the eye ;
 Where true hearts will not shrink nor be dismayed,
 And love will never die.
 Tell me, — I fain would go,
 For I am burdened with a heavy woe ;
 The beautiful have left me all alone ;
 The true, the tender from my path have gone ;
 And I am weak, and fainting with despair ;
 Where is it ? Tell me where ?

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
 The desolate paths of life,
 Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
 Sorrow, and toil, and strife.
 Think how the Son of God
 These thorny paths have trod,
 Think how he longed to go,
 Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe ;
 Think of his loneliness in places dim,
 When no man comforted nor cared for him ;
 Think how he prayed, unaided and alone,
 In that dread agony, " Thy will be done !"
 Friend, do not thou despair,
 Christ, in his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer.

ANGELS.—To one, asking how the angels of God watch over us, he answered : we are rather to pray for the experience of their ministry unto us, than either to describe it, or prescribe it. This is sure, if we be God's children and walk in his ways, the angels of God do watch over us, and yet all see it not, and when they see it, it is by the effect of their ministry ; for though their ministry be certain, yet the manifestation of it is extraordinary. Ps. xci., Heb. i.—*Richard Greenham.*

MY HUSBAND'S PATIENTS.

NO. VIII.

THE DEVOTED HUSBAND.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

CHAPTER III.

Though gradually raised from the state of feebleness and languor into which he had fallen, yet Mr. Rand was a confirmed invalid. The whole of his left side was paralyzed so that he could neither walk nor raise himself from his chair without assistance. He had never wholly recovered his speech, though he could render himself intelligible to his family. Now it was that the happy temper of James was fully appreciated. If he had been otherwise than buoyant in his feelings, he would soon have become discouraged and soured, by the accumulation of trials through which he was called to pass the following winter. His mother-in-law was very much broken in health, by the sad affliction of her husband, and though able to attend to his every day wants, yet she gave way to the most gloomy presentiments, which affected not only her own health but that of her husband.

In addition to all this, in the month of February, another child was added to the family. Not like its predecessor, a chubby, hearty little fellow, but a puny, sickly child, who had not strength to cry aloud, but would moan in a most plaintive way for hours together. During his wife's sickness Mr. Choate became quite an adept in cooking, though he often laughed heartily at his awkward attempts in baking or stewing. "Who would have thought the perplexing things were so hard to fry?" he said one day when he had been making an effort to gratify the precarious appetite of the invalid, by preparing some of his favorite griddle-cakes. The poor fellow having failed to mix them thick enough, tried in vain to turn them. Three or four times he broke them all to pieces, and scraping the griddle clean, put on the butter and commenced afresh, saying, "I'll

eat those ;” but finding he was likely to have the supper to himself, he applied to his mother-in-law for advice.

In the mean time the old gentleman sat by in his easy-chair, his right arm tightly clasped around master Jimmy, both of them joining heartily in the laugh with which poor James met every fresh failure.

Mrs. Rand left the bed-side of her daughter, and by the addition of another egg and a few table-spoonfuls of flour, rendered the young man's task a much easier one. “Now we'll go ahead grand-pa,” he said merrily, placing his young heir again upon his father's knee, after engaging the little fellow in a hearty frolic. “Now for it, here goes number one. That's something like now, brown as a nut. Wonder if Ellen could relish a few. Would you ask her, mother? Look there, now, grand-pa, don't that make your mouth water?”

To do the young man justice, the heaping dish of cakes so nicely laid together with butter and sugar, tempted the appetite of more than one invalid. As for James, he relished them much, “they aint so mean after all; I've eat worse, and its a pity to waste 'em.”

But when having eaten his supper, and fed Jimmy till he was satisfied, he carried a couple on a plate to his wife, and heard her say they were “first rate. 'Tis the first thing that has tasted good,” he rubbed his hands in glee, mentally resolving to repeat the experiment the next day.

Thus the winter passed; Mr. Rand became every day more dependent on his son-in-law, as his strength gradually failed; and not a day, or scarcely an hour passed, without his expressing his gratitude to God for thus providing for his wants. Whenever his wife complained that her trials were greater than she could bear, he reminded her of their blessings. “Wife,” he often repeated, “think what we should have done if Elizabeth had not married a kind-hearted, willing lad, like our James! He never begrudges the time from his work to help his old father-in-law.”

Indeed he did not. No matter what he was doing in the barn or wood-house when he heard the voice of his little son calling “papa, please come to grand-papa,” he would throw

down his hoe or his axe, and with a smiling face make his appearance in the kitchen. "Do you want any help from me, sir?" he asked pleasantly, a dozen times in a day.

Mrs. Choate was feeble until Spring; and when the time came for the young farmer to be in the field with his plow, he found it to be absolutely necessary for him to engage a woman to assist his wife in the house. In the month of April Mr. Rand had another slight shock of paralysis, after which he was confined wholly to the bed, and in some respects this was a relief to his family, as James was often obliged to be at a distance of a half mile from the house, and neither his wife nor daughter had sufficient strength to raise him from his chair.

James was in the habit of rising very early, often after having been kept awake half the night with his sickly babe. He usually called the boy to go out to the milking, and then lit the fire, and put some potatoes into the oven to bake before he followed him. By the time he came in with the two ten-quart pails full of the frothy milk, his wife had risen, dressed the little boy, and assisted in getting breakfast; after which the first business of her husband was to set the old gentleman up in bed, while he read a simple portion of Scripture and offered a prayer for guidance and direction through the day. He then cut up the food which had been prepared for the invalid, and fed him. One would have thought, to have seen him by the bed-side, his sunny countenance contrasting so strongly with the pale visage of his patient, that he had nothing to do but to devote himself to the whims and caprices of the poor sufferer. He enlivened the meal by giving him an account of the work he intended to do through the day, described the appearance of the fields and the advance of vegetation, themes in which the old gentleman's interest never flagged.

One morning as James stayed unusually long in the bed-room, Mrs. Rand made her appearance, as she knew from the boy that it was a very busy time with him. James was standing with a spoon full of meat in his hand, while her husband was laughing until the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks as his son-in-law related an adventure he had had the previous day with the steers, saying cheerfully, "when you are tired of lying so still, think of this story."

As the season advanced, his wife regained her health, and the babe also became more healthy and quiet. The spirits of our young friend were more cheerful than ever. His merry whistle as he approached the house brought smiles to more than one mouth. Jimmy ran to the door exclaiming in great glee, "papa come, Jimmy glad," and even the baby shouted with delight.

One day the young man was busy in the field hoeing his corn, and keeping time by whistling the tune set to his favorite words,

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"

when his attention was arrested by hearing a voice calling his name. James looked up, and saw his pastor who had got out of his buggy and stood leaning over the railing of the fence.

"How do you do, Mr. Choate?" inquired Mr. Gordon, "I heard your cheerful voice, and thought I would stop and make my call upon you in the field." After particular inquiries for Mr. Rand, Mr. Gordon said, "I have noticed that you were always happy and contented, and I have thought I would ask the secret of your happiness, that I might impart it to those who consider the world dark, or take life hard, as their expression is. I well know that since I have been acquainted with your family, you have had much to try your faith, and many in the same circumstances would have become discouraged and disheartened."

"Well, sir," replied the farmer, drawing his shirt-sleeve across his wet forehead, "if I must make a clean breast of it, I have sometimes during the last winter been rather down-hearted, wife took on so about her father, and the old lady seemed almost ready to give up, and then our poor little girl was so sickly and whining, I could'n't get much rest by nights; but when I felt the worst, I'd whistle the loudest, to keep my courage up. Many's the time the last winter that I've fallen asleep while I was milking in the morning; but then, I never told wife, 'cause she'd only have worried herself sick about me; but then I'd reason with myself, and I'd say, 'James it will never do for your courage to fail. You must look on the bright side, and think that these troubles can't last forever,' and then too

he added in a subdued voice, I knew whose hand directed all our ways, and I was sure he had some wise purpose in all these afflictions. Sometimes I've thought as I've always been prospered afore, that he supposed I needed this to try me, and this gave me strength to pray that I might have help to bear patiently whatever he thought best to send upon me. But in general," he added as he saw his pastor was much interested and did not reply, "I have been happy and thankful that I have so many mercies. I laughed aloud to myself since I've been hoeing this morning, to think I had such a good wife, and two bright babies at home, and then the old man's been such a right good father to me, 'twould be hard indeed, if I couldn't help take care of him now he's sick."

"You have the right of it, my young friend," responded Mr. Gordon, grasping the farmer by the hand. If we can only remember that we are in the hands of a Friend who careth for us, and ordereth our ways in infinite love, it will be easy to leave ourselves with him.

One night in the month of July Mr. Choate was aroused from his sleep by a scream of distress from his mother-in-law, followed by a call upon him for help. He sprang out of bed and quickly pulling on his pantaloons ran into the bed-room occupied by her. The old lady was sitting up in the bed in the vain attempt to arouse her husband who had awakened her by a groan of distress.

James took up the low lamp which was burning on the hearth and held it before the bed. With suspended breath he bent over the form of the aged man, then placed his hard fingers upon the withered arm, but alas, the pulse had ceased to beat! The sufferer was already rejoicing before the throne of God.

As the awful reality burst upon him, James neither screamed nor wept. Gently he assisted the afflicted wife from the room, and ran hastily to call the boy to go for a neighbor to perform the last offices for the dead. Having called Elizabeth to remain with her mother who sat quietly weeping, overwhelmed with the suddenness of the blow, he returned to the chamber of death. The eyes were set and the jaws fallen, and the young

man who had never been placed in such close proximity with the dread destroyer trembled as he approached to adjust the features of the deceased.

From his wife and her mother he expected a burst of sorrow such as they had shown on a former occasion, but to his great relief, the certainty of their loss seemed to render their grief too deep for such manifestations. Mrs. Choate was so much subdued by it that during the two days which intervened before the funeral, not once did she speak fretfully to those about her, or reproachfully to her little boy. Indeed, the grief of the child seemed so great, and it was such a difficult task to explain to his understanding the silence and quietness of the dear grandpa who had always smiled so lovingly upon him, that his mother in her attempts to do it was much drawn toward her child.

On Friday the fifth of July, the funeral was attended. Neighbors and friends filled the house to overflowing, anxious to testify their respect for the character of the deceased, and their sympathy for the afflicted family. During the exercises Henry sat quietly in his father's lap, until Mr. Gordon arose for prayer, when a loud cry from the bed-room called Mr. Choate from the room, and the boy accompanied him. The babe had awaked and was afraid of the kind neighbor who had offered to take care of her. Mr. Choate, however, by his whispered caresses quickly restored quiet, and the infant was soon asleep and again restored to the cradle, where Mrs. Gordon the young wife of the clergyman proposed to remain with her until they returned from the grave.

On opening the will which had been executed soon after the marriage of his daughter, it was ascertained that to James his beloved son-in-law, the old gentleman had left the whole of his property, which consisted of the remainder of his valuable farm, together with considerable money in the bank.

By selling a few acres for house lots, Mr. Choate acquired the means of purchasing more stock, and also of hiring more help upon his farm, and in the course of a few years was considered one of the most prosperous farmers in the country.

Mrs. Rand died the year after her husband, and was laid to

rest by his side in the quiet church yard. Her daughter being thus thrown for companionship upon the society of her hopeful husband, soon partook of the cheerfulness of his tone, and was accounted not only a devoted wife and mother, but one of the best dairy-women in the country.

During the years which followed, Mr. Choate never lost the artlessness and simplicity of his Christian character. Indeed, he maintained not only such diligence in business, but such fervency of spirit, that upon the death of the aged deacon who was gathered from his labors as a shock of corn fully ripe, the young farmer was unanimously chosen to fill his place. But the native modesty of his disposition together with the humble view in which he had always regarded himself, led him to decline the trust. He never forgot the earnest, self-denying labors of his pastor, nor the kindness of his lady when she came to them in their hours of trial and sorrow, and until his sudden death which took place about four years after that of his aged parishioner, Mr. Rand, he carried to the parsonage many tokens of his gratitude and affection.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY PARSON QUILL.

"Lay aside every weight."

In one of my musing hours my fancy went forth to the discovery of a new world, or at least the exploration of one but partially known. A strange world it was, but one of vast significance. There grew in strange abundance forests of poetic imagery, continually plucked by pilgrim fancies, but still inexhaustible. There were the ideals of the artist poorly realized on canvass or in marble, forms and visions more gorgeous than any that ever passed before the inward eye of the blind Milton, more grand and terrible than ever confronted the gloomy genius of a Dante. I remembered it at once as Dreamland, the land

of fable, of parable, of allegory, on whose wondrous pictures childhood ever loves to gaze. There Æsop's strange stories of the beasts and birds and men were all true history. There moreover grew the bramble of Gotham which the trees sought to make their king. Many an object dimly understood before presented itself with a vividness and a significance that made it seem entirely new.

As my eye ranged over the vast landscape, and fancy's wing bore me rapidly from height to height, my attention was drawn to an immense valley from the centre of which rose a lofty mountain covered on every side with forests clothed in the richest bloom, and whose verdure was perennial. The snow might whiten the valley, but not a leaf of all the mountain forests and groves was ever withered by the frosts. Clouds of a bright golden hue, brilliant with a light that seemed to issue from what they embosomed, crowned the lofty summit of the mountain. Sometimes for a moment they would seem about to clear away, and again the light would for a while fade away into almost utter darkness. I learned however, that the change in their appearance was due somewhat to the point of view from which they were seen, and somewhat also to the clearness of vision on the part of the observer.

The immense circular valley spread itself out at the mountain's base enclosing it on every side. Some portions of it were exceeding beautiful; they seemed a sort of paradise; others were rocky and sterile, watered by no streams and giving small promise of reward to a wasted culture. And yet the valley was for the most part thickly inhabited, and each individual seemed busy with some favorite project. Here and there was one who had succeeded in his effort, but remained still unsatisfied. He had planted a gourd to shield him from the rays of the sun, but while he sat beneath its shade a worm gnawed at its root and he saw it wither over his head. Or he had bound up a beautiful nosegay, and though told that it would fade and perish, persisted in believing that he could supply it with the nourishment that could sustain its beauty, and as his plans failed, he would again pluck flowers that bloomed around him and renew the attempt. Here was one toiling and striving

even to weariness, in building a pyramid from which he might look down complacently on his less fortunate associates. Here was one attempting to gather from the river-side a greater number of pebbles than his neighbor, and there was another striving to see in how many and various ways he might fashion the dress he wore. All this while one and another was sinking down at his task, yet each survivor only turned his head for a moment, dropping some casual or common-place remark, and now and then was seen one quietly stepping into the place of him that fell. Sometimes there were those who had accomplished their task, and in almost every instance they looked sadly around them giving expression to feelings of disappointment. Many were the occasion when I heard the cry, "who will show us any good?" Some would exclaim "what a little and contemptible business is this we are about! Surely we might and should do something better than all this." There was one who walked like a king among the multitudes. I saw him stand in the shadow of a magnificent palace, in the walks of a garden rich in fragrance and beauty, with golden fruits hanging from the boughs, and rippling streams that poured from gushing fountains, and seemed to sparkle along their blooming way like molten silver. They were all his own. His taste had arranged them all. But there he stood gazing sadly upon them, exclaiming, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

I noticed that although the mountain rose in the centre of the valley, so that from every direction it met the eye, few looked upward toward it. Now and then a voice would be heard that seemed to issue from its summit, calling out, "come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed." Yet few heeded the voice. Thousands in the din and bustle of their feverish anxieties, could not hear it at all, while others would pause a moment at their toil to drop some trifling remark about it, and then resume their task.

There were some however who paid more heed to the words. They declared that they had tried all that the valley could

afford, and it could not satisfy them. A part started at once to approach the place from which the voice came. Its tones were so sweet and gentle that their hearts were won as they listened to what sounded like strains of the richest music. But as they approached the mountain they saw it encompassed by a wall so high and perpendicular, that all their efforts to scale it proved completely vain. But listening more carefully to the voice, and following where it led, they came to a lofty gate thrown wide open so that multitudes might pass through it at once. But high over it there stood written in great blazing letters,—“CAST ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT, EVEN THE EASILY BESETTING SIN.” It was here that some paused. They read the inscription, and a part of them first looked and then turned back. A few threw down all they had, making an immense pile of rubbish, flowers and books and rings and burdensome garments, as well as title deeds, parchments, diplomas and gold. I could not but observe that those who had least to part with, gave it up most readily, while I could not but admire the noble promptitude with which here and there one would cast down his jewels or his crown. At once the step of these grew light. Their faces brightened, and they felt as they ascended the mountain that a load was gone. Meanwhile their companions had some of them resolved to retain what they had, imagining that so small a weight as that which, esteeming most precious, they had hastily placed upon their shoulders, could not seriously retard them. These too encumbered by their load pressed onward, though here and there one confessed that the burden became more weighty at every step. In fact, the farther they proceeded up the mountain side, the heavier grew every load that came from the valley below. The gases which some had used to balloon themselves up to the heights of fame where they might become conspicuous objects for the gaze of others, no longer possessed their wonted efficacy. Even these became a dead weight at a certain point, and actually retarded those who had imagined that they might ascend by their aid. It was a long way up the mountain before the fragrant and blooming groves, which I had noticed could be reached. A long interval of rock and sand, in some places almost precipitous extend-

ed from them down to the wall that encompassed the mountain at its base. Many a weary step had to be taken to climb these steep and abrupt heights. Some whose burdens were quite heavy began to be discouraged. Their title deeds and stock-certificates weighed upon them like lead, and I could not but think of a saying I had heard before, "how hardly shall those that have riches, enter into the kingdom." One man I noticed toiling upward, but at every step his feet would sink deep into the sand. After long effort he would sometimes advance a few feet, and sometimes sink back exhausted to the point where he began. Another who had chosen a firmer path where he might climb along the rocks, had upon his shoulder a large bag which seemed evidently filled with light material. It was however, with great difficulty that he advanced, for a strong wind came blowing down the mountain, and on one occasion as the mouth of his bag was slightly open, the breeze expanded it to its utmost capacity, and with such violence as to carry it and its bearer with it down the rocks. The unfortunate traveller was somewhat bruised and injured but soon arose from his fall and looking about him saw the contents of his bag, some of them strown around him, and some flying in the air far below toward the valley. As he gathered up the bundles within his reach I saw that they were variously labelled. One had the inscription *honors* upon it: another *respectability*: another *business cares*. Again he placed them in his bag and attempted to ascend; but again he met with a similar experience, till wearied out and almost despairing he finally threw away his bag with all it contained. At once he began to ascend with a lightened step and rejoined some of his companions who had previously outstripped him. It was not long before they reached the confines of the grove, where the voice they followed seemed very near. Some would linger a moment gazing upward toward the summit of the mountain which they would describe to one another as singularly beautiful and glorious. At times indeed, clouds would obstruct their view, but at others they would break away and then they would apprehend what "eye had never seen nor ear heard." And then their voice would be heard calling out to those below who were toiling upward, bidding them "not be

weary in well doing, for in due season they should reap their reward if they fainted not." And here too the great valley from which they had come was spread out like a map before their eye. They could see its toiling thousands, wasting their energies in frivolous and vain efforts, and they looked down with amazement on their stupidity in never regarding the glorious heights before them, only they remembered with deep humility, that they themselves were once guilty of the same.

It was while they sat resting themselves on the borders of the grove, and conversing with one another upon their common experience, that there issued from the grove a great company of angel-like forms clothed in white garments, and their faces beaming with a more than earthly splendor. They distributed themselves about, one to each of the travellers. "Come," said they, "with us, we will take you up with us to our own home, and *our* Father will be—nay, he is *your* Father. We have looked after you with deep anxiety until you reached this point. Many who promise well at first fail to reach it, because they will not regard the direction written over the great gate. Little do they know the wisdom of that inscription. The neglect of it in many cases, has proved fatal. Even the point where we now are might be reached with comparative ease, if each would lay aside the weight that he bound to his shoulders in the valley, and which is of no further use to him afterwards. It is an unspeakable folly for any one to attempt to ascend with it. It is in this way that some of the greatest and best of those whom we have met here, have fallen by the way. Noah and Moses and David and Solomon and Peter, and scores of others like them had learned this by experience. All that any one needs to guide and sustain him, is to hear and follow the voice that calls. The word that it speaks is spirit and life to the soul." And now these bright angel-like ones took each a traveller by the hand and hasted up the mountain. The way seemed no longer difficult, but each sped on as though borne on eagles' wings. Soon in the shadows of the grove they disappeared from my view, but I could hear their songs echoing through the aisles of what seemed a forest sanctuary, making all around vocal with their anthems of praise and joy. At last

they reached the region near the summit upon which the cloud rested. Its ample folds seemed to open to give them admission. A crowd were gathered there to bid them welcome. But as they passed on the broad folds of the cloud settled down over them, and I saw them no more. I only heard a voice saying almost in thunder tones—"these are they that have overcome, and they shall sit down with me on my throne even as I have overcome, and am set down with my Father on his throne."

GLAUDIOLUS.

[SEE PLATE.]

This is one of the most beautiful of bulbous flowers. Its generic name, *Glaudiolus*, is derived from the Latin word *gladius*, sword, in allusion to the shape of its leaf. It has many species possessing every variety of color. The species, which is exhibited in our plate, is a favorite with amateurs. It is most readily obtained from offset bulbs. These should be taken up in the autumn, and reset in pots with fresh soil, or planted six or eight inches in the ground and covered for the winter; or they may be kept in the cellar dry and free from the frost during that season. They flourish best in a rich silicious loam. The bulbs will often flower the next season after they are planted, though two or three years are requisite to mature a plant from the seed. It is one of the brightest ornaments of the flower-stand and conservatory. Mr. Sweetser, who originally exhibited the specimen from which our plate was derived, says of it, "In the month of April I purchased two bulbs, and set them in small pots about four inches in diameter, filled with a prepared compost, consisting of about one half peat, and one half loam, with a small portion of sand, and placed them in a green-house. They remained in this situation, making apparently but very little progress in their growth, till all danger of spring frosts and chilling winds were over, when one was turned out of the pot and plunged into the border; the

other remained in the pot, which, however, was shifted once or twice during the season. The latter did not flower, owing, undoubtedly, to its being confined in too small a pot. The former, a few days after its removal, grew astonishingly fast, and by the first of September it had thrown up four flower spikes, to the height of nearly four feet. About the twelfth of the month it began to open its gorgeous blossoms, and at one time I counted seven fully expanded on one spike." The art of cultivating it is very similar to that of raising the Tulip, the Hyacinth and the Narcissus.

LITTLE SAMMY'S MOTTO.

The body of this lovely child is now peacefully resting by the side of his mother, in a retired spot where the tall cyprus and the willow are bending over it; but any one who reads this sketch will hope, that when the trump of God sounds, and the bodies of the saints arise to meet their Lord in the air, that little Samuel will be among them.

He was a thoughtful boy, who though fond of play, and encouraged to take active exercise, yet was at any time pleased to leave his sports for the society and conversation of older people. He took especial delight in asking and receiving answers to questions often considered above the capacity of a boy of ten years of age.

After a long conversation with his mother about what he would like to be when he became a man, he said, "I should like to be a minister, except for two reasons."

When asked what these were, he replied, "I think it would be hard to pick out the hymns, and then I could'n't find enough to say in so many sermons." He often however afterward repeated the wish to be a minister.

About a year before his death, a lady who was a dear friend of his mother, was visiting them. Being very fond of children she read to Samuel from some child's paper, an account of a little boy nearly his own age, who had chosen two verses in Proverbs for his motto, through life.

When she had finished reading she said, "how I wish, Samuel, that you would take the same verses for your motto."

After a moment of steady thought and with a firmness which surprised her, he replied, "*I will.*"

The promise was never forgotten. "The verses were committed to memory, and often repeated and spoken of as the rule of his life.

In a letter written to his aunt after his death, the same lady relates a conversation he held with his mother only a short time before his last sickness: "He was sitting by her while the other children were out walking, and seeing some boys with baskets of berries passing by, he said, 'mother, it must be pleasant to gather berries, can't I go to-morrow?'"

"I think not, my son," she replied, "you are hardly strong enough."

"Perhaps by Monday, I can go, mother."

"If we live, Sammy."

At first he did not reply, then with that sweet thoughtfulness for which he was so remarkable, he exclaimed, "you said rightly, mother, *if we live*. 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth,'" and then he added, "but you know if I *do live*, mother, that I have a motto for my life, and I must live up to it," and he repeated the 14th and 15th verses of the 4th chapter of Proverbs, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

Soon after, he said, "how beautiful this world is, mother, but heaven is far more beautiful, and if we love God, we shall be there forever."

This thought he also expressed in his last hours, when he said, "North Conway is beautiful, but Heaven far more so."

The lady adds, that she has often repeated the account of little Samuel and his motto, to her Sabbath school class, consisting of twelve bright boys, and that their interest has been so awakened that they seem to feel that his motto shall be their own. She says, "tears often fill the eyes of my young hearers, and they say, 'tell us more of little Samuel.' Thus, though dead, he yet speaketh."

In his last sickness, which was a distressing affection of the brain, he was unusually patient and resigned. Indeed, his fortitude in the midst of severe suffering, was so great, that when I took my turn of administering to him, I could hardly endure the sight. It was really affecting to my feelings to witness the calmness and resignation with which he endured his agony, and the gratitude he exhibited for the attention of those who watched over him.

His pastor visited him a few days before his death, and though Samuel was so feeble as to be unable to converse, he listened with the deepest interest to what was said to him, and at the close of the prayer said, "I thank you sir," in a tone of such earnestness and sincerity, as will not soon be forgotten by any who heard it. Doubtless, if Samuel could now speak to any of my young readers, he would earnestly urge you to adopt his motto, and make it the rule of your life.

BE GENTLE TO THY WIFE.

Be gentle — for you little know
How many trials rise ;
Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle — though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may speak with kindness yet,
And joy to be thy own.

Be gentle — weary hours of pain
'Tis woman's lot to bear ;
Then yield her what support thou can'st,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle — for the noblest hearts
And times must have some grief,
And even in a pettish word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle — none are perfect here —
Thou'rt dearer far than life ;
Then, husband, bear, and still forbear ;
Be gentle to thy wife !

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers, like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously—and all,
Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower — yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow!

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

Ay, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Who-e last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withering bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

Courage and modesty are the most undoubted virtues; for they are of a kind that hypocrisy cannot imitate.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

Ecc. 11 : 1. "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shall find it after many days." The Hebrew word (*lehem*) here rendered bread, denotes also the kernel from which the flour is obtained and the bread is manufactured. It means wheat or rice; and the figure was derived from an oriental agriculturist who in early spring sows his rice-seed upon low ground partially covered with water, certainly before the river or wady has drained the soil. He casts the seed of his future bread-stuff upon the moist ground or the water resting on it, and God rewards his toil and fulfils his hopes. "After many days," he finds it, harvests the ripe grain and makes it into bread for the support of himself and his family. The passage teaches us to labor in faith and hope and to inculcate charity, which, bestowed on the necessitous and deserving, is like the seed of rice or of wheat, yielding an abundant return. This virtue ordinarily reaps a crop of esteem and gratitude; it secures the favor of man and the blessing of God.

Isa. 40 : 11. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

The pastoral language of the Bible is peculiarly beautiful and expressive. Here the evangelical prophet speaks of Christ and his kingdom. He foretells, that, like a good shepherd, he "shall feed his flock." This, Jesus does by his word, sacraments and prayer, by means and institutions, and by the Spirit and grace of God. The next declaration is still more tender and pathetic; "he shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom." When an oriental shepherd conducts his flock from one pasture to another, it is not uncommon for the little lambs, especially such as are very feeble, to tire and to linger behind. The sight of them and the thought of their feebleness moves his heart. He folds about him his loose flowing robe, confines it around his waist with his girdle, gathers

them with his arm, places them on his breast, and carries them, supported by the folds of his robe, in his bosom. It is common in such circumstances to find a shepherd with three, four or half a dozen lambs in his arms. Beautiful emblem of Christ ! How it expresses to us his love to little children, and his tender care of them ! He is indeed a good shepherd, caring for the lambs. What solicitude he feels for them when they stray from the fold ! How tenderly he calls them to remember him, to come to him, to love and serve him ! He also cares for their fathers and mothers, and grants them aid when they specially need his guidance and support. When a little lamb is gathered up and borne in the shepherd's arms, its anxious mother cries, and watches his every step, till faint and weary she too needs his assistance. He stretches forth his hand, supports and guides her. What an interesting subject for a picture, a shepherd with a little lamb in one arm, and its dam in the other ! Tenderly he bears the first and gently he leads the second. But the most interesting thought of all is, that that shepherd is our Saviour. Oh, let us devote to him the dew of our youth, the flower of our manhood, and ripe fruit of our age !

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

Our last number chronicled important events to the middle of August.

The war progresses ; the allied fleet in the Baltic took Sweaborg, the citadel of Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, on the 9th of August, after several hours of bombarding, with but little loss to the assailants, but with considerable loss of property to the besieged. This victory produced demonstrations of joy in Western Europe, and at once raised the price of stocks in the French and English market. But the place was not a key to any important post, and therefore its capture can be no great loss to Russia nor remarkable gain to the Allies. They have also taken Petropaulowski, a small military town of one thousand inhabitants on the eastern coast of Kam-schatka. On the 16th of August the Russians attacked the Allies on the Tchernaya, but were repulsed with a loss, estimated as high as 4000 killed and wounded, while that of the Allies was only 1000.

The English Parliament in August, were earnestly debating the subject of ways and means to prosecute the war in the Crimea. Lord John Russell, in a speech on the Consolidated Fund Bill, drew a sad picture of the condition of the Italian States, animadverting on the imprisonment of worthy citizens in Naples and on the religious persecution in Tuscany. These have long been preserved, mainly by Austrian and French bayonets. The London Times and other administration papers advocate the appointment of a generalissimo of the Allied armies in the Crimea. Parliament was prorogued on the 14th of August until the 23d of October. Queen Victoria and her attendants crossed the English Channel to Bologne on the 17th, and intended to remain in France a week.

Early in August *France* commenced fitting the Palace of St. Cloud for the reception of the Royal Family of England. Fifteen hundred workmen were employed levelling the ground, erecting triumphant arches and imparting to every thing all the embellishments which the most cultivated taste can devise or the most princely wealth procure. These royal visits are expensive, yet they give employment to the poor, gratification to the rich, and cultivate international cordiality. On the 27th of July another conspiracy was detected and its instigators apprehended. This is one of the trials of an emperor; he must be in fear lest he lose his life by assassination. Napoleon met Victoria at Bologne on the 18th, and escorted her to Paris, and under his escort she returned to the same place Monday the 27th. Paris papers say an effort is in progress to raise 50,000 additional troops for the Crimea.

Spain has resolved to engage in the war against Russia with an army of 25,000 men. But the plan must first be approved by the Cortes, which meets the present month. Whether this measure will produce in her own dominions quiet or party animosity, who can tell?

It is rumored that *Holland* has concluded with the United States, a treaty of commerce by which her ports will be open to our vessels, and which the Singapore Free Press thinks will have an advantageous influence on trade. Certainly she has reclaimed from the sea of Haalem by drainage a large tract of land, estimated in its uncultivated state at 8,000,000 of florins.

Denmark is much excited about her sound dues, and her Admiral Mourier asks advice of France. In the mean time, she fears that

the United States will seize her possessions in the West India Islands. An extra session of the Danish Chambers is called to consider the subject.

The Austrian Cabinet is divided into two parties—one desiring to maintain neutrality in respect to the present war—the other decidedly favoring the cause of the Allies, and desiring to join them. The prospect is that the latter will soon be in the ascendant.

In China, the revolution progresses slowly.

Mexico has been in a state of revolution for some time, and on the seventeenth of August, Santa Anna, its chief ruler, abdicated and embarked from Vera Cruz for Havana, and is reported to be designing to take up his residence in New York.

DOMESTIC.

Yellow Fever prevails in the most fatal manner in Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va. In the latter of these cities, only 2500 now remains out of a population of 10,000. The rest have fled before the pestilence or have been gathered to the congregation of the dead. The destroyer is equally busy in the other city. In each, business is suspended, and few can be seen in the streets except hearsemen, physicians, sextons and those engaged in the care of the sick, in conveying them to the hospitals, or in the burial of the dead. The malaria said to infect the atmosphere, is ascribed to the hot and impure air from dismal swamp. The same disease has made its appearance in New Orleans and some other cities, but with less violence and fatality. Much sympathy is felt for the sufferers and seasonable assistance rendered them from various parts of the Union. How great a blessing is life and health! How delightful, too, is that sympathy which works by love and affords relief in distress! “Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.”

The horrid accident on the Camden and Amboy Railroad has sent notes of lamentation through the country. Two trains running in opposite directions on the same track came near a collision. To avoid this, the train from Philadelphia for New York, reversed its action, and was running back at the rate of twenty miles an hour, when it struck the horses in the carriage of Dr. Heiniker, and dashed them to pieces. This threw the train from the track, and piled up the cars and passengers in a horrid heap of ruin and death. Twenty-four persons were instantly killed, and sixty-five more bruised and wounded in the most terrible manner. The catastrophe is reported

to have been the result of criminal carelessness, and of disregard of regulations. Oh, when will men learn that haste at the expense of safety is a sin, a heinous crime!

The United States Agricultural Society proposes to hold its annual exhibition in this city. It is to be confined to domestic animals, and ten thousand dollars are to be awarded in premiums. More than twenty thousand dollars have been subscribed by gentlemen in and about the city, as a reserved fund, to be assessed if necessary, to carry out the enterprize in a manner worthy of that national society, and of the metropolis of the Old Bay State. The government of the city, with laudable zeal and generosity, have tendered to the distinguished President of that Association, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, a tract of land on Harrison Avenue, amounting to more than fifty acres, has graded and in other respects fitted it for the occasion, which promises to be one of the grandest agricultural exhibitions ever held in this country.

America distances all competition in the *World's Fair* at Paris. The first report of this renowned exhibition was, that the United States were not well represented in respect to the arts of industry and manufacture, nor in the objects of embellishment and of taste. But those plaintive notes, quite grateful to some monarchical ears, have suddenly turned into shouts of victory and huzzas for Young America, and for republican institutions and enterprize. "Hail Columbia, happy land!" Our piano-fortes, our reaping machines and other instruments and implements take the premiums, and excite astonishment and admiration. Besides some trans-atlantic inventors have been constrained to retire in disgrace from the exhibition, and to withdraw from it articles patented in their own country, which were previously invented and patented in the United States. These World's Fairs and Telegraphic communications, prevent and expose intellectual fraud, and render more sure the reward of genius. They prepare the way for international laws, securing to authors their copy-rights, as well as to inventors the benefits of their skill and labor.

FASHIONS.

The styles for the season we shall give in our next issue. We agree with many of our wise readers and patrons who have expressed the opinion that these are of little utility, often than once in three months. We trust that our subscribers will find it far more for their gratification and improvement to have the same expense devoted to embroidery and household ornaments, to flowers, fruits and domestic animals.



ISABELLA GRAPE.

Little attention has yet been devoted by many of our farmers and gardeners to grape-culture, which, in some parts of Europe, is a source of much profit, domestic comfort and luxurious indulgence. Yet the large vineyards about Cincinnati, and in other sections of our extended country, have clearly demonstrated the adaptation of our soil and climate to this crop, and have awakened a good degree of interest in its cultivation. Thousands of country villas have their grape-ries, and around a greater number of rural cottages and suburban dwellings may be found trellises for the support of the vine whose juices make glad the heart of man.

It is easily obtained from seed or cuttings, and delights in a dry, warm and silicious soil, frequently enriched with a top dressing. As an article of diet, it is luxurious, and forms the base of many wholesome beverages. We are by no means certain that the extensive cultivation of the grape, even if it should be manufactured into light and unfermented wines, as our apples are into cider, would not subserve the cause of temperance, which we devoutly love and desire to see triumph. Some of our best advocates of this noble reform have been of that opinion.

One season when we raised a number of barrels of grapes, we manufactured from them several gallons of wine, put it into wooden casks tightly corked, cast them into a large fresh water cistern where they remained till the next spring, when it was drawn off and bottled, almost as limpid as water, free from the intoxicating quality, and a more delicious beverage we never tasted. According to the Apostle's rule we "drank a little of it for our stomach's sake, and our often infirmities," and gave it to our sick neighbors and friends for a similar purpose. If such an article of domestic manufacture were quite common, who, with the example of many grape-growing and wine-producing countries before him would say that it might not promote temperance, health and happiness?

As an article of diet none can reasonably object to it. For this purpose alone we wish it were in every cottage and habitation in the land. And there, a very little care, expense and labor can place it.

To such an enterprize it will be objected, that the grape decays soon after maturity and of course can be used in a family but a few

days. Yet with very little trouble it may be kept from autumn to the next spring or summer. All that is requisite for its preservation is too keep its juice from escaping through the stem by charring the end thereof, and then storing it where it will not gather moisture, and in a temperature from forty to fifty degrees of Fahrenheit. In this way, we have kept Isabella grapes from October to April. For the mode of propagating, pruning and maturing the grape, we refer our readers to "Downing's Fruit and Fruit-Trees of America." He notices thirty varieties for the house, and twelve for open culture. Of the latter, the Isabella of which we furnish a cut at the head of this article, is a favorite from the ease with which it is cultivated, the probability of a good crop annually, and the excellent flavor of the fruit.

This grape is a native of Carolina, and was brought into the northern states by Mrs. Isabella Gibbs, in honor of whom it was named. It is vigorous, hardy and productive. It ripens earlier, and consequently the crop is much surer than that of the Catawba. Its skin is thick—its color a dark purple, almost black, covered more or less with a blue bloom; its flesh is tender, and its juice sweet and very agreeable.

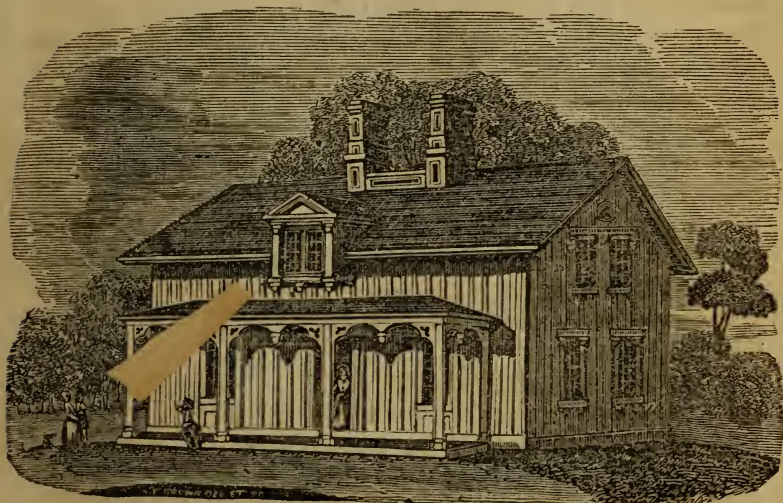
But if our readers would have this luxury they must plant the vine, study and practice the art of its cultivation, then they may pluck the ripe clusters. How healthful the exercise! How cheap and yet how rich the gratification!

HUBBARDSTON NONESUCH APPLE.

Of apples and most other fruits, we have this year an abundance, which calls for special gratitude and praise to the Giver of all good. Of the hundreds of excellent varieties of apples ripening in the autumn or fore part of winter, few surpass that at the head of this article. It bears the name of the town in which it originated. The tree is well formed, a vigorous grower and free bearer. Its fruit is large, round, yellow mixed with red in stripes, and russet about the stem, which is short and set in a broad deep cavity; its eye is in a large open basin; its flesh yellow, juicy and tender, and its flavor very mild and agreeable. It has the superiority which its name imports. Would that a few barrels of it were in the store-house or cellar of each of our readers! You will soon have them, if you will set out the young trees and give them proper cultivation.

COTTAGES.

Great improvements have been made in architecture since the publication of Downing's Country Residences. The taste displayed in this department, is conformed to a higher and better standard, convenience is subserved, and domestic comforts are multiplied. The first design which we present, is well adapted to a rural district, and

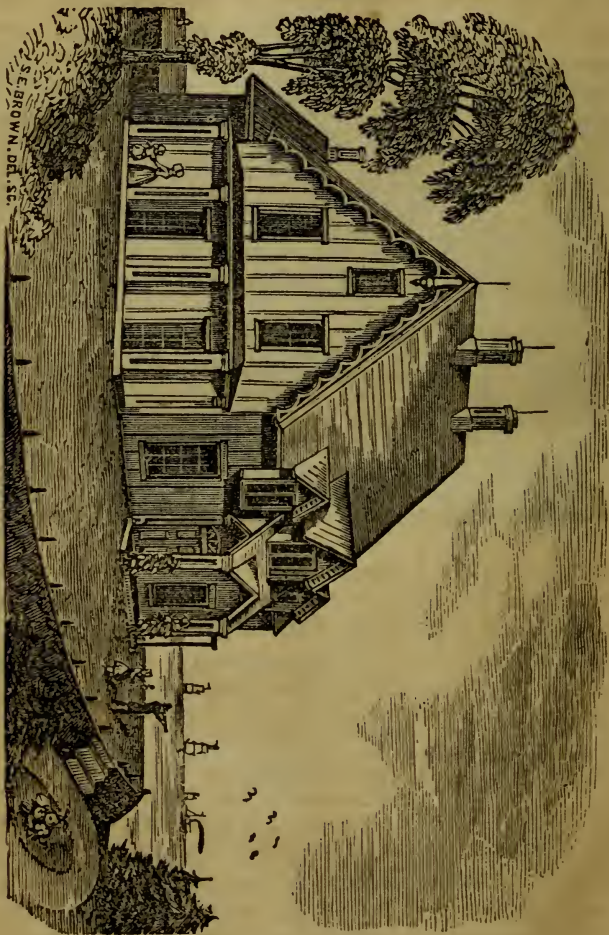


can be constructed for a small sum, and yet combines good taste with numerous conveniences. It is thirty-eight feet by twenty-four, with a hall extending from the front door directly across the house, and by a flight of stairs leading into the chambers. On the ground floor are a parlor, twenty feet by sixteen, and in the rear of it a pantry, sixteen feet by three. On the other side of the hall, are in front a dining room, sixteen feet by thirteen, opening into a kitchen of the same dimensions in the rear. Each of these four rooms open into the hall, to which there are two entrances, one in the front, the other in the rear. On the second floor, are four chambers of the same dimensions as the kitchen and dining room. In each of these are two windows, one in the end, the other on the side. Its large piazza in front gives it an imposing appearance.

It may be constructed of various materials, at the builders' convenience. That from which our plate was taken, is of wood, the boards being vertical and battoned, and the whole painted a dark chocolate color. It is neat, economical, substantial and convenient.

THE LAWRENCE COTTAGE.

This design is much more expensive and ornamental than the preceding. It is situated at the head of Long Beach, in Lynn, commanding a most delightful view of Nahant, and of Massachusetts Bay. It is owned and occupied during the watering season by A.



A. Lawrence, Esq. It combines convenience and taste, is built of wood, and the walls are of boards applied perpendicularly and battened. Our drawing presents the west end. It is about thirty-two feet by forty-two, with an ell projecting from the rear for a back

kitchen. The main house has four rooms on the first floor, a parlor, twenty feet by fifteen, with a library or small bed-room in the rear of it, ten feet square, a hall extending through the centre from the front door to the rear, and divided into two entries, from each of which a flight of stairs leads into the second story. On the east side of the hall are a dining-room and a kitchen, each opening on to a piazza like the parlor and library on the west side. On the second floor are four convenient sleeping rooms, commanding like the other apartments of the house, most extensive and delightful views. Beside these, there are two convenient chambers in the attic. Such a cottage can be built from \$1800 to \$3,000, according to the price of labor and materials and the expense of the finish, and affords all the conveniences and comforts of a happy home.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The following articles are accepted, and all others sent to the office for publication, here await the call or order of their authors.

ACCEPTED ARTICLES.

In Poetry.—Our Two Little Babes—Thou Dost all Things Well—First Thoughts on Hearing of the Death of a Friend—The Missionaries' Farewell—The Flowers of Earth—To a Beloved Brother—The Power of Nature—All Have Hidden Charms for Thee—To Genius Sorrowing—A Song—The Look Above—Ruth to Naomi—A Wren—A Friend—Speak in Kindness—The House Appointed for All—The Better Home—Stilling the Tempest—The Future—The Happy Home—When Should'st Thou Pray?—The Angel Child—Jesus of Nazareth Passing by—The Plain of Life.

In Prose.—A Brand Plucked out of the Fire—Thoroughness—Eloquent Prayers—It is but a Child—Benevolence the Basis of Free Institutions—The Indian Mother of Orinoco—Sketch of Rev. John Cumming, D. D.—The Mission of Christ as a Teacher—Eve's Fault—The Unequal Yoke—Lessons from Nature—Sympathy Better than Gold—The First Home—Parables from the Early Life of Mrs. Fletcher—The Dutiful Son and Fond Mother—The Bereaved Wife—The Grave of Caroline—Merit Appreciated—The Violet—The Calico Dresses—The Commandment with Promise.

WIT AND HUMOR.

TRUE DELICACY.—A friend lately returned from a journey through Scotland, related the following beautiful incident.

A young ladie had wooed successfully a blithe lassie, and in due time led her to the hymenial altar. He had a gude heart but little cultivation, while his ladie-love could both read and write. After the words had been spoken which united them for life, the groom was called forward, as was the custom, to sign his name to the marriage certificate. Not being able to do this he made his mark, and stood aside for the bride to approach. Ellen did so, and to the astonishment of her friends, made her mark also below his. Her friends, who prided themselves upon her learning, subsequently remonstrated in private. "Why Ellen did you make a mark only while you can write so well?"

"I didn't wish to hurt my Johnny's feelings," responded the bride, "by doing what would make him think I was his superior."

GENTLE REPROOF.—One day, as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large cod-fish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it or made it into chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home, — she resolved to please him once, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation:

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better—I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed," grumbled the discomfited husband. "I dare say it is an unpalatable wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large BULL FROG, of portentous dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair, not a little frightened at the appearance.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right and that he was wrong: and declared that she should never have occasion to read him such a lesson again, and he was as good as his word.

ANECDOTES OF HENRY IV.—Henry IV. of France one day reached Amiens after a long journey. A local orator was deputed to harangue him, and commenced with a long string of epithets. "Very great sovereign, very good, very merciful, very magnanimous"—"Add, also," interrupted the king, "very tired."

A famous physician having quitted Calvinism for Catholicism, Henry said to his Protestant minister, Sully, "My friend, your religion is surely very ill. The doctors give it up." The same monarch was one day harangued by a speaker in a small country town, during whose discourse an ass brayed. "One at a time, gentlemen," said the king.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

God, in every dispensation, is at work for our good. In more prosperous circumstances he tries our gratitude; in mediocrity, our contentment; in misfortune, our submission.—*H. Moore.*

Persons may go far, and yet not far enough; they may be convinced, yet not converted; like king Saul, have *another* heart, and yet not a *new* one.—*Jay.*

THE INFIRMITIES OF GOOD MEN.—If we saw not man's infirmities in God's elect, we which are so weak and fall so oft, should utterly despair, and think that God had clean forsaken us. It is, therefore, a sure and an undoubted conclusion, whether we be holy or unholy, we are all sinners. But the difference is, that God's sinners consent not to their sin. They consent unto the law that it is both holy and righteous, and mourn to have their sin taken away. But the devil's sinners consent unto their sin, and would have the law and hell taken away, and are enemies unto the righteousness of God.—*Tyndale.*

WOMAN.—"As the vine," says Washington Irving, "which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plat is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattering boughs; so it is beautifully ordained by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart."—

Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, can do anything.—*Elliot.*

Those who depend on God, shall not want, even in a desert.—*Bp. Hall.*

IT IS FINISHED."

MUSIC FROM THE BOSTON SACRED HARMONY, BY PERMISSION.

WORDS BY FRANCIS.

Affettuoso.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a - loud from
 2. It is fin-ished! O! what plea-sure Do these pre-cious
 3. Tune your harps a - new, ye ser-aphs; Join to sing the

Cal - va - ry; See! it rends the rocks a - sun - der,
 words af - ford! Heaven-ly bless-ings, with - out meas - ure,
 pleas - ing theme; All on earth, and all in Hea - ven,

Shakes the earth, and veils the sky; It is fin - ished:
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord; It is fin - ished:
 Join to praise Im - man-uel's name; It is fin - ished:

It is fin-ished; Hear the dy - ing Sav - ior cry
 It is fin-ished; Saints the dy - ing words re - cord.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb!

"O sing the merry song with me."

FROM COMMON SCHOOL SONGSTER.

1. O sing the merry song with me! And let our hearts be free

As the waves of the o - cean, that ceaseless swell, And the

wandering breezes that ever tell The music of all we see.

2

O, sing the merry song, so bold!
And sing of days of old,
When the stars of the night sparkled bright as now,
And we pledged to continue forever true
As when our chorus rolled.

3

O sing the merry song to-night;
And sing the hour's swift flight!
Sing of Him who has made our life calm and clear
Sing of Him who has brought us together here
O, sing the glad song to-nig'ht.

BOOK NOTICES.

A VOICE FROM THE PARSONAGE. Fourth Edition, published by Morris Cotton, Esq., 120 Washington St., Boston.

The former editions of this volume, we have noticed with commendation. It belongs to the sunny and shady side literature, with somewhat more of *shade* than of sun. We regret to say that personal observation constrains us to believe it contains more of reality than of fiction. It should be circulated and read in every parish. The welfare of Zion, we think, requires a very serious and prayerful attention to the fluctuations that so abound in the relation of pastor and people, and to the inadequate support of the Christian Ministry. Dismissions take place for *every* cause and for *no* cause. These evils are not altogether chargeable to the people; ministers have an agency in producing them. Churches and ecclesiastical councils professing to hold that cardinal doctrine of Protestantism, "*the sufficiency of the Bible as a rule of practice*," are often far from exemplifying it in their deliberation and action. They seldom ask what does God require? What precepts of the holy Scriptures reveal our rule of action? Too often they set up their own reason or will in the place of Biblical authority; in other words, they *profess* Protestantism, but *act* Popery. We rejoice in all the agency which this book or any other means may exert, to conform practice in these respects to correct sentiment.

A BOOK WITHOUT A TITLE, or Thrilling Events in the life of Mira Dana; by Mrs. M. W. Tyler. A more thorough examination of this volume might heighten our esteem of it, but our first impressions are not very favorable. If it may produce more kindness and affection between any husbands and wives, and aid in realizing the ends of the matrimonial relation, we shall rejoice in the result.

THE DORCHESTER CELEBRATION. We have received from the publisher, Ebenezer Clapp, Esq., and Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, copies of a neat and beautiful octavo of 200 pp., containing Hon. Edward Everett's oration, and a full account of the decorations and exercises of that grand occasion. The oration was worthy to be the valedictory of that most eminent of American orators and statesmen. The rest of the volume is as replete with good taste and patriotic sentiments as the occasion was with interest, and rejoicing. It is a book which all will desire to read and to place in their library for reference, as a model for future imitation in all our towns and cities, and as a just tribute to the great worth of the first settlers and of the early inhabitants of Dorchester, a town in which our noble ancestors dwelt, and which is endeared to us by many most grateful and hallowed associations. Prosperity to its institutions, and peace to its inhabitants!

SHEET MUSIC. We have received the following sheets of choice music from our worthy patron Oliver Ditson, Esq., 115 Washington St.

1. *The Early Flower*, a charming solo with an instrumental accompaniment, words by W. H. Potter, and music by W. H. Hartwell.
2. *My Cot Beside the Sea*, another song well adapted to enliven and cheer a sea-side home; words by Charles Jefferys, music by Steven Glover.
3. *Vie Orageuse*, (or stormy life) an admirable piece for the piano.
4. *Trois Daguerreotypes Musicales* sur la prophete, arranged for the piano by F. Beyer.

MONTHLIES.—Godey's, Graham's and other Magazines for September, came duly to our office and present a very attractive appearance.

WEEKLIES. We gratefully acknowledge our obligations to the Ellsworth American, the Sutherland Observer, the Congregational Journal, the Westfield News Letter, the Bay State, the Lynn Reporter, the Lancaster Intelligencer, and some other papers for complimentary notices of our monthlies for September.



BEURRE CLAIRGEAU.



INGATHERING : OR, ODE TO AGRICULTURE

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

[TO THE TUNE OF AULD LANG SYNE.]

WE lift our grateful hearts to thee,
Hail! generous mother, hail!
Thou fair and glorious type of Him,
Whose mercies never fail.

For all thy kind maternal care,
A grateful song we raise ;
We'll twine the laurel round thy head,
And wreathe thy brow with bays.

Again, with free and rich supplies,
Thy liberal board is spread ;
Thy generous bosom ne'er denies
Thy patient children bread.

For all thy wise and tender care,
A grateful song we raise ;
We'll twine the laurel round thy head,
And wreathe thy brow with bays.

We view thy beauties everywhere,
On mountain, hill and plain ;
In many a pleasant valley fair
Where waves the golden grain.

For all thy kind and generous gifts,
A grateful song we raise ;
We'll twine the laurel round thy head,
And wreathe thy brow with bays.

The haughty warrior's boasted might,
The poet's lofty strain ;
The scholar's studious toil by night,
Without thy care were vain.

For all thy kind maternal care,
A grateful song we raise ;
We'll twine the laurel round thy head,
And wreathe thy brow with bays

And *she* whose willing fingers aid
 The tiller of the soil ;
 Whose pleasant smiles and words of love
 Relieve his patient toil ;
 All who have felt and known her worth
 In childhood's happy days,
 And met her by the household hearth,
 Can speak in woman's praise.

With smiling eye and tranquil brow
 She meets him at the door ;
 She soothes his cares, she shares his toils ;
 God bless her ever more.
 And grant, when round His glorious throne
 The angels' song we raise,
 His hand may crown her gentle brow
 With never fading bays.

THOROUGHNESS.

BY REV. L. GILBERT, D. D.

The unskilful plodding farmer went on from year to year forcing a wretched tribute from his barren fields by a rude culture which barely stirred their surface. Without attempting to penetrate the reluctant soil with a deep furrow, and to clear away at once and forever all the obstacles to facile agriculture and an abundant harvest, he blunted his plowshare and worried his cattle in a life-long struggle against the same fixed or rolling stones, which a little enterprise and a vigorous outlay of vernal and autumnal leisure might long since have converted to useful purposes."—*Olin*.

When I read this passage, it seemed strikingly illustrative of many scenes that fall under the eye of a careful observer. And some of them lie within the field which this publication proposes for cultivation.

THE HAPPY HOME! How many homes that might be, and ought to have been happy, can never justly be so regarded, for want of skilful management in the domestic relationships. The

husband and wife are bound by the laws of God and man to make home happy. "The rule of duty to the husband is the happiness of his wife; and the rule of duty to the wife is the happiness of her husband." Coming forward as they do from different families, to spend life together, it is not strange that obstacles should early present themselves to the perfection of their earthly bliss. If they would but set themselves diligently and unitedly to work to remove every obstruction—if they would but exercise all needed forbearance, and ascertain, by frankness and mutual explanation, and in all kindness and fidelity, what would be less offensive or more agreeable to each other—if each would be willing to learn the true art of this relationship, and to practice it when learned, they might bring the soil of their domestic Eden into facile culture, and make it productive of an abundant and perennial harvest.

So again in the training of children, if family government and parental instruction are neglected or unwisely administered, the child may grow up in those habits of wilfulness, disobedience and wrong doing, which will constitute a perpetual source of annoyance to the domestic circle, and of pain and anxiety to the parental heart.

But if parents will earnestly and wisely set themselves to the work of training the mind of a child in its earliest developments, so that it shall acquire obedient and virtuous habits, and avoid the opposite, as fast as its capabilities expand, they will soon have brought it into such a state as to dissipate all doubt and fear from the question, "What manner of child shall this be?"

It would be easy to enlarge upon scenes in human economy, on all of which instruction could be derived from the quotation at the head of this article. But the one great principle of practical wisdom which it contains, can easily be applied by all the readers of this work, to every concern in life which bears upon their happiness in the present world or the world to come—*Make thorough work.*

Tears of compassion, are like dew drops falling from roses upon the bosom of the earth.

THE DUTIFUL SON AND FOND MOTHER.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

Observe that lady stepping from the stage-coach! She is leading a little boy. See how tightly his hand clasps her fingers, as they alight on the platform, and she tarries a moment until the crowd have passed, that she may see to her baggage.

"Come with mother now," she says, in a tender, loving voice, as she points out her trunk to the driver, and follows him to the hack. Could any one doubt that she was a mother? It is written legibly on every feature of her speaking countenance, and beams in rays of love from her eye. It appears from her fervent prayers for the life of her child; these all prove that she has the heart of a mother. The child knows not where they are going; or if he does, is not capable of finding his way alone, but he follows his mother without fear, without thought even of the future. He is fully assured of her love for him, and of her ability to care for his wants; therefore he confides in her.

It is just so with the children of God. They are making the voyage of life. Sometimes clouds arise and spread all over their horizon; but grasping firmly the hand of the Almighty, they go fearlessly on to their heavenly home, for they feel assured of his love and protection.

Time flies on. The mother and her son of whom we have spoken, have again started upon a journey, and this time have taken passage in the cars. The little boy has grown to be a tall youth who walks proudly by his mother's side. He is evidently now much more at home in travelling than she is, for he daily comes to the city where he is engaged in preparation for mercantile life. The lady still retains her love-lit eye, and her fond smile of affection for her son; and except that she is a shade paler, and that her form has more fully developed, she is the same as of old. "Shall I get a carriage, mother, he asks, or will you walk? I can easily carry the bag."

"Oh, we will walk, my son," she answers, "I should much prefer it," and taking his offered arm they pursue their way while engaged in an animated conversation.

Again we pass over a lapse of years, and once more we meet our fellow travellers ; but now it would be difficult to recognize them. The son, a man in the prime of life, with erect form and firm, self-relying step, would in any place arrest attention. But these are not his chief attractions. See how considerately he tarries now for her, lest the jostling crowd should annoy her in passing from the cars. As he tenderly assists her from the steps we notice that her hair, once black as the raven's wing, is now thickly threaded with silver, while a calm expression of trust has taken the place of the sparkling animation we before noticed. She is dressed in the garb of mourning, and her son never forgets the dying injunction of his beloved father, " my son, I commit your mother to your care, till God calls her to join me in our heavenly home."

He now gently places her hand in his arm and slowly proceeds to the street where he procures a carriage, and having assisted her into it he returns for her trunk. As he is gone longer than she expected she looks anxiously from the window, until a fellow passenger respecting her age, politely asks, " madam, can I be of service ?"

" Thank you, sir," she replied gratefully, " my son will soon be here. He attends to all my wants."

Having at length obtained the trunk, the dutiful son takes a seat by his mother, and having relieved her of a small bag, replies to a question of his companion on the seat opposite ; for the simple remark of that enfeebled mother, " my son attends to all my wants," inspires the stranger with a strong desire for further acquaintance.

Will you approach with me for a final meeting with that devoted mother ? Take passage then in yonder cars. Observe that manly form on the seat before you. See how his bosom heaves with suppressed emotion ! See how often he is obliged to put his handkerchief to his eyes to catch the falling tear. This morning when he left his home his mother was in usual health. But he has been hastily summoned from his counting room to see her die. He hurries from the cars when they reach their destination, and with rapid steps approaches his home. The stillness of the tomb reigns there. His heart almost ceases

its wild beating, at the thought, "she may be gone," but pressing his hand to his brow, he passes up the wide staircase and enters the chamber of sickness.

Here all the members of the household are assembled, but every voice is hushed in expectation of a solemn messenger. The dying mother is on the bed, propped with pillows to nearly a sitting posture, while her dutiful daughter, the wife of her only son is bathing her cold temples upon which has already begun to gather the moisture of death. By her side are kneeling two children whose countenances are filled with awe at the scene before them, while at the foot of the bed stands the faithful physician and the weeping domestics.

Pausing at the door but for one moment, to force back the tears which are choking him, the son advances to the side of his aged parent. She opens her eyes and recognizes him. A holy smile, exceeding in brightness the beaming fondness which first attracted our attention lights every feature. Falling upon his knees he lifts her withered hand to his lips, and his soul gives vent to its burden of grief. "My mother, oh, my mother, how can I part with you! Oh, bless me once before you die!"

The dying eyes are raised to heaven in prayer for strength. The lips feebly move. Starting to his feet and bending down to listen, the afflicted man hears the words, "My son, may God bless you for all the comfort you have been to me! Your love and obedience have rendered my journey short. I go to meet your father, and to join in singing the praise of the Saviour forever. I want to see you all there," glancing around the now weeping group.

Suddenly every sob ceased; the messenger has come. He is welcomed by the aged saint. She slightly raises her hands while a bright light passes over her features, and she is with her Saviour.

The man who returns good for evil, is as a tree which renders its shade and its fruit even to those who stone it.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

BY M. A. OSGOOD.

Had we the gift to look beyond the outward appearance, what lessons of wisdom might be learned from the book of nature ! We spend years in pouring over the dusty tomes of libraries, the products of minds finite like our own. We waste health and energy, and, it may be, life itself, in hoarding up a little of that knowledge which shall give us a name among men. But we too often close our hearts to the sweet influences which nature would pour into them. We little think how much we lose by so doing. He who has given us a transcript of his own infinite mind in the book of Revelation, has also filled the book of nature with mysterious truths. Oh, that we may read them !

The sun rises and sets on the evil and on the good ; the gentle dew and the refreshing rain descend on the just and on the unjust ; the same blue canopy is spread over all, and the poetry of heaven written in golden alphabet is free to every eye ; yet how many turn unheeding, from the beauties and the wonders which are so lavishly spread around them, and learn no lesson, grow no wiser, no holier ! How perfectly did Wordsworth, nature's own poet, describe these heartless ones :

“ A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

If Peter Bell was an imaginary character, he fitly represents many whom we meet every day, whose hearts are hardened and their minds debased, by the soulless drudgery for wealth or fashion, or pleasure ; thus crushing down the noble intellect, and exalting in its stead, that body, the earthly and finishing part.

But, thank God, there are those who, following in their Master's steps, disdain not to draw lessons from the birds of the air and the lilies of the field, those to whom every thing in na-

ture is an emblem of something spiritual. If we will but listen, the birds of summer will sing us sweet lessons of Him who gave to each such an instrument of rich, rare music, as art could never imitate. And look at these beautiful plants. All through the long, cold winter, when everything without looked dreary and desolate, their leaves were ever turned toward the light, alike in storm and in sunshine. Would that my heart were thus ever turned to the great source of light.

Still, these beautiful plants are only exotics. How gloriously would the lily expand its snowy blossom on the verdant banks of the Nile ! How would the geranium exhale its fragrance in the balmy air of Italy ! But here the climate is too cold, and though watched and watered and sheltered from wind and storm, they yet pine for the genial soil that nurtured them, and though lovely to our eye, they are yet dwarfs, compared with what they would be, beneath the sunny skies of their own fair land. It is even so with us. We too are exotics, and though our earthly home may be an Eden spot in the world's wilderness, we yet pant for a diviner air. Exiles from our home in the spirit land, we droop and die where all else is drooping and dying. Still, if Christians, we ever exhale a heavenly fragrance and like them, we are ever turning toward the light that beams from heaven and sighing for immortality.

Here is my favorite, the rose-geranium. Would that its beauty and fragrance were an emblem of my heart ! The slightest breeze diffuses its odors around ; the gentle dew and the refreshing shower call forth its fragrance ; and thus I would that my heart might ever overflow with love to my adorable Redeemer and pour forth its tribute of praise and thanksgiving alike in sunshine or in shower, yielding its perfume like incense to heaven as each day's countless mercies call it forth, ever responding to the sweet influences of the Spirit and the gentle dews of heavenly grace.

But the geranium leaves must be crushed ere they will yield their richest fragrance, and thus shall my heart pour forth its deepest tribute of love when it lies lowest beneath my Father's afflicting rod. May He who gave such rare beauty to the form of its leaves and bestowed on it such treasures of hidden fra-

grance, be ever teaching me sweet lessons from the book of nature, and give me to see Himself in everything.

How elevating and purifying are the lessons which nature teaches! What sublime truths are written in the starry sky! How they rebuke the folly and the littleness of worldly things! Free your intellect from the trammels which the pride of man would throw around it. Leave your close, dull room; your books of classic lore, and go out occasionally, especially in the morning, with a child's heart to learn lessons from the flowers, the birds, the beasts, from every object of nature that meets the eye, and from every sound that salutes the ear.

THE MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

It was my unspeakable privilege to be present at the last public address of those veteran Missionaries, Scudder and Spalding, previous to their embarkation for India, for the last time, and to stand on the wharf with weeping friends, when they and others set sail. The recent death of Dr. Scudder has brought the scene freshly to mind, and directed my attention to the following lines, which were written shortly after their departure. Those who were present and who recollect the occasion, will bear witness to their truthfulness. I send them, however imperfect, for publication. They may revive in some bosom a missionary spirit. They may remind some father or mother who listened to their solemn appeal, of the soul-felt tenderness and burning zeal of those eminently devoted servants of the Lord—one of whom has already entered on his reward.

*"Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live."*

I remember when they rose up last
In Park Street's House of Prayer,
Their full hearts yearning to impress
The thousands gathered there.

Their earnest accents full of grace,
Of meekness and of love,
Fell as refreshing dews distil
From cloudless skies above.

Before them rose dark heathen lands,
And oh! they could but weep,
In making their last earnest plea
For tribes beyond the deep,

For millions of benighted souls,
To whom, scarce one will go
To tell them of the bleeding Lamb,
Who saves from sin and wo !

Their parting words were true, yet sad,
WHITE HARVESTS ! — LABORERS FEW !
But Faith, for their encouragement,
Brought brighter worlds to view.

They saw by Faith that holy morn
Which Hope shall herald in,
When toil and sacrifice shall cease,
And endless rest begin.

Thrice precious to their trusting heart
God's promise now appears ; —
For who shall reap in holy joy
But they that sow in tears ?

I never shall forget their words : —
“ Up, take possession now,
Of all the land which yet remains
To furrow and to sow ; —

The Saviour calls on *mothers*, here,
To train their offspring up,
For Him who our high ransom paid,
And drank our bitter cup.

Yea, He who spared not his own Son
To suffer for us all,
Calls fathers to this sacrifice,
And shall he vainly call ?

Would ye be heirs of Abraham,
O haste, the call obey, —
His faith, at God's command e'en dared
The Heir of Promise slay !

O who that has a heart to feel, —
A tear for human wo,
Can witness down to endless death
Blind heathen millions go ; —

Yet give no child, tho' well beloved,
And bear no bitter cross,
To bid those dying Pagans live,
And give them gold for dross ?

Is there one bosom beating here
Within the Gospel's sound,
That would not toil and watch and pray
Till all the lost are found? —

One soul enlightened by the Lord
With beamings from on high,
That would not on a mission field
For Christ's sake live or die? —

I envy not that bosom's hope! —
That soul Christ will not own
When Pagan tribes in judgment stand
Before th' eternal throne.

For who shall worthy be esteemed
With Christian heaven to dwell,
That would not make some sacrifice
To save a world from hell? "

I remember with what eager grasp
They press'd the parting hand,
Ere yet their gallant ship set sail
From their dear Fatherland.

How, — far as eye could trace their course
Adown the misty bay, —
White kerchiefs waved from ship and shore,
Our last farewell that day!

That scene I never shall forget,
'T will dwell forever more
Impressed upon my inmost soul,
That farewell from the shore!

God speed the missionary ship
Which bears that noble band,
And guide them o'er the pathless deep
To India's idol land: —

Forsaking kindred, friends and home,
And children dear as life,
The father and the mother there,
Who knows their bosom's strife?

Who shall the strong emotions paint
Which swell each parent's soul?
Or who the anguish shall depict
Which faith can scarce control?

May He who stills the stormy wind, —
Who walks the surging sea,
In all their ocean journeyings
Their Guardian Angel be !

And give them skill to bless the blind
And grace to guide their feet
From paths of dark idolatry
To God's own mercy seat.

SYMPATHY BETTER THAN GOLD.

BY. S. M. JUDKINS.

It was a bitter cold day in December, and Mrs. Hallett sat before her scanty fire, sewing as busily as if her life depended on the effort. The wind blew furiously ; but of that one last stick, standing in the corner, she must be prudent and allow the few remaining coals to last as long as possible. To be sure, her benumbed fingers drew her needle with difficulty, but her work *must* be done, and that one stick *must* last, so she sewed on, though the cold would have seemed insufferable to most persons. Mrs. Hallett's thoughts were but little with her work. By her side was a child's vacant chair, and by the bed an empty cradle, but the little one that had filled them was absent. A small grave in a remote corner of the church-yard was her darling's resting-place, and his only lullaby, the hoarse wailing of the wind. It was a hard and weary world which his blue eyes closed upon. She knew full well, and felt deeply that his change was for him a happy one ; yet it made her sad to miss his voice which once, with a bird-like sweetness fell upon her ear, to look upon his garments tastefully folded in his drawer, and to think that his eyes were closed in death.

No wonder that her thoughts were not upon her work, or that she heeded not the cold. There was a heavy knock at the door, and before she could lay aside her work, the latch was lifted and an elderly gentleman entered, saying, " Excuse me, ma'am, but 'tis so very blustering, I thought I'd come in at once. Is this Mrs. Hallett ? "

"It is."

"Well, Mrs. Hallett, I believe you have done some sewing lately for my daughter, Miss Richmond; she heard something yesterday of your child's illness, and thinking you might like your pay, wished me to call and deliver it. How much is it? Three dollars, eighty-seven cents, do you say? Well, here are four dollars; have you the change, ma'am?" Mrs. Hallett looked into her empty purse and shook her head.

"Well, never mind *now*," said Mr. Richmond, "you can let it stand, and deduct it from your next bill. But why don't you throw on that stick of wood, ma'am. This room is cold;" and Mr. Richmond shrugged his shoulders to show how uncomfortably he felt in the chill atmosphere. "By the way, how is the child? Julia wished me to inquire."

Mrs. Hallett groaned aloud, and the tears which had all day been standing in her eyes, fell fast as she murmured, almost inaudibly, "He's gone."

"*Gone!* You don't say he's dead? Well, madam," said Mr. Richmond, after a moment's thought, "I'm sure you ought not to mourn. I really think it wrong," continued he, as her tears still fell faster than before, "Why, think; who sent the blow?"

"Oh, sir, he was my only one, my darling," said Mrs. Hallett in reply, "*all* I had left to love."

"Ah! that's the point; he was your all, so in your foolishness you worshipped him; and God, in mercy, took him from you. It is your duty to be submissive, ma'am. God never sends a trial in vain; *now*, you will have one mouth less to feed, and more time to sew. We can turn every affliction into a blessing, if we try."

"I know it, sir; I know it," answered Mrs. Hallett, but—

"There's no *but* about it. It was all right, or it never would have happened. Submission, that's what we all need, ma'am, *submission*," and Mr. Richmond drew his fur-lined cloak closer about him, saying as he did so, "but I must leave you, ma'am; it is a biting cold day,—if you don't wish to take cold, you had better throw on more wood. Good evening, ma'am."

Poor Mrs. Hallett! To look upon her child's death with gratitude, and to feel that it had lessened her toil, was too much; and her aching heart burst, while her fingers moved mechanically along her seam, and she thought and prayed till, by and by, a gentle calm fell upon her soul, she knew not how; but her tears ceased to drop.

But 't was a bitter night after such a chilly, blustering day. God help the poor!

"Julia, my dear," said Mr. Richmond, "draw the curtains closely, 't is very cold, and ring the bell for John. This room is not half warmed. One needs to pile on coal to-night" — and drawing up a softly cushioned chair he seated himself to read.

Mr. Richmond was a rich man; the papers called him *generous*, because his name appeared at times heading with a round sum a charitable list. He was a good man, so the church folks said; his piety, not mere profession. Rarely was his place vacant on the Sabbath in the house of God, and at the weekly prayer-meeting his voice was not unheard. Real excellence, however, lies not in appearances, and although he gave liberally, and appeared outwardly exact wherein duty was concerned, he was none the less a cold, hard, selfish man. He gave money, for he had it in abundance and could spare it. But of that which is better than money, and which does the heart good and binds the receiver to the giver with a life-long gratitude — sympathy, warm, melting kindness of heart — the only charity which deserves the name of Christian — this he did not possess.

But cold and unfeeling as he generally was, there was nevertheless *one* to whom he was always generous and kind with a warmth and earnestness which could hardly be exceeded. Julia was the very image of her lost mother. She was his only remaining child by one he had dearly loved; and for years she had been well-nigh the object of his worship. His heart, his wealth, his prudent husbandry, and his daily labors — all were for her alone. Nor was she unworthy of his love. Of quick sensibilities, always kind and self-denying, and ready to respond at every call of duty, she was one of those rare spirits which seem always ripe for heaven.

Ah! Mr. Richmond, happy now with that loved and loving being by your side, you little think that to many a suffering one aided by your charities, a look or a word of kindness would have been esteemed above all your gold. But let trouble come and crouch by your own fireside, let the dark hour fling its shadow over *you*, and then you will have learned, although by a sad discipline, the value of real sympathy.

"Well, Julia," said he, as she was seated on a cricket at his feet, and he passed his arm about her neck, "I've been to look after that protege of yours this afternoon; and now, Julia, while this cold weather lasts you must not go there again. It makes me shudder now, to think how cold the room was."

"How was she, father?"

"Well! only rather sad, to think her child was dead."

"Dead! Poor little Jamie!! What will she do?"

"Do! my dear child, what should she do, if he's gone? She must make the best of it. Its wrong to mourn. 'The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away,' that's what she must say, Julia, and then this trial will be blest to her."

"But, father, he was her only one, just as I am yours. You would grieve to lose me, I know you would," and she drew her father's arm more tightly round her neck, and leaned her head caressingly upon his knee while her scalding tear-drops fell thick and fast upon his hand.

"Yes, love, don't mention it; you know 't would break my heart. What could your father do without you, pet? But with these *poor* folks, Julia, 't is another matter. Mrs. Hallett has to work hard for every mouthful of her food; then with her child to care for, I dare say, she was interrupted more than half her time; but now with only herself to think of, how much she will be saved! Doubtless 't will at first seem hard; but, 't is all for the best."

"But, father, you don't know how she loved the darling. I'm sure, *I* loved him, too; he was so good and pretty. All is indeed for the best. So she thinks. But, oh! father, think, if you should never feel my arms about your neck again, or hear me call you, father, nor see me by your side *thus*, how lonesome you would be! Poor little Jamie! Just one short

week ago, I had him in my arms. Then how sweetly he looked, and how his mother watched him as he tottled round the room ! ”

“ Well, darling, as soon as this cold season has passed, you shall go over and comfort her ; but don’t go before, else I shall have *you* sick. Why, her room was like a barn ; I don’t see how she could sew there.”

“ Did you ask her if she had wood enough to make her warm, father ? ”

“ No, child ; I left her what you owed her. She’s used to taking care of herself, I don’t doubt. I told her if she didn’t want to take cold, she must keep a warmer room. The way the wind whistled down chimney and made the windows rattle, was enough to give one an *ague-fit* ! ”

“ But, father, perhaps she had no wood.”

“ Well, if she had n’t she could buy some, Julia. Why, my love, you ought to be president of some philanthropic society ; you would grace the office *well*, if you held the strings of a purse well filled. One kiss, darling ; then good night ! Is your room warm, Julia ? Look out for that — this weather takes right hold of one.”

December, with its blustering winds and boisterous, chilly days went by, leaving the earth well covered with ice and snow. Indeed the rest of winter and the first month of spring passed. Next came April, with its changeful face, half smiles, half tears. May followed with its breath odorous with bursting fruit-buds, and with its genial sunshine — *May*, admired, delightful, warmly-anticipated month ! But what month or week or day has not its shadows ! Many a heart lies desolate in May ; many a form lies faint and drooping ; many a death leaves the brightest places vacant. Our world, with all its beauty, is a dark, deformed world, and much to be pitied is the man who anticipates only joy. Mr. Richmond had known a long period of home-happiness ; but now, in this bright season of the year, so full of rich promise, he was doomed to taste the bitter cup of sorrow.

Fever laid its heavy hand upon the father’s darling, and as day after day passed, and yet more and more close its grasp,

'twas a sad thing to watch the father's face. Men seldom weep, but on his countenance there was such a look of anguish as if no suffering could be more acute than his. She was very sick. At times there were strange fancies in her mind; and she would talk of the cold, the bitter cold, of little Jamie and his grave, of the poor mother in her loneliness; and then she would seize violently the bed-clothes in her pale thin hand, and talk as if bent upon accomplishing some task. Mr. Richmond never left her bedside—it was his hand that held each potion to her lip, fanned her burning cheek, and bathed her aching brow. No watching seemed to weary him. Her slightest wish seemed like a law; and when, in her delirium, she talked of Jamie and his mother, and seemed to fancy Mrs. Hallet near, and called her by endearing names, and talked of pleasant times they once had passed together, the father sent immediately to the widow and procured her services for the sick room, and so Mrs. Hallett left her sad and lonesome hearth for the weary place of a watcher. Her's was a tender charge. His jealous eye was scarce more keen than her's in noting every change. Sicker and sicker grew their patient, less and less the intervals of consciousness, more shadow-like her fair, pale cheek, her small hands whiter and thinner every day. 'Twas a fearful thing to watch the withering blight falling so steadily, and think of her recovery as doubtful, who was so beloved and worthy of the love lavished on her.

At length she seemed more quiet; a heavy sleep took the place of drowsiness; there was moisture on the brow. Might they dare to hope? Eagerly they scanned the kind physician's face as with a quiet tread he stole into her darkened room and looked long and earnestly into her face, felt her fluttering pulse, and laid his hand upon her brow. Mr. Richmond, as he left the room, followed him, and as he reached the door seized him by the arm and groaning, asked, "Is there no hope, doctor? Only save her, doctor, and anything I have is yours; for I cannot give her up. Tell me," he continued, as he grasped the arm he held almost fiercely, "can your skill save her? Will she, *must* she die?" And overcome by his emotions he staggered back, and but for the doctor's aid would have fallen.

"Mr. Richmond," and the kind physician's tones were

tender as a mother's to a grieving child. Used as he was to scenes of suffering, his heart had not grown callous, but the deep anguish of his questioner almost unmanned him, as he answered, "you must, my friend, make up your mind to lose her. She is in better hands than ours. God knows, if I could do one thing to save her, I would do it. She has been, I know, the treasure of your heart, but now——"

"*Has* been! I cannot *bear* that word, doctor. Is there *no* hope? She is still breathing. Think, is there nothing more that you can do? *Nothing*? She must not, *must not*, die;" and he wrung his hands in agony, and paced to and fro with rapid strides. "Only save her, doctor, and yours is all my wealth; for what is wealth to me without her."

"If I dared breathe one word of hope," was the reply, "it would relieve me much; but I may not. I fear, sir, she has but a few hours more to live. I think she will soon awake; and I beg you to prepare yourself against that time. It is a bitter, bitter trial," he continued.

"I know its depth, for I, too, am childless; and when my idol was removed, it was all very, *very* dark; but the clouds at length passed away. God made the wound, and blessed be his name, he healed it too," and with a warm pressure of the hand, the physician left the room.

Soon, as they stood about her bed, watching every breath and motion of her dying form, her deep sleep passed away, and she awoke to perfect consciousness. Sobs and tears burst forth from those around her; but with her, all was serene and quiet. Spiritual, in their almost unearthly light, seemed her dark eyes, and a smile, such as seemed unearthly in its loveliness, played upon her lips.

"Father, I would feel once more your arm before I go. This valley is not dark. I am not alone, Father," she continued, "do not grieve for me, I shall leave you only for a little season. God does not need me here; and my harp is ready for me there. I shall soon sing a song I never sung before—and sweetly! Oh, how sweetly! I am so happy, father;" and she drew him more closely to her side, as she whispered, "I shall soon be gone, father, and then you will need to do something to keep this sadness [from your heart.

Look after the poor, the sorrowful, the lonely, the childless ;” and her voice grew fainter, as she added, “and father, give them something *more* than money, aid them by sympathy and counsel ; so many are there who have none to love them.”

She stopped as if from weariness. They waited for her voice again ; but no sound came. She laid her head upon her father’s shoulder, with his arm drawn tight around her, and soon she breathed her last ; and they unclasped the father’s arms and laid her gently down in her last, long, quiet sleep.

They looked to him, then for an outbreak of passionate grief ; but with those words of dying love, his grief had assumed a milder tone, and when Mrs. Hallett breathed into his ears those words of comfort he had used to her — “the Lord gave and the lord hath taken away” — it seemed as if the look, almost angelic, of the dying girl, had fastened on his own countenance, and fixing his eyes once again upon his beautiful, his darling, his almost idolized child, he turned and left the room.

The summer months came in all their glorious beauty, but the old man’s house was lonesome. Many a week passed by before his ear ceased to listen for his child’s tread, or his eye watch for her approach. Many looked even with pity on the childless man, and wondered, as the world always will, how he could do without her, or who would now be the heir of his large wealth ; how he could bear to live on in the same dwelling where a thousand things must call to mind his loss ; and live, too, so much alone. But what the world cared little for, was realized ; the poor had found a friend. He had prayed that the spirit of his dying child’s request might direct him, and it *did*. When the winter came, with icy fetters, and its sharp, cutting winds and snow-drifts, many and many a hearth burned brightly through his charities, and many an aching heart was cheered by his kind words. They wondered why he came so constantly — that bent, white-haired, aged man — or how he knew so completely all their wants. It was not for show — he always came quietly and alone. It mattered not how cold or rough the day, he never failed to be abroad, threading the lanes and by-ways where the heart sickens at the sight of wretchedness, and where the rich seldom go — always with a

warm heart as well as with an open hand. "A heart to feel for other's woes," was the rich fruit of a calamity such as well nigh sinks the soul into gloom bordering upon despair. Mr. Richmond was indeed a different man: his daughter's dying charge seemed ever ringing in his ears. The event, most harrowing in all his life, had taught him, what is far better than money, namely, sympathy; and ever afterwards the poor looked on him as a real friend.

THE LOOK ABOVE.

BY META LANDER.

Weep not, O stricken heart!
 'Tis true, thy love,
 Thy gentle dove
 That nestled in thy breast,
 Pierced by the fatal dart
 Sank in the arms of Death,
 Forever hushed her breath
 In stirless, dreamless rest.

But look above!
 That trembling dove
 Has plumed her wing and soared away
 Beyond the tomb,
 Beyond the gloom
 Of this dark, pilgrim night,
 To clear and endless day.
 Visions of glory bright
 Through the pearl-gate
 Where seraphs wait,
 Burst on her ravished sight.

Kind angels give a welcome sweet,
 And fold her to their heart;
 Then lead thy child along
 Through the celestial throng,
 To the dear Saviour's feet,
 From him no more to part.
 His hand he lays with eye so mild
 On her fair cherub-brow,
 And smiles upon thine own sweet child;
 Is she not blessed now?

In that fair land
By God's own hand
Her tears are wiped away ;
And robed in lily-white,
With golden harp so bright,
In cherub throng
She sings her song
Through the eternal day.

Comes never there
In that clear air
Disease's wasting hand,
To steal her bloom
Or cast a gloom
Her lovely features o'er.
No blight in that fair land
Shall mar thy cherished flower.

Far from this cheerless clime,
Untouched by frosts of time,
In fields of light
With beauty bright,
Thy blossom breathes around
O'er the celestial ground,
Its odors rich and sweet.
Weep not to spare
This offering rare,
To lay at Jesus' feet ?

Thy weeping exile o'er,
Soon thou wilt heavenward soar
Grief's heavy dews above,
Where in bright day
Hope melts away
And faith is lost in love.

O rapturous joy
Without alloy,
In Paradise to be !
The bud so passing sweet,
Cast at thy Saviour's feet,
In rich perfume,
And endless bloom,
He will give back to thee.

ELOQUENT PRAYERS.

BY REV. A. P. MARVIN.

A PARAGRAPH has recently gone the round of the newspapers, entitled "an eloquent prayer." The reading of this, suggested to my mind several facts and anecdotes. Eloquent prayers, elaborate prayers, and odd prayers, are expressions frequently heard; and are, perhaps, equally offensive to good taste, as well as to a devotional spirit. It may be useful to read some of the anecdotes referred to, in order to see what impression they will produce, when grouped together.

The first which I shall mention, is connected with a well-known name in American politics and literature, with one who was, in early manhood, a minister of a Christian denomination, and who offered a prayer, on one occasion, which led a hearer to remark, "it was the most eloquent prayer to Almighty God, ever addressed to a Boston audience."

The following relates to a prayer of a different kind, and contains one of the happiest turns that was ever put into the form of a compliment. It is related that the Elder Buckminster, for so many years the pastor of the Orthodox church in Portsmouth, was once invited by the Judge to open the session of the court with prayer; and that he prayed with such unction, that Judge Parsons remarked, "Dr. Buckminster deserves no credit for such a prayer, because — *it must have been inspired.*"

A friend who was in Washington while the late Mr. Maffit acted as chaplain to Congress, relates that he heard the following prayer in the Senate. It was uttered in tones as affected and grandiloquent as the language. It ran thus: "God of our fathers! give unto these Senators more than the wisdom of Minerva, and more than the firmness of Jupiter Stator; for Christ's sake, Amen." It is hard to find any excuse for this flight, (unless the Chaplain had found that the audience did not believe in the "higher law," and were to be treated as heathen.)

Being at a theological anniversary some years since, it was my fortune to listen to the most "high felutin" performance that ever came under my notice. The long prayer preceding the annual sermon before the alumni, was made by a gentleman, who seemed to feel the greatness, if not the solemnity, of the occasion. After a long rhapsody about literature and sacred science, and the "heights of Zion" on which the institution stands, he took us to heaven, and carried us through apartment after apartment, and alcove after alcove, each more splendid, and filled with more recondite learning than the preceding, until he reached the following climax: "and, O glorious prospect! Over each of these successive doors there is the inscription, in letters of living light—*plus ultra*'—'more beyond.'" It was so entirely impossible to cherish devotional feelings, that it seemed hypocritical to keep up the appearance of devotion. I therefore looked out of the chapel window, and tried to think of something else; but in vain. It was condescending, in the gentleman, to translate the Latin phrase, for the benefit of his clerical audience; but it seemed superfluous condescension, to translate it to the Omniscient.

Another prayer, similar to this, in its elaborateness, though not in its extravagant flights of rhetoric, comes up in this connection. It was offered at a prayer-meeting, during anniversary week. Allusion had been made to the Nebraska bill, and kindred measures, about which the public mind was deeply agitated; and the minister who led in prayer, evidently sympathized with the general feeling. His language was pure, terse, and pertinent; but for the life of me, I could not get the idea that anybody was praying. The effort was a neat, forcible speech, with an occasional "O Lord," thrown in to keep up the form of devotion. It wound up with an allusion to a distinguished senator, and the "unjust judge" of the 18th of Luke, as brethren on the bench. The conclusion was as follows: "O Lord, our prayer is before thee; and we trust thou wilt hear our petition, and the petition of the clergy of New England, although it was treated with contempt in the Senate because of the influence of the "unjust judge." In a political caucus, that performance would have "brought down the

house," in a roar of applause ; but whether it brought a blessing from heaven, is another question.

Take one specimen of an odd or eccentric prayer. It should be premised that the author of it was too sincere to be affected, or knowingly to say anything ludicrous in the pulpit. He was, for a long period, a minister in one of the pleasant towns of Vermont. Being with a ministerial brother, on a certain public occasion, while leading the devotions of the assembly, he, as is usual, prayed for his brother clergyman. Among other things, he is reported to have said: "O Lord, bless brother —, and give him common sense ; for thou knowest that he would be sure to take a beetle to kill a fly, when a straw would do just as well." If the deep sincerity of the man did not forbid the thought, it would be difficult to doubt, that he administered this wholesome lesson with the words of Horace in mind: — "*quanquam ridentem discere verum quid vetat?*"

Whether this ostensibly solemn, but really laughable mode of teaching the truth, and offering a prayer, had a good effect, or otherwise, we are not informed.

The reader will recollect the account, in the "Life of Payson," of his interview with a lawyer's family, and of his being invited by him to pray, before the visit closed. It must have been such elaborate and fustian prayers, as some of the above, which the lawyer said he had heard, while attending on the Supreme Court, in Washington ; and listened to with much disgust. And how adroitly did the man of God seize the occasion to speak of the nature of prayer—of the sincerity, the humility, the artlessness, and the solemnity of true devotion. And then, when Payson, having charmed the invitation from unwilling lips, to lead in prayer, addressed the throne of grace with all the fervor of true devotion, it is not surprising that the sceptic forgot to criticise, and began to feel that he was a sinner. Such is the difference in the nature, and in the results, between prayers framed to secure the admiration of men, and those which are addressed directly and earnestly to the heart of God.

IT IS BUT A CHILD.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

When his disciples would fain have prevented little children from approaching our blessed Saviour, he rebuked them, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Rejoicing in the pride and strength of manhood, his followers were displeased that beings so insignificant should presume to claim the notice of their divine Master; but Jesus frowned not upon the little tremblers, but took them in his arms and blessed them.

Now, as then, our Saviour stretches out his arms to little children, saying, "suffer them to come to me;" and now, as then, often his stern followers forbid their approach; not by the arm of force, but by the still stronger influence of their worldly life and conversation.

By your heartlessness and worldly ambition, Oh, Christian father! you are erecting an adamantine barrier between your dear son and the Saviour, who is calling to him in the accents of tenderest love. By your trifling conversation, your neglect of duty, and by your devotion to wealth and fashion, Oh, Christian mother! you are forbidding the approach of your gentle daughter, whom Christ would fain take in his arms and bless, as he did those children of old.

We never lay our hand upon the sunny brow of childhood, or gaze into the smiling eyes of infancy, without thinking of our Saviour's words, "of *such* is the kingdom of heaven."

Look at your child, mother, the infant of a few months; take its tiny hand in yours, and press your lips to its soft velvet cheek. Dependent for its comfort, its very existence upon the hourly offices of love, is there aught on earth so frail and helpless? Yet its very helplessness is its chief charm, its surest safeguard, and its strongest claim upon your heart. Smooth

that ruffled brow, and check the impatient word which rises to your lips, lest the shade of anger, which from time to time darkens your countenance, be reflected from that little breast. Say not to yourself, "it is but a babe;" behold it is receiving impressions every hour, which will last through eternity! See how its lip answers to your smile; how its eye follows your every movement! Before it can stand alone, or its tongue lisp your name, its education commences.

Be very careful what you say, father, before that bright eyed boy. Say not to yourself, "he is but a child." See how aptly he mimics your tone and air, how eagerly he listens to your every word! Oh, beware, father; the seed sowed this day may in after years bear bitter fruit. Those careless words, those seemingly unimportant acts are forming your boy's character for weal or woe. You may mould the soft, moist clay to whatever shape you will, but who can change its form after it has come from the oven? You may direct into different channels the tiny streamlets, but who can turn the course of the broad and mighty river that is rushing on to the sea? You can bend with ease the young sapling, but who can bow the sturdy form of the proud monarch of the forest, that lifts its stately head to the skies, defying alike the red thunderbolt, and the wild stormy breath of the hurricane?

Throughout his whole life, Christ evinces a peculiar affection for little children, and a profound appreciation of the truth and gentleness, which are their distinguishing characteristics, before time and the influence of the world have aroused the strong passions which lie dormant in their hearts. When his disciples disputed among themselves which of them should be accounted the greatest, Jesus called a little child to him, and placed him in the midst of them, saying, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." He rebuked their pride and ambition, and exhorted them to be humble, even as the little child he held in his arms.

In the same time and place he said, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." Parents are sometimes in danger of forgetting this injunction, and despising the little ones who cluster around them. They are too apt to forget that the men

and women of *to-day*, were the children of *yesterday*; that the hands of these helpless and dependent creatures will yet sway the sceptre of the world, that they will be, in after years, the glory or the shame of the country which gave them birth.

If all of the children now in existence should be placed under the care of wise and pious instructors, in a few years wrong and violence would cease from the earth. Intemperance, profanity and all kinds of evil, would, in a great measure, be done away, and love, peace and harmony would bind together with a golden chain the hearts of men, "neither would men learn the art of war any more."

In the cradle of infancy are the wise, the good and great of the rising generation; the future rulers of the earth, those who will become men of noble hearts and gigantic intellects, whose influence will be felt throughout all coming ages. And there, alas! are the future workers of all kinds of iniquity; the loathsome drunkard, the vile thief, and the guilty murderer, whose hand, like Cain's, will yet be stained with a brother's blood.

If the mother of the murderer could have beheld, while he was yet an infant, the future career of the darling son who slumbered on her bosom, how unweariedly would she have labored to eradicate the germs of evil in that little heart; how earnestly would she have sought to inculcate the holy lessons of love and gentleness; how carefully would she have endeavored to guide his feet into the right path! But she thoughtlessly neglected the all-important season of youth, his evil passions were unrestrained, and he went on step by step, until he brought bitter shame and agony upon her who bore him.

Parents! not only *suffer* your children to come to Christ, but *lead* them to him. Say not to yourself, mother, "my children are too young to draw near to their Heavenly Father, or to understand his laws," but ere they lay their heads upon the pillow, teach them to lisp His name, who became for their sakes a little child. When you come home at night, father, and your child climbs upon your knee to claim the accustomed kiss, turn not away from him with the thought, "he is but a child," but take him in your arms, and tell him about the holy "Babe of Bethlehem," — of his patience, humility and filial obedience.

SKETCH OF REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

BY REV. DR. CLEMENT.

THE house in which Dr. Cumming preaches, is in the vicinity of the old site of the Drury Lane Theatre, and the assemblies which he gathers every Sabbath, and of which Lord John Russell is a member, were scarcely surpassed by the crowds drawn together of old by the fame of Garrick. Consequently, the eloquent Scotch preacher is now attracting the attention of the world. Hall and Chalmers are gone, but the Head of the church provides a Joshua when Moses is removed. Great Britain has been signally blessed for ages by the preaching of the gospel in all its varieties of excellence. Long may she be permitted to enjoy so rich a blessing and in yet richer manifestations!

London undoubtedly has its vast wickedness, and no trifling feature of it is the neglect of public worship. But so long as preachers like Cumming gather around them multitudes of the high and the low, of the rich and the poor, listening to plain truth, delivered in an earnest manner, London must be the receptacle of those moral influences which will go far to save it from the floods of error and iniquity, which are overwhelming such cities as Paris, Rome and Vienna.

The personal appearance of Dr. Cumming in the pulpit is commanding. His voice is very clear and musical, and without being loud, can be distinctly heard in the most distant parts of a large house. His words flow forth in a continuous stream. From the beginning to the end of his discourse, the current of his thoughts is unobstructed and transparent. His manner of preaching is therefore very different from that of Whitefield; but each is best in its man and its place. Dr. Cumming uses but little gesture, scarcely any digressions, no outbreaks of passion, or dazzling or startling pictures to be rapidly changed to tender pathos; but all is direct, connected, lucid, convincing, serious. He depends for effect on his *thoughts sincerely uttered*, and of these let us next speak.

Dr. Cumming holds, and strenuously maintains, two positions which do more than aught else to make him notorious. One of them is Millenarian. On this point let him speak for himself, as we shall illustrate his style by these extracts: "Christ will come, but I know not the times or the seasons. The periods of prophetic chronology are all rapidly converging. The great epochs of Daniel, the grand eras of the apocalypse, all terminate about the year 1864. Reader, take not up the idea that we *assert* that Christ comes in that year; all we allege is, that the great prophetic epochs converge about that time. The Jews looked to the seven thousandth year of the world as the great Sabbatical rest of God's people. Account for it as we like, it is singular that the great epochs of prophecy should all meet in that time. Do any say that before prophecy is fulfilled, great things are to be done? It is true. Let any person notice the difference between the way in which things are done now, and the way in which they were done thirty years ago; let him note the speed with which events rush on, compared with the sober pace with which they moved in stately procession many years ago, and he will see that events are now consummated in years, which it took centuries to ripen before. It is as if the wheel revolved more rapidly on its axle before it comes to the bottom of the hill. It seems as if everybody moved by *express* and believed that they should not be able to finish their mission before that night comes when no man can work. The omens and the auguries of an appalling crisis are so thick, and so vivid, and so remarkable, that there is not a distinguished thinking statesman in Europe that does not feel afraid to look into that unsounded but opening future that is before Europe, our country, and mankind."

To the people of God, he says: "Lift up your heads, when ye see this, for your redemption draweth nigh; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearance of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. You shall appear with him in glory; you shall not be ashamed at his coming. It does seem to me that consistency of interpretation demands that, just as the church in the days of Abraham, or of Isaiah, or of Malachi, looked forward to a personal Saviour, to bear a *cross*, so the

Christian in these last days is to look forward, as the happiness and joy of his heart, to a personal Saviour, personally approaching to wear a *crown* and reign in Mt. Zion, and shine before his ancients gloriously. When he comes, this earth shall be recast, restored, re-constituted, re-beautified, and set in more than its pristine glory — a holy home of an immortal and redeemed family.”

We entertain great respect for such men as Rev. Dr. Cumming, even when they propound theories that we cannot adopt. They are honest men; they are earnest Christians. They nobly sustain those strong doctrines of the cross which are trifled with by many an adventurous theologian of our day. Their number is increasing, and their faith strengthening by the stirring events of the times. Their eyes are especially turned toward the Holy Land, at the armies that are gathering and fighting on both sides of the cradle of our race, and the sacred mountain from which the risen Redeemer ascended up on high.

Still, we see no reason to depart from the faith of so many of the pious fathers; that, as in the personal ministry of Jesus the transition was taught from a ceremonial to a spiritual worship, so, since his ascension and his pouring forth of the great promise of the Father — the large blessings of the Comforter — more and more the Kingdom of Heaven is developed, not in outward display, but in inward grace, in righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; thus continuing to the end of the world, when, at the Judgment, the righteous shall behold their Saviour's approving countenance and enter into whatever eternal blissful dwellings He may appoint, whether within or beyond the circuit of the sun.

As Dr. Cumming is attracting the attention of the religious world by his Millenarian position, so is he by his *manner of giving battle to the Papal delusion*. His attacks are discriminating, and therefore more successful. He points out the tendencies of depraved humanity everywhere, always ready to accept, in *some form*, the very errors that have distinguished the Romish hierarchy. Thus, in the following passage he exposes the disposition to trust in a *church* rather than in

Christ, a fault most prominent at *Rome*, but enough so at *Oxford*, and liable to intrude into the most simple worship. It is the *thing itself* he condemns, and not its *locality*.

"I love the Church not less, but the Gospel more. The candlestick is of no avail unless it have light upon it. It may be chaste and of pure gold ; but if there is no candle, where is the use of it ? The cup may be of very beautiful silver, but if there is poison in it, I cannot drink it. Give me rather pure water from the earth's fountain in the earthen cup. I will reject the form I love when it is consecrated to evil, and fly to that I least value, if it have in it the pure Gospel."

Speaking of the persecuting spirit, Dr. C. says : " It is not the monopoly of the Church of Rome ; but *wherever the corrupt heart beats, there it lives*. But in the Romish Church what is indigenous to the natural man is systematized, exasperated, and with most consummate, even demoniacal ingenuity, arranged and managed till it becomes the most formidable engine of cruelty ever invented. I state, on the most unquestionable proof from authentic documents, that there is not a bishop or a priest in the Church of Rome who is not pledged or sworn to exterminate every Protestant in the land. When, therefore, a Romanist persecutes, I regret his position, but respect the man for doing what he has accepted as a duty. *I wish that the Protestants were as true to their noble creed as the Catholics are to their superstitious one.*"

Dr. Cumming belongs decidedly to the school of Augustine and the stern Genevan. Most clearly does he discuss, most firmly does he hold, most seriously does he inculcate the sturdy doctrines which the heart of man naturally hates. He treats them as if he *felt* them to be all-important, and he has his own *peculiar way* of treating these old truths. You can hardly open his works at any place, without finding something to arrest the attention, even when the thought is perfectly familiar. He has pith, and point, and wealth of elucidation, which go far to make him *the preacher of the day*, in the world's metropolis. This is great excellence. May there rise up thousands of champions of the cross like him of Crown Court ! We may, perhaps, expect that the giant will disappear as the common warriors are increased ; certain it is, that in all that constitutes true greatness, Dr. Cumming is far below Chalmers, nor do we know the man living of whom we can say anything else.

THE BETTER HOME.

BY MISS M. JAMES.

Weep not, Christian, trav'ling homeward,
 Why should tears of sorrow rise,
 When thy gracious Saviour leads thee
 Onward, upward, to the skies.

What, though storms may low'r around thee
 Is the star of Hope obscured?
 If thou tread'st in duty's pathway,
 Of its guidance be assured.

What, though darkness drop its curtain,
 And a gloomy, tempest-night
 Hover o'er thy brightest visions?
 Follow still thy beacon light.

Waver not, its light is steady,
 Shining from eternal hills;
 Thitherward thy feet are tending,
 Though beset with "thousand ills."

Every tempest, every storm-wind,
 Rising on life's ruffled sea,
 Wafts thee nearer to thy haven,
 Though it seem adverse to thee.

Murmur not, for if thou lovest
 Him, "who ruleth all things well,"
 All these things "for good" are working,
 Future scenes will surely tell.

A WREN

Had thoughtlessly built her nest in the gate way of my house, and was much disturbed by the passers-by.

Fie, little bird! what dost thou fear?
 Lie quiet in thy nest;
 Of all the strangers passing here,
 Who would disturb thy rest?

A few bright days — thy tiny brood —
 How gladsomely they'll fly
 Far, far away o'er field and flood,
 Chirping sweet melody.

J. T. T.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SOUL.

BY COUSIN ELLA.

"OH mamma! If I were only handsome, it seems to me that I should be perfectly contented," said Edith Grey, impatiently, as she threw down the book she had been reading. "No one knows how much my plain face troubles me. Who can love a girl without a single attraction?"

"No one," replied Mrs. Grey, quietly. "But all attractions do not lie in beauty of feature, or gracefulness of form; there is a higher, nobler beauty—the beauty of the soul. The one is at the mercy of chance; the other endures through all time.

"Just as a dress lasts when laid away," answered Edith. "Who thinks of looking for this soul-beauty? It is not so much the love of my own sex for which I pine, your affection, dearest mother, satisfies me there; but I want the admiration of the other; more than that, I want their love. I want it to throw it back with scorn, to reject it—as probably my own affection will be rejected, if, in a moment of madness, I should ever venture to show it to any one out of my own home-circle. It troubles me more, now that I am going away to school. So many beautiful girls as must be at A——, how will they seem to me? The highest meed I shall receive will be one of *pity*, "She is a very good girl;" "She means well;" "She is very kind;" how I *detest* such commendations. I would rather have hatred than pity. What would I not give to be as beautiful as Mabel?"

Edith spoke rapidly, impetuously, and Mrs. Grey listened with surprise to her passionate outburst. She had thought her a quiet, common child, with no beauty and but little talent, but she had never dreamed of her mourning the absence of either.

"Do not wish for Mabel's beauty," she at last said earnestly. "It is a dangerous gift. Desire rather a meek and

lowly spirit, and seek to gain the friendship of the good, find them in what guise you may. An imitation is as often found in the golden setting as the true jewel. The words of Madame Primrose are as true now as ever, "Hold up your heads girls ; handsome is, that handsome does."

Edith made no reply, but retreating to her chamber, stationed herself before a mirror. She stood for some time looking at the reflection of her own face.

"It is no use," she said at last, speaking unconsciously aloud. "Look as long as I may at these pale cheeks, it will not give them the rosy hue of Mabel's, (though I should think they would blush to look at themselves,) nor can I change my grey eyes to her laughing blue ones, nor this light hair to her glossy brown ringlets. I may as well be contented.

"Wisely resolved," said Mabel's voice, proceeding from the curtained bed. Edith started, for she was not aware that she had an auditor, or indeed, that she had been speaking aloud.

"Are you sick?" she asked, approaching her.

"Sick? no indeed! But I am tired and I'm going to rest myself. I've been waiting with some impatience for the conclusion of your soliloquy, for I want you to lay these things in the drawer for me." And the beauty closed her eyes as if intending to sleep.

Edith did what she wished and then sat down by the window. "Mabel is right," she thought. "It *will* be wise if I can make myself contented, and there is evidently but one way for me to do it. The beauty I want I cannot have, but beauty of mind is within my reach, and it shall not be my fault if I am long without it. I will no longer indulge myself in envying Mabel, but will "resign myself to the inevitable. And yet—oh my mother!" and she bowed her face upon her hands and wept.

Three years before, Edith had seen her mother go down into the Silent Land, and ere a year had elapsed another had taken her place in Mr. Grey's affections. A more amiable step-mother, than Mrs. Grey, it would be impossible to find, but though Edith loved her, she could not give to her that entire confidence which had always existed between herself and her

own mother. She had never sorrowed for her want of beauty till her father's marriage had introduced to her Mabel Merton, Mrs. Grey's daughter. She soon became painfully conscious of the wide difference in their appearance. She even fancied that there was a change in her father's manner, that he was more affectionate to Mabel than to herself. Unfounded, the idea certainly was, but it caused her none the less sorrow.

A week passed, and the next found Edith and Mabel members of the seminary at A——; the scene was new and strange to both, and they longed to be again in their own home. Mabel was *so* "home-sick;" she declared it was impossible for her to stay; she would write to mamma. She rejected all consolation and *did* write to mamma; wrote in so sad a strain that Mrs. Grey pitied her and allowed her to come home. Edith would have done the same but for her newly-formed resolution. She had determined on her course, and by that determination she would abide. So she stayed. She wept when Mabel went, for it seemed like severing the last link between herself and home. But she was comforted when, soon after, she received a long, kind letter from her father which proved that he still loved her.

She had, naturally, a retentive memory and a grasping intellect, and applying all the powers of her mind she advanced rapidly in her studies. She became completely absorbed in her pursuit of knowledge, and felt her heart grow lighter and happier with each succeeding day. After a time letters from home came less frequently, and a week before she expected again to see dear home-friends, she received a note from her father, stating briefly that he, with her mother and Mabel designed residing upon the continent for a time, and that he would make arrangements for her remaining at the seminary during the vacation, which would come while they were absent. Edith felt this deeply, but she acquiesced quietly and only applied herself with renewed diligence to her studies. Her knowledge was not only extensive, but it was thorough; she would lay no subject aside until she had mastered it; neither did she neglect other things during this season of severe application. The three years, during which she stayed at the seminary, were

years of continued and careful watchfulness over herself. She was rapidly gaining that soul-beauty which she had determined to possess. Just before she graduated she received the welcome information that her father had returned. With what joy did she leave for home. What a happy meeting did she picture to herself.

It was nearly evening when she reached home, the servant who admitted her, informed her that she had not been expected till the next day, and that the family were spending the day with a neighbor. She was sadly disappointed, but, running up stairs, she took possession of the room which she had formerly shared with Mabel. All looked familiar here, and she began to feel herself once more at home. Having finished the few arrangements which it was necessary then to make, she descended to the library; all looked homelike here, too, and sitting down in a large study-chair, she tried to fancy herself again a child. She was suddenly startled out of her reverie, a hand was on her shoulder, and a deep, rich voice exclaimed,

"You are at home early, Mabel, I was not aware that you ever sat still so long as this. I am fully convinced now that we must 'live and learn.'"

Edith was startled, but she knew it must be some friend of the family, and she said, rather timidly,

"It is not Mabel, sir."

Her voice evidently surprised him quite as much as his address had done her, but he recovered himself immediately and said,

"Indeed? Who then is it?"

"No one that you know," she replied. "My name is Edith Grey."

"And so I might have known," he said, "had I been wise enough to think a moment. But I thought you were not expected till to-morrow."

She made no reply and they were silent a moment.

"You must be a singular creature," he said presently. "Either you are so indifferent about me, that you do not care to know who I am, or you are too timid to retort my exceedingly polite query. Why don't you say, 'Who are you?'"

"If it will please you at all, I am perfectly ready to," answered Edith with a light laugh, for she found her position rather ludicrous. "I am by no means without my own share of curiosity."

"That is right," said he approvingly. "I did not dare to volunteer the information. Have you any remembrance of a cousin of yours, Walter Burke, by name?"

"I remember him perfectly," answered Edith.

"Well, *I* knew him, too," said her interlocutor, "but that is not my name. Do you remember another cousin, John Bower?"

"Very well," she replied.

"And so do I. He is a fine fellow. But that is not my name. Did you ever hear of a third cousin, a certain Clarence Allyn?"

"Often — often," she answered.

"I know *him*, too," he said. "But I can't say as much in his favor —"

"*I* can say *more*," she interrupted. "His life speaks for itself. But I imagine you are better acquainted with him than I am — have seen him more recently than I. Why did you not tell me you were 'Cousin Clarence' when I first came in?"

"I thought you were already acquainted with me," he answered, "I mistook you for Mabel, you remember."

"True," she said, rather sadly. "You will find there is a wide difference between us."

The dreams of her childhood had partially returned when again surrounded with the old, familiar objects. But she now had them under her control. The Edith of the present time, with her chastened mind, cultivated intellect, was widely different from the Edith of a former period with her petulant, impulsive disposition.

Long and pleasantly they chatted together, and one, at least, thought the interruption a disagreeable one when an impatient ring announced the return of the visitors. Edith sprang to meet them, and after numberless exclamations of surprise at her early arrival, and regret for her own absence, Mabel intro-

duced her to "Mr. Allyn." A laughing gleam shone in his dark eye but he bowed gravely as to a stranger and commenced an animated conversation with Mabel. Pleasantly passed the weeks now and when Clarence left, to engage in the work of his Master, it was with Edith's promise soon to be his. What a bright world now seemed to open before her; Clarence was young, and promising, and devoted to his work and she felt that with such a heart to sympathize with her, nothing would be lacking. She spread a sunshine in her home, for her happiness was contagious and even Mabel, who generally lived only for herself, smiled as she listened to Edith's clear voice carolling forth sweet songs in the very exuberance of her joy. Poor child; it was a new thing to her to have some one on whom to lavish all the rich treasures of her love, secure of an abundant return. It seemed to her too great a blessing, and she trembled lest she should waken and find it all a dream. A most pleasant life she pictured to herself and Clarence. His home should always seem beautiful to him. She would cheer him, too, with gentle words of encouragement and hope, should he ever faint or grow disheartened while about his Master's work. Her unbounded affection should compensate for her other deficiencies. Clouds had too long encompassed her path, she had become so accustomed to the twilight that the sunshine fairly blinded her eyes. The shade of sorrow awaited her.

How hushed was her breathing — how white grew her lips as she listened to the tidings. The young minister in the very dawn of the day of usefulness, had been stricken down. That scourge of men, which "walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday" — the cholera had laid her cold hand upon his brow and led him to his long home. He had gone hither with Edith's name upon his pale lip. Well he knew that her spirit would follow him — that their union would take place in a better land.

Mabel wept when the sad news reached her, but Edith's grief was too deep for tears. Kind friends addressed to her words of consolation and hope, but she heard them not. Her eyes alone were dry; her voice alone trembled not. Yet she lived;

no one now dies of a broken heart, nor did she droop like the delicate flower when touched by rude hands. She submitted patiently to the chastening rod, knowing, aye, and *feeling*, that it came in love. She felt that she had loved the creature more than the Creator; but she now applied all the energies of her strong mind to the performance of her duty; where her treasure was there was her heart. She had suppressed her sorrow at first from a sense of duty, and from the same principle she had done what good her hand found to do, but she gradually found a pleasure in it; a pleasure, the more agreeable, because totally unexpected. She lived a contented life; nay, a happy one, and when, at the call of the Angel of Death, she went to rejoin Clarence, it was with the glad thought that she should see One, dearer than he. She had gained a beauty of which no accident could deprive her, that soul-beauty which she had resolved to acquire.

A FRIEND.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

It hath been said, "for all who die
 There is a tear,"
 Some kind — some bleeding heart to sigh
 O'er every bier;
 O, may it prove my happy lot
 To have *one* near, —
 To soothe me on my dying cot,
 Nor bid me fear.

When Death, and all his terrors come
 To summons me,
 To tear me from my happy home,
 And pleasures free;
 When tortures rend my every limb,
 And rack my brain;
 To have one bid me trust in HIM
 Who holds life's chain.

When fear of judgment hovers round,
And broods despair ;
And conscience trembles at the sound
Of holy pray'r ;
When life and death in warfare rage
O'er mortal clay ;
And Death triumphant o'er Life's stage
Bids me away !

'Tis then a truly blessed thing
To have ONE near !
And songs of ecstasy to sing,
The heart to cheer ;
To calm the soul, and fear dispell,
O happy thought !
To bid our hope on Heaven dwell —
All else is nought !

A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.

IN the State of New York there is a pleasant little manufacturing village nestled among the mountains. At the period to which we refer it had been but a few years redeemed from the heavy forest, and its white houses with beautiful flower-gardens in front, wore a fresh and cheering appearance, very pleasant to the eye of the traveller. As most of the inhabitants were from New England, a church raised its neat spire toward heaven, and a school-house was erected, where their children received instruction, and where numbers were accustomed to meet for prayer and praise on the evenings of the Sabbath, and with almost equal regularity for conference and social prayer on Wednesday.

The minister who had been there for a few years had left, and a young man, who had just completed his theological education in New England, had been recommended to them. The idea of having a young man for their minister was peculiarly gratifying to most of the inhabitants of that young and rising society. Accordingly, an urgent invitation was sent to Mr. Mason to come and preach for a short season with a view to

his permanent settlement among them. He had long had his heart set on the west ; and though he was gratified to find that his services were in demand, and for a few days, was almost persuaded to accept the invitation ; yet after consultation and some enquiry, he concluded to return a negative answer. Some three weeks later, he took leave of his early friends at the east and commenced his long contemplated western journey. He had travelled by public conveyance nearly two days, when he stopped at the village of K——, where he was to remain for the night, and where a new stage route commenced. In the evening of his arrival here, he paid his stage fare for nearly two hundred miles, and was about to retire, when the stage agent came to him and inquired for his trunk, as he wished to have all the baggage loaded in the morning before the passengers were called. The stage was to leave precisely at four.

With some reluctance and solicitude, Mr. Mason pointed out his trunk.

“ I shall not carry that trunk,” said the agent.

“ You must,” said Mr. M., “ if I have to pay you for a seat and a half.”

“ I cannot,” said the agent, “ if you would pay me for a dozen seats. You are the twelfth passenger, and I cannot possibly get your trunk on. And then the route is long, and the travelling bad. Your trunk weighs more than twice as much as we are required to carry. What have you in it ?

“ My clothes and a small library,” was the honest reply.

Mr. Mason retired, but not to sleep. About three o'clock the next morning, he arose and found that preparations were making for the stage to leave. With what a heavy heart did he look on that stage as it started. Twenty-four tedious hours were to roll away before another stage would leave, and what better were his encouragements for going then ? In the course of the forenoon he paid the agent for two seats, who consented to take him the next morning. Soon after this Mr. M. met the venerable clergyman of the village of K——, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. He was invited to the clergyman's house ; but this invitation he politely declined, as he had already resolved that he would never quarter himself upon his brother ministers when he was travelling.

Immediately after dinner, as Mr. Mason was sitting in the public house, a gentleman came in and entered into conversation with the landlord. Almost the first enquiry he made was, "How is the manufacturing village in C—— prospering?"

"Finely," said the landlord, "it is one of the most flourishing and enterprising villages in this region. C—— is young," he added, "but is destined to be a place of wealth and influence." In a word, the landlord gave a glowing description of the village in question.

Mr. M. listened with breathless attention to every word that was uttered, for this was the very place to which he had been invited to go and preach as a candidate for settlement. The village of C—— now presented itself before him as it never had before. As soon as the gentleman was gone, he took the landlord aside, and made further inquiries concerning the place, and informed him of his invitation to preach there.

"By all means," said he, "go and converse with the Rev. Dr. P. on the subject."

Dr. P., when called upon, urged Mr. Mason to go and see for himself, and remarked, "if you are not pleased with the place and people, you can then pursue your western journey."

The result of Mr. M's. interview with the clergyman was, that in less than an hour he had received his money back from the stage agent, and in a private conveyance, with his great trunk, was on his way to the village of C——, a distance of about twenty miles from K——.

On arriving at the village he was so much pleased with the town and received such a cordial welcome from the people, that he very soon concluded that the finger of Providence was plainly pointing out that place as the field of his future labors. He now felt that he could almost see and hear the hand and voice which had guided him thither, and he soon concluded to become their minister.

Arrangements were made for Mr. M. to board with Mr. Lincoln, one of the principal men, whose early education led him to entertain a great respect for religion, yet neither he nor his excellent wife were at this time members of the church. It was readily agreed that religious worship should be maintained

in the family morning and evening. There were three young and lovely children in the family, and particular pains were taken to render these services interesting and profitable to them. In the course of a few days, it was very pleasant to hear the youngest say, as they took their seats at the table, "Come, Mr. Mason, *do prayers.*" His devotional exercises were short, and all were apparently interested in them.

On the same day that Mr. Mason arrived at the village of C——, a young lady, Laura P., came to pass the winter in the family of Mr. Lincoln, her uncle. Her personal appearance was much in her favor. She possessed an active and well cultivated mind. She was a member of a Socinian church, and her natural ardor led her to be much attached to her peculiar views of religion, and not a little prejudiced against those usually denominated Evangelical. As Mr. M. was particularly acquainted with many persons of that creed, for whom he entertained a great respect, and was familiar with the arguments which were usually employed to maintain and defend their views of religion; he was careful to say nothing to increase the prejudice of Laura against those great doctrinal truths which are so dear to all evangelical christians. Thus situated, Mr. M. soon began to feel himself quite at home; and all the members of the family circle appeared to be happy in the society of each other.

One evening after family prayers Mr. M. asked Laura what she understood by the doctrine of total depravity.

Her prompt reply was, "I do not believe there is any such thing as *total* depravity."

Mr. M. was hardly prepared for such an unequivocal denial of that great and humiliating truth. "What then, let me ask," said Mr. M., "do you suppose those Christians who do fully believe in that doctrine, mean by it?"

"I suppose," said she, "they mean that people are as bad as they can be."

"Not quite," said Mr. M.; "for no man is as bad as he can be, until he has become incapable of committing another sin; a climax in wickedness to which Satan himself has not arrived."

After a brief explanation and defence of the doctrine, Mr. M. asked Laura what she took to be the difference between a

saint and a sinner. "I am not prepared," said Laura, hesitatingly, "to answer that question."

"This cannot be the difference," said Mr. M., "that a saint has a little more religion than a sinner! But must not this be the difference, — that the saint has true religion, and the sinner has none? We who teach that unconverted men are totally depraved, hold that saints have some true love to God, and sinners none; that saints have some saving repentance, but sinners none; that saints have some cordial faith in Christ, but sinners none. A man may be moral and amiable, but without holiness he cannot see the kingdom of God"

This view of the subject was new, and truly embarrassing to Laura, and she evidently knew not what reply to make. "Let us reflect seriously on this great subject," said Mr. M., as he arose and bade the family good-night, and retired to his chamber to beseech God to make "His word as a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces."

The next morning, after family worship, the conversation on human depravity was renewed, and some further illustrations and explanations were brought forward, adapted and designed to fix this great truth in the mind of Laura, in a way not to be mistaken or evaded.

In the course of one or two evenings, Mr. Mason introduced the subject of regeneration, and asked Laura what she understood by it. As though familiar with the subject, and prepared to answer the inquiry, she replied, "*improvement*."

"Improvement of what?" inquired Mr. M. "If a person has not started in the right direction, will he improve or better his condition by persevering in that wrong course? If a person has never truly repented of sin, never exercised saving faith in Christ, never entered upon a course of acceptable obedience to God, what is there to improve? Suppose all the inhabitants of our village were invited to assemble together on a given day, at a certain place, and were promised that they should be situated for a season in circumstances to be completely happy! Now on coming to the place, it is ascertained that arrangements have been made for a splendid ball, — would not the Christian pause and say, 'I was told there was to be hap-

piness here to-day !' ' Well, there is,' says the sinner. Or, suppose instead of a ball, there had been arrangements made for a religious meeting. What would have been the feelings of the unrenewed sinner, on coming into a circle of devoted Christians, who were met together to join in prayer and praise ? Would he not exclaim, ' Stop, there is no happiness for me here to-day !' And why is there not happiness for him as well as for the Christian ? Plainly because he has no heart, — no taste, — no relish for the pure and holy services of religion. Now, Laura, just contrast the taste and feelings of the saint and the sinner. One can find enjoyment in vain amusement, the other cannot. Is it, then, any cause for wonder, that the sinner must experience a change, a great change, before he can enjoy the services of religion on earth or in heaven ?" Mr. Mason closed, by urging Laura to read and ponder well what our Saviour has so plainly taught on this subject, in the third Chapter of John's Gospel.

It soon became evident to Mr. Mason, that the subject of his repeated conversations after evening prayers, was listened to with unwonted interest, and was making a deep impression on the minds of the family circle, especially on the mind of Laura, to whom the conversation was particularly addressed. Her security was now disturbed ; and while she appeared ready to admit that Mr. Mason deeply felt the truth and importance of the great topics on which he had been dwelling, and which he presented in a clear and forcible light, still she seemed quite unwilling to abandon the idea that unregenerate men alone were capable of making themselves better. She was not prepared to renounce all her own goodness as a ground of justification, and to depend entirely for pardon on the righteousness of Christ. Oh, this doctrine of justification by faith, exclusive of works, is trying to the unrenewed heart !

Laura now began to inquire respecting other doctrines distinctive of evangelical religion, which she cordially embraced.

About this time a revival of religion commenced in the village of C., which continued for some months ; and when in the course of the next spring and summer the converts made a public profession of religion, the church was so enlarged, that it

contained just twice as many members as it did at the commencement of the revival. Mrs. Lincoln now became a member, but Laura did not. More than a year afterwards, another revival commenced, and she and Mr. Lincoln were among the first subjects of renewing grace. They soon after united with the church, and so far as the writer knows, have been burning and shining lights unto this day. Years have since passed away. That pleasant family circle are now all scattered. Laura has been called to experience many trials, but her confidence in the Saviour has never wavered. Her hope has been as an anchor to her soul. Her prospect of joining with the redeemed in glory, and of ascribing her salvation to the atoning blood of Christ, has ever been sweet and sustaining. "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

THE PLAIN OF LIFE.

BY META LANDER.

Brightly the plain of life unfolds
To thine expectant gaze;
Eager, thy youthful feet press on
To tread its flowery ways.

But in this fair, alluring field
Lurk wily mortal foes,
And closely with the flowers entwined
The deadly night-shade grows.

Yet through this plain there leads one way
To Paradisal flowers.
Dear maiden! take this chosen path
To the celestial bowers.

Let us not be angry with men, when we see them cruel, ungrateful, unjust, proud, lovers of themselves, and forgetful of others; they are made so; it is their nature; it is quarrelling with the stone for falling to the ground, or with the fire for flying upwards.

THE BEURRE CLAIRGEAU PEAR.

[SEE COLORED PLATE.]

This variety of the pear was produced by M. Clairgeau, a citizen of Nantes, and was introduced into this country in 1848. It is a large fruit, and promises to be a very valuable variety. Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, to whom we are much indebted, in the Horticultural department of the Happy Home, thus describes it in a communication to Mr. Barry: "Size — extra large. Form — oblong, ovate pyriform, outline a little irregular. Stem — short and stout, set obliquely and without much depression. Calyx — open, segments short, moderately sunk. Color — brownish green, coarsely clotted and almost entirely covered with russet, sometimes intermixed with dull red on the sunny side. Flesh — melting and juicy, with an agreeable sub-acid flavor, resembling the *Baronne de Mello*, but with more aroma. Class — good; will probably prove *very good*.

"The *Beurre' Clairgeau* has fruited in several gardens in the vicinity of Boston and New York, and promises to be a great acquisition. The tree is a strong, thrifty grower, either on the Pear or Quince root, and comes early into bearing, many trees which were grafted in the spring of 1850 being now full of fruit buds."

Few persons seem to realize the value and luxury of a good pear as an article of diet; and still less understand with what facility a family may be supplied with this fruit. The farmer who sets out an orchard of it this autumn may gather first fruit from it the next; each succeeding year will increase the amount; in five years he may have a supply; and in ten he may raise in addition, a large quantity for the market. A garden may witness corresponding results on a small scale. The first outlay is trifling, compared with the comfort and happiness which it secures. The Indian summer affords a favorable opportunity for performing the work. Plant the trees! *plant the trees!*! — that lovely PEAR TREE whose praise is celebrated in poetry and song!

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

Mat. 14: 12.—“*And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus.*”

WE notice in the Evangelist the following just and beautiful comment on these pathetic words of inspiration:—“Let us remember what the events were which Matthew had just narrated. The life of John the Baptist had closed under circumstances most trying to the faith and affection of his followers. It would seem as if God had forgotten his servant. The Messiah, of whom he had borne witness, performed no miracle to deliver him from the power of his persecutors; his weary imprisonment was terminated only by a violent death. After he was beheaded, his disciples ‘came and took up his body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus.’ In the darkest hour of their loneliness and grief, there was one unfailing consolation left to them—they could tell Jesus. Can you remember when you were a little child, and had a gentle and loving mother who was never weary of listening to your childish joys and sorrows? Do you remember how often, when you came home, wearied with play, your sensibilities wounded, perhaps, by the thoughtlessness or unkindness of your companions, your heart aching with its first experience of life’s disappointments and roughness, what a blessed relief it was to throw yourself into your mother’s arms, and sob out the story of your grief upon her breast?

“Since then you have experienced sore and heavy trials, and the burden of your daily life is, perchance, so heavy that you have ‘no strength for crying.’ You have no mother now to fold you in her arms and soothe your pain. Ay, and your bitterest sorrows you can breathe in no human ear—you scarce are willing to confess them to yourself. You summon your manly strength to the conflict, and proudly resolve to bear them. But there is a God-given instinct within, which will crave sympathy and love, and you cannot stifle its voice if you would. What will you do? You have a Friend,

wiser, stronger, gentler, more merciful than even your mother was. He never chides your folly. He never reproaches your weakness. He knows all your sorrows. The tenderest sympathy of earthly friends is but a feeble type of his all-embracing love. You do not need to go and ask his sympathy. He stands by your side, entreating you to come to him that he may give you rest.

"Perhaps doubts have come before your soul, and dimmed that sense of his presence which you once knew, and in your weakness you may feel that you can offer him no sacrifice of love and praise, but tell him of your darkness and faithlessness. Remember what he has said of the broken reed and smoking flax, and never doubt that he will send you light and strength."

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

OUR last number contained a summary of news to the middle of September. Just after it had gone to press, *the fall of Sebastopol* was announced. The bombardment was resumed on the fifth of that month, and on the eighth a general assault was made by the Allies, the French taking the Malakoff after several unsuccessful attempts, and the English attacking the Redan, with a loss to the first of fifteen thousand men, and to the second of two thousand. The battle was equally destructive to the Russians, so that nearly thirty thousand were either killed or wounded. Such is the glory of war! On the succeeding night, the Russians exploded their magazines, set fire to the town, sunk many of their ships, evacuated the south side of the city and stationed themselves in the north part of it, and in a relation to the Allies similar to that of our fathers in Cambridge and Charlestown to the British troops in Boston, in the American Revolution. The next morning, Gortschkoff, the Russian General, demanded an armistice to bury the dead and to carry off the wounded of his army. Oh what a scene the sun of that Sabbath morning there beheld!—a city on fire—magazines exploding—a proud navy sinking to avoid capture—the vanquished fleeing—the victorious hoisting their triumphant flag—the munitions of war, the bleeding, the dying, and the dead everywhere,—*all, ALL* the work of nations professing *the gospel of peace!* We are not extremists in this nor any other reform; indeed we maintain the right of de-

fensive war ; but we confess that this terrible battle and the enthusiastic joy and the illuminations it occasioned in England and France, turn our thoughts on *peace* and dispose us to advocate it and to invite our readers to consider the impolicy of such effusions of blood.

In *England*, there were great demonstrations of joy on the reception of the news of the fall of Sebastopol. The Queen sent her congratulations to the British and French Generals and troops in the Crimea. The English bank has advanced her rate of discount from four and a half to five per cent.

France is illustrating one sad effect of war—the diversion of energy from the fields of agriculture to the field of battle. The scarcity of provisions in her dominions has advanced the price of breadstuffs. Her industrial exhibition will continue open till the twenty-fifth of November. The rate of discount at her bank has advanced from four per cent. to five. Napoleon's dispatch to Pelissier on the fall of Sebastopol was in these words: "Honor to you! Honor to our brave army! My sincere congratulations to all!" He requested him to congratulate the English troops on their success and to present his thanks to them for their bravery in the long campaign.

The King of *Austria* congratulates France and England on their success in the Crimea and on their late victory at Sebastopol. This reminds us of the Irishman who, in the hour of battle, desired to stand farther back, saying he could see just as well, and he felt faint, but who, when the victory was gained, was one of the first to throw up his hat and to shout louder than any veteran.

Greece follows the example of Austria, and having boasted that it was impossible for the Allies to take Sebastopol, sends her congratulations to the French and English ambassadors on the reception of the news of the fall of that city.

In *Russia*, the fall of Sebastopol has produced great depression and discouragement. The Czar, in company with the Grand Dukes, it is said, contemplates a visit to the Crimea, whether in the hope of inspiring fresh courage in his troops or with a view to inspect personally the state of his army and to unite with his generals in a council of war, does not yet appear. He consoles his army on the fall of Sebastopol with the words, "There is a line that is impassable, even to heroes." He thanks them for their able defence of

that stronghold, and declares that he is convinced all the troops of the empire will follow their example in sacrificing life and everything for the sake of protecting the religion, honor, and independence of Russia. Five hundred deserters, mostly Poles, report to the Allies a sad state of the Russian army as to provisions and morals.

In *Portugal*, the Coronation of Don Pedro was celebrated with enthusiasm on the sixteenth of September.

The King of *Sardinia* contemplates a visit to Paris and to London, in both of which he will be received with great joy on account of the stand which he has taken in favor of Italian liberty and the aid which his troops have rendered the Allies in Crimea.

Austria offers to mediate between *Denmark* and the United States in respect to their difference about the Sound dues, proposing to reduce them to all nations. This, surely, would be better for Denmark than to relinquish them altogether; but whether it will satisfy young America, admits of some doubt.

A formidable insurrection broke out in *Bengal*, headed by the Santals and other native tribes, and aiming at the destruction of everything European. In India lie the British East India Company's possessions at which Russia has long looked with jealous eye. This may be a remote result of the war in the Crimea.

The revolution in *China* progresses slowly. The Imperialists destroy the Revolutionists by thousands, who, in turn, prosecute their work with vigor and perseverance. The result is yet problematical.

DOMESTIC.

We have received full and official reports of the *Meeting of the American Board* of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, held in September in Utica, N. Y. This is the great religious convocation of Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Reformed Lutherans in the north, to promote the extension of Christ's kingdom. The principal topics discussed were the two deputations, that of Secretary Wood to the Indians, and that of Secretary Anderson and Rev. Mr. Thompson to India. Of the last, we shall have occasion to speak in future. The former was to concert with the Missionaries to the Cherokees and Chocktaws a plan of action in reference to slavery and the laws of the Indian nation relative thereto. The report of the

secretary containing the views of the mission and of the officials of the Board, was adopted unanimously and is received with favor by the public. So far as we understand its principles, they appear to be Christian and patriotic, and to reach a result eminently desirable, which ought to satisfy our churches at home, and our missionaries abroad. We commend the report to the attention of our readers.

The United States Agricultural Society holds its annual exhibition the last week in October in Boston. Its grounds on Harrison Avenue, containing between thirty and forty acres, are enclosed, and well furnished with pens for the animals, a trial course, seats for thousands of spectators, an observatory for the judges, a large dining hall for committees and other officers and a vast pavilion for the banquet. Hundreds of thousands are expected. It is to be the crowning exhibition of the season. Speeches will be made by many of the great masters of eloquence.

The *Political* cauldron begins to boil, and there is therefore some reason to hope that its contents may be ere long clarified of some of their impurities. It is at present quite impossible to foretell the result, though we understand that some modern seers attempt it. One thing is certain, that *politics in the pulpit* are out of place. Ministers, like other men, are citizens and have a right to their vote and their voice in other places; but in the sacred desk they are servants of God and are to deliver his message in its power and completeness for human salvation and the divine glory. We have yet to hear of the first instance of conversion, or of the first step of progress in sanctification in consequence of political sermons. The people who request them of their minister and the preachers who deliver them for a partisan purpose would be among the first to be offended by them, if their object was to advance a party opposed to their own. The province of the pulpit is to preach righteousness and to infuse its spirit into all parties and all men, without surrendering or enslaving it to any. We love a free press, a free church and a free pulpit. But since parties in politics have been formed on questions of national policy, sustaining important moral and religious relations, we honestly believe that both ministers and churches have been and still are, in danger of transcending their appropriate spheres, and thus destroying the power of the gospel.

FASHIONS OF THE SEASON.



(1)



(2)

(3)

(1) This is a robe of rich lilac GLACÉ. The skirt is adorned with three deep flounces, ornamented with a pattern of a deeper tint of lilac than the dress. The corsage is half-high, cut square in the neck, and ornamented with BRETTELES of silk, which terminate at the waist. The sleeves are flowing, and formed of three deep capes, adorned in like manner with the flounces. The chemisette, which is half-high, and shaped square, like the corsage, is made of lace, and edged with ruches of tulle. The under-sleeves are formed of puffings of lace, separated by insertions and edged with ruches of tulle. Bonnet of pink crape, adorned with garlands of wild flowers, which drop gracefully over the curtain. The inside trimming is blonde, mingled with daisies and pink-moss-rose buds. Broad pink strings, fastened in a bow under the chin.

(2) This is a promenade costume for a youth of twelve years. The outer garment is a cape, or perhaps, more properly speaking, a talma. The favorite material being a fine brown cloth, it is cut quite short, not reaching the knee by four or more inches. The edge bordered by a velvet ribbon an inch and a half wide. The neck is finished with a small round linen collar, fastened with a neck-tie of blue *moire*. Pants of dark-colored fancy cassimere, made to fit easy, and tapering slightly to the boot.

(3) This is a promenade suit, consisting of a sleeve talma, which is usually made of blue or brown beaver cloth, cut double-breasted, and fastened with four buttons on each side. It is suitable as an outer garment to be worn over an evening or party dress. In fact, it is an elegant garment to be worn outdoors at any time during the cold weather. The pants are of small pattern fancy French cassimere. Like all the patterns this season, they are very neat, and the variety greater than any ever introduced into this market. A gentleman's taste must be fastidious indeed who could not be suited among the endless variety of form and color to be found this season.

APHORISMS AND GEMS.

WISDOM prepares for the worst, but folly leaves the worst for that day when it comes. — *Cecil*.

The Christian's life is *in* Christ, *on* Christ, *by* Christ, *to* Christ, *for* Christ, *with* Christ. — *P. Henry*.

As the condemnation of the *first* Adam passeth not to us, except as by generation we are his, so grace and remission pass not from the *second* Adam to us, except as by regeneration we are his. — *Flavel*.

Grace withereth without adversity. — *Rutherford*.

To know what religion has done for an individual, we should consider what he would have been without it. — *Fuller*.

Nothing can be very ill with us when all is well within: we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot. — *Sibbes*.

Heaven must have our highest esteem, and our habitual love, desire and joy; but earth must have more of our daily thoughts for

present practice. A man that travels to the most desirable home, has an habitual desire to it all the way ; but his present business is his journey, and therefore his horse, inns, and company, his roads and his fatigues, may employ more of his thoughts, and talk, and action, than his home. — *Baxter*.

Fair distant lands ! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more. — *Steele*.

Heaven is a day without a cloud to darken it, and without a night to end it. — *J. Jefferson*.

Prayer is chiefly a heart-work : God heareth the heart without the mouth, but he never heareth acceptably the mouth without the heart. This is lying unto God, and flattering him with the lips, but no true prayer, and so God considers it. — *Marshall*.

What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God. — *Sibbes*.

Lowliness of mind is not a flower which grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God, in a renewed heart, and learned of the lowly Jesus. — *Boston*.

Faith must be the root of the divine life — that which causes the branches to spread and the fruits to appear. When I take my morning walk in my garden, after the morning sacrifice has been paid for the countless mercies I have received and the refreshing sleep I have enjoyed in the night passed ; and, at that beauteous season of the year when all is health and gaiety and life, and see the leaves just beginning to expand, the flowers to blossom, and the fruits to open their innocent buds on the trees ; after the first impulse of my admiration has subsided, my next and most improving meditation is on the source to which their beauty and luxuriance and existence are to be traced — that without their First Cause, none of the beauty we admire, none of the fragrance we breathe, none of the fruits, so pleasing to the sight and good for the taste, ever could be ! And as in nature, so in religion, which go hand in hand together — mutually borrowing from and throwing light and strength upon, each other. But for the tree of faith, the fruits of virtue and holiness would not vegetate upon, and impart beauty and loveliness to the moral world. Let them both, then, grow together and live in harmony one with another ; God will bless and multiply them on the earth, and cause them to be transplanted into the Eden of his Paradise, and flourish in immortal bloom and beauty ! Let it ever be our prayer, “ Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.” — *Bedell*.

WIT AND HUMOR.

ONE of our exchanges says, There was once an itinerant preacher in West Tennessee, who, possessing considerable natural eloquence, had gradually become possessed with the idea that he was also a great Biblical scholar. Under this delusion he would very frequently, at the close of his sermon, ask any member of his congregation, who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to name it, and he would explain it at once, however much it might have troubled "less distinguished divines." On this occasion, in a large audience, he was particularly pressing for some one to propound a text. No one presuming to do so, he was about to sit down without an opportunity of showing his learning, when a chap by the door announced that he had a Bible matter of "great consarn," which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher, quite animatedly, professed his willingness and ability, and the congregation was in great excitement.

"What I want to know," said the outsider, "is, whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler?"

The "expounder" looked confused, and the congregation tittered, as the questioner capped the climax, by exclaiming in a loud voice:

"I fatched him down on the first question."

From that time forward the practice of asking for "difficult passages" was avoided.

GIVING THE RIGHT ORDER.—During our recent war with Mexico it was found necessary to call on the marines and sailors serving in the Pacific squadron to serve on shore, and a large number of sailors were accordingly placed under command of Gen. Kearney. During one of their "shore fights," as Jack termed it, a body of "greasers" were discovered firing from a large barn, and it being necessary to get to the rear to effect an entrance, the marine officer in command of the Salts gave the order—

"By the right flank file left, forward."

The blue jackets in a very high state of excitement, tried, but couldn't do it; in fact "they got all in a heap," as a spectator describes it, when Lieut. S—w—y of the navy, seeing some of his lads in confusion, came running up with,

"What is the matter?"

"I can't get your men to obey me," answers Mr. Marine.

"Give the order," says S., "and I will see they do."

Accordingly "by the right flank," &c., was yelled out, but worse and worse was poor Jack's puzzle, when S. sung out, "hang it sir, that's no way to talk to my men. Luff, you lubbers and weather that barn!" It was done in a moment.

AN IRISH BLUNDER.—"Is it very sickly here?" said one son of the Emerald Isle the other day to another.

"Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year who never died before."

HOUSEWIFERY.

USES OF THE QUINCE. — It is, perhaps, unknown to many of our readers that quinces make a *very* agreeable pickle, if boiled in vinegar, with brown sugar, to which are added cloves, cinnamon, &c. Even when they have been unluckily hard frozen, they will answer for this purpose — only less sugar will be then required. They are quartered and pared and the cores cut out. Ten pounds of fruit are boiled, to which add five pounds of sugar and from three to five pints of vinegar, one ounce of whole cinnamon, and half an ounce of whole cloves, and boil down, place in a jar and pour the hot syrup upon it. With many, the quince, baked like an apple, is a favorite, adding syrup or molasses and water to the dish in which they are baked. Those fond of a tart baked apple, will probably be pleased with the baked quince, and much prefer it.

N. E. Farmer.

SHIRT BOSOMS. — We have often heard ladies express a desire to know by what process the gloss on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced. We subjoin the following receipt: — Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night; in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A table spoon full of gum water stirred into a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give lawn, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. — *Advocate*.

THE BIBLICAL REPOSITORY AND PRINCETON REVIEW for October. We welcome to our table another number of this able defender of the faith once delivered to the Saints. It is particularly rich in the departments of travel, language and philosophy. Its articles are on Sir William Hamilton, Idoletrous Practices of Northern Guinea, Monuments of the Umbrian Language, Church Architecture, Demotic Grammar, Lepsius and Brugsch's Travels in Egypt, Comparative Accentual System of the Sanscrit and Greek, Huc's Journey through China, and the usual notices and intelligence.

Among the numerous periodicals containing complimentary notices of our last monthlies, we read with pleasure those in the Christian Witness and Reflector, The Christian Observer, The Religious Herald, The National Era, The Independent, The Congregational Herald, Kalamazoo Gazette, The Cumberland Presbyterian, The Lutheran Observer, The Bay State, The Lynn News and The Reporter, The Rhinbeck Gazette & Dutchess County Advertiser, The Lanchester Intelligencer, Georgia Citizen, The Congregational Messenger, The People's Advocate, The Union Times, Prattsville Advocate, The Westfield News Letter, The Ulster Republican, The Newport Mercury, The American Citizen, The Congregational Journal, and The Christian Mirror.

BOOK NOTICES.

A STATEMENT OF THE TRINITARIAN PRINCIPLE, OR THE LAW OF TRI-PERSONALITY. Published by John P. Jewett and Company.

This book has been some months before the public, and it affords us pleasure to recall the attention of such of our readers to it as have perused it, and to commend it to those of them who have not read it. It has great excellence; besides being well printed, it contains much thought in few words. It is divided into three parts "the law of Unity, the law of Duality, and the law of Trinity." Under the first of these, the author discusses the subject of simple Individuality as a condition of Being, the three-fold function of Body, Soul, and Spirit; under the second, the subject of pairs lying at the foundation of the distinctions of Male and Female as the condition of production; and under the third, the subject of a three-fold Personality as the condition of Absolute Life. In the Author's development of these laws he evinces much philosophical reading and reflection, and shows what the ripest scholars and the best theologians readily admit, that history, philosophy and Scripture concur in the testimony which they bear to the doctrine of Tri-personality. It is most hopeful for Zion when those who have been involved in the mazes of a Unitarianism which excludes tri-personality, so modify their views as to believe and advocate a unity consistent with tri-personality. It argues well for the candor and reflection of those who are the subjects of such a change. To this class, we presume from this book, its author belongs. Philosophy leads him to a conclusion to which history conducts the Hon. George Bancroft. All such persons we meet with cordiality and extend to them the right hand of fellowship, so far as their feelings and lives correspond with the convictions of their understanding.

There is one philosophical argument for the tri-foldness of the Godhead which we will venture here to suggest. It is subjective. I find in myself filial feelings toward Him whom I worship, such as filial confidence, and love, and these lead me naturally and necessarily to ascribe to him a corresponding character, and I call him my *Father*.

Again, I am oppressed with a sense of sin, and I feel deeply my need of one to stand between me and Him whom I have offended, of a day's-man or umpire bound to me by the ties of a common nature, of one whom I may call my elder brother, who can enter into all my feelings and make my interests his own, and the idea of his mediatorship or umpireship makes it equally important and necessary that he should also be united to my heavenly Father by the ties of a common nature, that he whom I have offended may confide to him the satisfaction of his justice which my sins have outraged, and these feelings and reflections constrain me to appropriate to him as my elder brother the designation, *Son of God*.

Again, sin has brought on me divers afflictions which fill my nerves with pain and my heart with sorrow and make me feel my need of a comfort for which I search nature in vain, for such support and consolation as none but God can dispense, and therefore I look up to him as my Comforter, and when he gives me peace, I adore and bless him. Connected with these meditations, I find in me an inclination to think of and to address each of these distinctions in the Godhead as *personal*, and thus I arrive at the tri-personality of God.

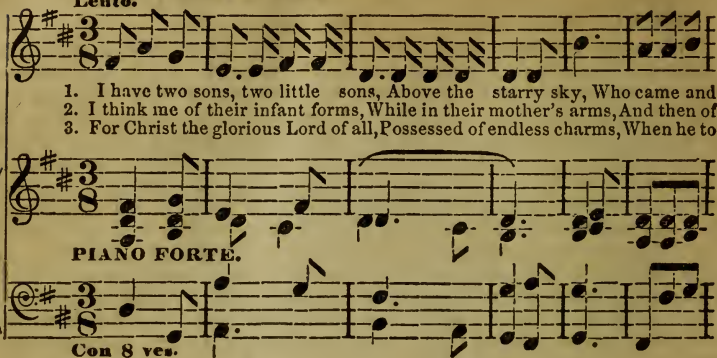
Rambles in Eastern Asia, including China and Manilla, during several years residence. By B. L. Ball, M. D. Published by James French & Company, of this city.

This is one of the most interesting books of travel we have recently read. It contains a faithful report of the author's experience and observations dur-

(See page 340.)

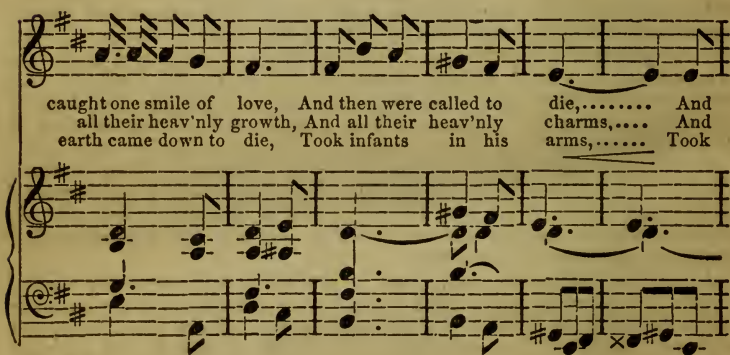
SONG. "OUR TWO LITTLE BABES."

Words by REV. E. PORTER DYER. Music furnished for the "Happy Home," by L. MARSHALL.
VOICE. Contralto or Bass.
Lento.

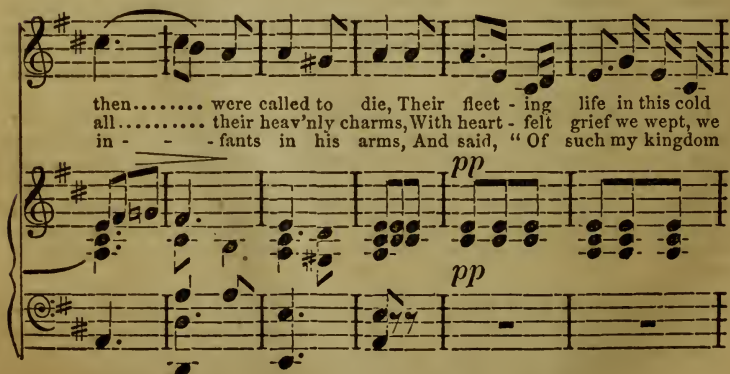


1. I have two sons, two little sons, Above the starry sky, Who came and
2. I think me of their infant forms, While in their mother's arms, And then of
3. For Christ the glorious Lord of all, Possessed of endless charms, When he to

PIANO FORTE.
Con 8 ves.



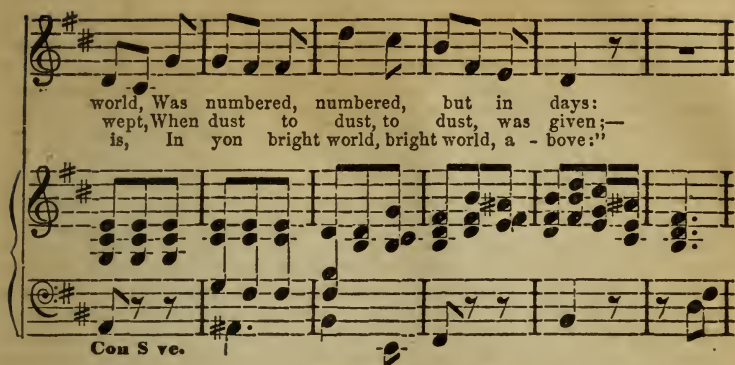
caught one smile of love, And then were called to die,..... And
all their heav'nly growth, And all their heav'nly charms,.... And
earth came down to die, Took infants in his arms,..... Took



then..... were called to die, Their fleet - ing life in this cold
all..... their heav'nly charms, With heart - felt grief we wept, we
in - - - fants in his arms, And said, "Of such my kingdom

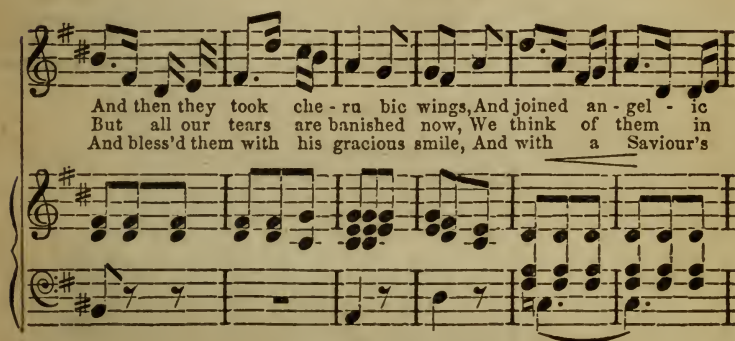
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OUR TWO LITTLE BABES.



world, Was numbered, numbered, but in days:
wept, When dust to dust, to dust, was given;—
is, In yon bright world, bright world, a - bove:—

Con S vo.



And then they took che - ra - bic wings, And joined an - gel - ic
But all our tears are banished now, We think of them in
And bless'd them with his gracious smile, And with a Saviour's



praise, And joined an - gel - ic praise.
heaven, We think of them in heaven.
love, And with a Saviour's love.

Poco Cres. *pp* *pp*

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ing six years of travel and residence in the principal cities and countries of Eastern Asia. It abounds with interesting incidents, with but little philosophy. At first we had some doubt about the expediency of making up so large a part of the volume of letters to friends and of extracts from the daily journal of the tourist; but as we advanced we admired the ease and familiarity which these imparted to the book. We laid it down with but one regret, viz., that it is printed in type so small as to be trying to the eyes. We should like to give our readers some extracts, but our limits allows us to make but one. This relates to the Chinese method of making tea:—"We took our seats at a little table, (in a Chinese tea-shop,) and a waiter brought two cups with lids, and placed them before us. Another followed, and dropped into the cups half a dozen tea-leaves. A third came with a tea-kettle, and poured boiling water on the leaves, and covered the cups with the lids. The heat and steam being thus kept in, the tea directly diffused itself through the water, and in a few moments it was ready to be drank. Depressing one edge of the lid, we sipped it off, when the man with the tea-kettle came and again filled the cups with water. This he does to all, going around among the tea-drinkers, and filling their cups as often as emptied, if to the fiftieth time, and without any change of the leaves. We had our cups filled the fifth or sixth time, and left them full at last; and our last cup seemed nearly as strong as the first."

(From the preceding page.)

In that fair land my little ones
I know are happy now,
And glory like a fadeless crown
Adorns each cherub brow,—
And, free from sin and sorrow there,
They pluck bright Eden flowers,
And would not wish again to live
In this dark world of ours.

O happy, happy little sons,
So holy or so blest!
We could not, would not, call you back
To this sad world's unrest.
When called to part, we wept indeed,
For then we could not tell,
Who would more happy make your home
Than we who loved you well.

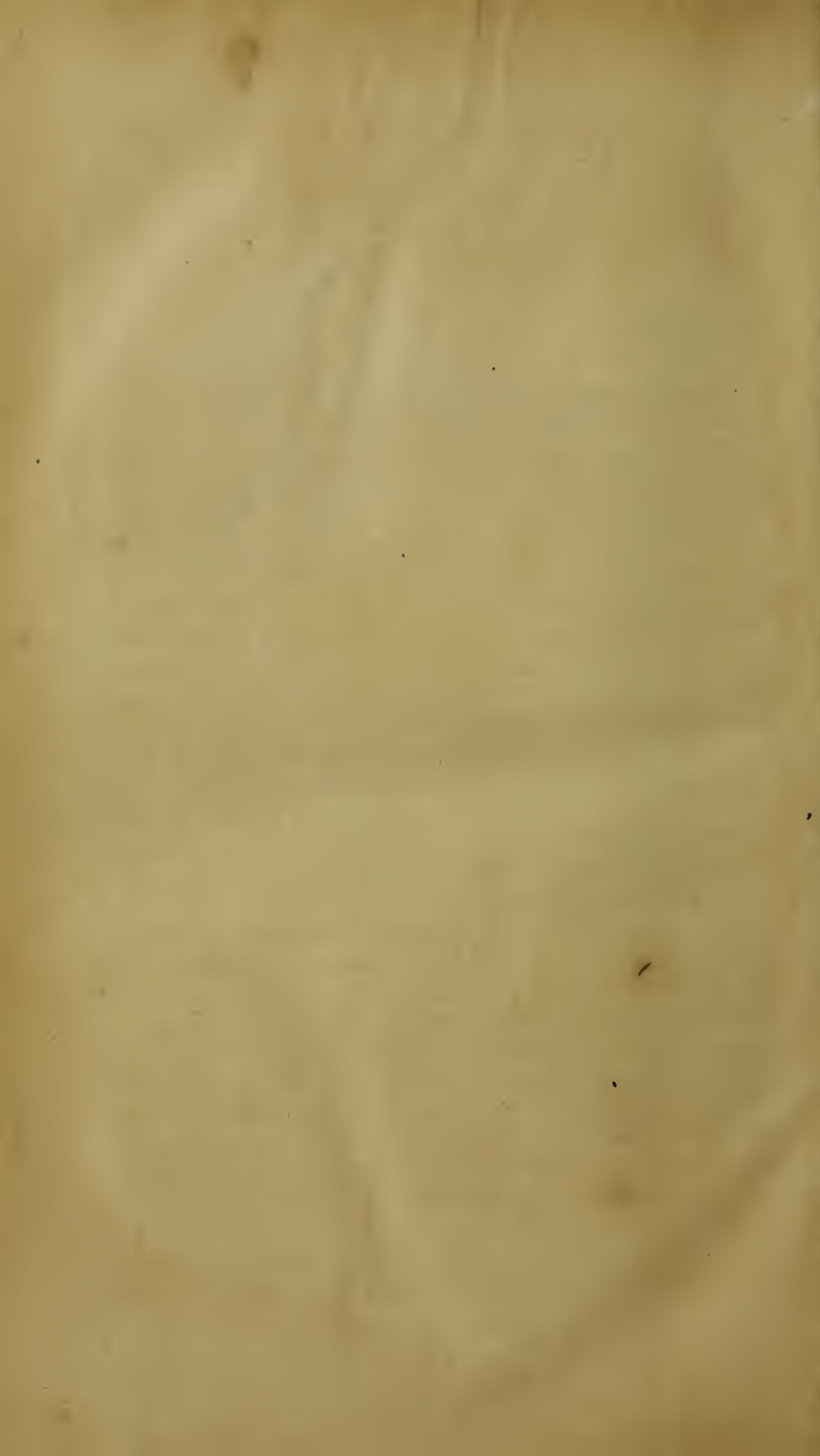
But when we saw our Father's hand,
And heard his footsteps come,
To take your tender spirits up
To his Eternal home,
We meekly bowed, with gushing tears,
And kissed the chastener's rod,
And now rejoice that ye are safe,
Safe with your Father, God.

NOTICE OF THE PUBLISHERS.

We invite the special attention of our readers to our propositions made to them on the second page of the cover. These are designed to extend the circulation and usefulness of our monthlies, of the importance of which in a Christian family our numerous readers can judge. Their oft repeated commendations, and the highly complimentary notices of the press lead us to expect a cordial and general response. The improvements contemplated in our next volume will be announced in our December number.



MELON APPLE.



CHRIST AND THE JEWISH DOCTORS.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING. LUKE 2: 41—52.]

There are fabulous histories, but no authentic records, of our blessed Saviour after his return with his parents from Egypt, and their resettlement in Nazareth till "he was twelve years, old," the age at which Jewish sons were supposed to have attained sufficient discretion and piety to acknowledge the God of their fathers, and to join intelligibly and devoutly in the celebration of the passover, and in the national festivals.

Early in the month of Nisan or Abib, corresponding with our March or April, every Hebrew family prepared for the passover and the feast of unleavened bread. The paschal lamb was selected, the bitter herbs gathered, the cakes baked, the wine and all things put in readiness. The males, and such female members of the household as accompanied them to Jerusalem, associated with their relations and neighbors in a company of convenient size, called a caravan, and started on their journey. Thus Mary and Joseph with their child travelled from their dwelling in Galilee, south to the Jewish metropolis, a distance of seventy miles.

They arrive, and find a place for themselves and their family, within the walls of the holy city where they may eat the passover, and from which they may go up to the temple to attend the public services of the feast. Here Christ with other Jewish children was recognized as a member of the ancient church in full communion. Here he witnessed the sacrificial rites and ceremonies of the law, received the instruction of the priests and united in the public prayers and praises of Israel.

When these religious solemnities terminated and the eight days of festive joy were numbered, the caravan started on its return; and his parents, "supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and among their acquaintances. But they found

him not." Oh, Mary! How couldst thou be so unmindful of thy son concerning whom thou hast treasured up many things in thine heart! Didst thou see him join the caravan, and rest in the belief that he rode by his father's side in another part of the procession, while he in turn imagined him with thee? Alas! when every such illusion of thy hope vanished, what anxiety and fear penetrated thy soul? We hear thy sad lament, "my child! Alas! Where is my child?" We sympathise with thy grief during the vigils of that doleful night—with thy tormenting tears on the succeeding days, as with thy husband, thou returnest to Jerusalem in search of him, locking up in thy breast the inquiries "Has Herod's son seized the prey which eluded his father's bloody decree? Have the angels who announced my child's birth borne him to heaven?" But thy sorrows we cannot describe. She alone can understand them who amidst the throng and bustle of a crowded city suddenly perceives that her darling has wandered from her side and who searches for him in vain.

At length, Joseph and Mary eagerly enter Jerusalem, and wend their way to the spot where they celebrated the passover. But "they found him not." They go from street to street, casting through the deepening twilight their anxious glances on either side while over and anon they ask the passer by "Hast thou seen my son?" Night's dark shade soon constrains them reluctantly to postpone their search, and they retire, not to sleep, but to weep and pray.

The morning of the third day dawns upon them, and they, renewing their search, proceed to the temple's gate, ascend the massive steps and enter the large court where Jewish Rabbins taught the people knowledge; and what do they behold? Oh, wondrous sight! There is the object of their hopes and fears, the lad for whom they prayed and wept. There he stands "in the midst of the Doctors both hearing them and asking them questions." On his placid countenance, Heaven has fixed its seal of purity and glory. The learned Doctors gaze upon him with astonishment "at his understanding and answers." Some ask "who is this lad? Whence his wisdom?" Others hang their heads in shame, confounded by the words which fell from

his lips ; words much beyond his education and his age, beyond the learning of the doctors, and the wisdom of the wise. They teach us the capabilities of the human mind undefiled by sin, and nurtured in close communion with truth and the God of truth.

Even his parents stand amazed till his mother, constrained by emotions that will no longer be repressed, exclaims in a tone of reproof mingled with the tenderest solicitude, "Son, why hast thou dealt thus with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing?" Why did she not forget her personal grief in her joy at the discovery of her son, especially of his precocity and wisdom? Did he who knew no sin, and in whose mouth there was no guile merit rebuke? The fault was hers rather. Her weak faith had not fully entered into the Messianic promises and predictions of God, and she had only a glimpse of the glory which God had in reserve for her son.

But it was now his turn, and in his reply there is no murmuring, but the meekness of wisdom, the logic of love, and the philosophy of redemption. He simply asks with the respect which filial piety always inspires two questions, the first to direct the attention of his parents from his past life and history to his future work, and the second to remind them of his paramount obligation to God. "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" — or I must dwell in his temple? Were these interrogatories dictated by his rational soul elevated and quickened by the place, the audience and the theme? Or were they a flash of his divinity through his humanity? Viewed in either light, they contain wisdom too extensive for the comprehension of his parents, higher than they can reach, and deeper than they can penetrate. Yet impelled by their love, they received him tenderly, and moved by filial affection he returns with them to Nazareth, and is subject unto them. "But his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

JESUS DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS.

BY REV. THOMAS DALE.

WHERE, Wisdom, is thy dwelling-place — thy home,
Oh, Understanding ! where ?
Is it beneath wide ocean's breast of foam,
With pearls and coral rare ;
Or, in the trackless mine,
Or on some cloud-capped Alp, by man untrod ? —
The home of Understanding is divine,
And Wisdom dwells with God.

Ask of the deep — the deep will roar reply,
Ask of the swelling sea !
Ask of th' eternal hills that cleave the sky —
Each answers, " Not in me !
Oh, not to me 'tis given
To be the viewless Godhead's visible shrine ;
The home of Understanding is in heaven,
And Wisdom is divine."

Then hast thou, Wisdom, never walked on earth,
Nor trod the subject sea.
Nor found in breast of one of mortal birth,
A temple worthy thee ?
Yes ; Wisdom once hath blest
The world, and once the conscious sea hath trod, —
For once there dwelt within the human breast
The fulness of the God !

Yet not with student pale, or lettered sage,
Nor in the lowly cell
Of grave recluse, or haunts of sober age,
Did heavenly Wisdom dwell ;
Pure infancy, 'twas thine !
'Twas thine, sweet childhood ! thine, ingenuous youth
To be the temple of the Word divine,
The Life, the Light, the Truth.

From infancy to youth, from youth to man,
 Th' incarnate Godhead past ;
 Perfect through every stage of life's brief span,
 And perfect to the last.
 How on the heav'nly Child
 The Virgin mother gazed, no heart can tell —
 No mother's babe on earth so sweetly smiled —
 None could be loved so well.

Scarce had twelve summers sunned Him when He sate
 Within the temple court ;
 Around Him doctors came, and Scribes sedate,
 And priests of solemn port ;
 They asked Him of the law
 Things deep, mysterious, dark — but in the hour
 Their cavils were exchanged for conscious awe —
 His answers were with power !

Next was his turn to question — as He spoke
 In vain they sought reply ;
 From some the words of admiration broke ;
 Some scowled with evil eye ;
 Upon the Holy Child,
 Some gazed, as He had been an Angel fair ;
 Oh, knew ye not Messiah when He smiled !
 'Tis more than Angel there !

Lo, when at length broke up the grave divan
 "What youth is this," they said —
 "In years a child, in wisdom more than man ?"
 But one the riddle read.
 To us the Child is given,
 The Virgin's son, the promised Heav'nly Birth —
 And Wisdom hath but left her home in heaven
 To dwell with God on earth.

THE CHRISTIAN.—Though a great man, may, by a rare possibility, be an infidel, yet an intellect of the highest order must build upon Christianity.—*De Quincy*.

As long as Christ sits at the right hand of God, we shall also be lords and masters over sin, death, devils, and all things.

THE STEP MOTHER.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

The character of Miss Anna Nesbett has been given in a previous number. To those who have not read the account, it will be sufficient to say that she was an orphan, possessed of rare loveliness of character—a simple-hearted, earnest Christian. Her features were not regular, neither could she be designated as handsome; but those who knew her best considered her so, for her happy countenance and cheerful, contented disposition carried sunshine wherever she went. Soon after the death of her father, Anna resided for a time with a distant relative of her mother, who would gladly have given her a home for the rest of her life. But the young lady, who had only a small income from her father's estate, was of too independent a spirit to be willing to remain where she saw no way in which she could compensate her friends for their kindness; and therefore, in compliance with her earnest request, Mr. Ames mentioned to some of his acquaintances her wish to become a teacher. In the course of a few months, she was established as governess in the family of his young partner, Mr. Langdon.

There she was soon regarded as a dearly beloved sister, rather than a dependent, as is too often the case; and her influence, added to the providence of God in removing the eldest of her pupils, was blessed to the conversion of the parents.

Among the visitors at the house of Mr. Langdon was a gentleman, who lived about a quarter of a mile distant. Mr. Stephens was a lawyer, who had an office in the neighboring city. During the second year of Miss Nesbett's residence in the family of his neighbor, his wife died, leaving three children—two girls, of the ages of ten and twelve, and a bright, active boy, of five.

Mrs. Stephens was in youth a gay belle, rather haughty and imperious in her bearing, but possessed of the most devoted

tenderness for her husband and children. During the frequent interchange of visits and calls between the families, she saw much of the young governess, and remonstrated with Mrs. Langdon for allowing Anna to be so familiar as to come into the room to receive, and, in the absence of her mistress, entertain, her visitors. In vain her friend assured her that Anna had been educated to fill a far different position in society, that her father was a distinguished lawyer, and that she was considered by them in the light of a kind benefactor; the lady had been too long accustomed to consider a governess as a sort of upper servant, to sympathise at all in these feelings. Anna could not help being aware that Mrs. Stephens regarded her as an inferior, and, whenever it was possible, avoided being in her society. After her decease, Mr. Stephens visited Mr. Langdon still more frequently, as he no where found such warm sympathy for his loss as he here met with. For many months, however, he saw but little of Anna, as his entering the parlor was the signal for her leaving it. But in winter, when the family were seated together about the centre-table, Mrs. Langdon insisted that she would not give up so much of her society. She would far sooner expel their widowed friend from the house. To prevent this, Anna reluctantly consented to remain in the parlor, supposing Mr. Stephen's feelings to be in sympathy with those of his deceased wife. After this, Mr. and Mrs. Langdon could not help remarking how much more interesting and animated their friend had become. Anna, too, thought that he was a singularly gifted man. Whenever, as was often the case of late, the conversation turned upon the subject of education, her friends referred, at once, to her, saying, "all we know, she has taught us;" and thus, at the end of the year, Anna found herself advising Mr. Stephens upon this or that course with regard to his children.

One evening he called when Mr. and Mrs. Langdon were absent from home. The teacher had been accompanying herself in some simple tunes for the pleasure of the children, and was just bidding them good night, when the door opened and Mr. Stephens entered. He stood one moment surveying the pleasant home scene, before Anna could disengage herself from the arms of the ardent Lucy, and then deliberately seated himself.

"I am sorry," said Anna, as she quietly resumed her sewing, wholly unconscious of the tumult in the breast of her companion, "that Mr. and Mrs. Langdon are away."

Mr. Stephens coughed, and hemmed. He was a distinguished advocate, but somehow, as he sat there twirling his hat in his hands, he found that it was much easier to plead another's cause than his own.

After a moment, Anna arose and passed him the North American Review, referring, as she did so, to an article which had much interested her.

He carelessly turned over the pages without looking at them, being much more interested in a train of thought, whereby he and his companion were transferred to his own parlor, and he at liberty to address her by the endearing title of *wife*.

Anna began to feel rather awkward, and said, "I think Mrs. Langdon intended to remain the entire evening. They would not have gone had they expected you."

"Miss Nesbett," said the lawyer, determining to make known his wishes, "I have for some time been seeking a teacher, and have at length decided to apply to you."

"For your children?" asked Anna, in surprise; "I thought you were decided to send the little girls to their aunt."

"No, for myself," and he advanced to a seat by her side. "I am quite as ignorant as my friends were when you came to bless them with your joyous presence." He dropped his voice to a lower key, and a certain trembling which he noticed in Anna's hand, as she vainly attempted to continue her sewing, showed that, even when the subject concerned himself, he had not lost his power to interest his auditor.

It will easily be believed that the young lady did not interrupt him; but, when he ceased, she told him frankly that the subject had never once suggested itself to her mind; but that she had learned in the course of their acquaintance to regard him as a dear friend, and she begged time to think of his proposal, and liberty to consult her friends.

It is not necessary to go farther into detail. In the month of June they were married, and Anna Stephens entered upon her new duties as a wife and a mother. At her request, the

little girls had been summoned home before her marriage, since she rightly thought, the younger they were, the more easy it would be to secure their confidence and affection. On the first day of her return from the wedding tour, she found that, from some indiscreet remarks to them, they had acquired a violent prejudice against her in the relation of step-mother. Having seen them in connexion with their parents, the young mother was prepared to take them to her heart, and to fulfil toward them, as far as in her power, the duties resulting from such a relation. But when, on alighting from the carriage and entering the pleasant parlor, Mr. Stephens took the hand of Emily, the eldest, and led her reluctantly forward to salute her new mother, she snatched away her hand, saying, "I don't want her for my mother; I had rather not have any." Jenny, the next one, appeared fully to sympathise with her sister, for she burst into a loud cry.

Mr. Stephens was intensely mortified at this reception, and sternly dismissed them to separate chambers.

Master Ronald, who had run in from the garden as the carriage approached, and who had been watching with no little anxiety the countenance of his new relative, now drew near and cordially putting his hand in hers, exclaimed, "I say, will you let me drive my hoop and play ball when I have got my lessons, because John Hawkes says his new mother won't, and he hates her. But I told him I was going to ask you, and perhaps you was not cross like her."

"Yes, my frank little fellow," replied Anna, moved almost to tears by the anxiety with which he gazed in her face, as if his whole happiness for life was at stake; "yes, you shall play, and I will play too. I am a fine hand at throwing ball; we will try it after supper; and I know a great many other pleasant games. So you may tell Johnny that we intend to have merry times."

With almost a scream of delight the boy asked, "Oh, may I go now; it will take me only a few minutes."

"Yes, but kiss me first."

Ronald put his arms around her neck, to the ruin of her nicely-starched collar, and gave her, as he said, "a whole lot of

kisses ;” after which he started on a full run out of the gate, and they could hear him call, “ Johnny ! Johnny Hawkes, I want to tell you something ! ”

The father turned from the window with a grateful smile, and said, “ You have secured his confidence forever.” But his brow grew stern, as he added “ What shall I do with my obstinate girls ? Some one has been filling their minds with prejudice to the relation.”

“ It will require time and patience to remove it,” answered the bride, “ but I do not despair. I dare say we shall be good friends yet. Have I your permission to go to them ? ”

“ Certainly, certainly, I give them entirely up to you.”

“ I cannot accept such a charge, my dear husband,” said Anna, quietly removing her bonnet and shawl, and preparing to follow the children to their rooms. “ You have the duties of a father to fulfil yet. I have only come to take the place of their deceased mother. We must act in concert, or we shall be wanting in success.”

“ I am ashamed to say,” resumed Mr. Stephens, “ that I never have had much to do with the government of my children. Their mother was very indulgent, and since her death they have done pretty much as they pleased.”

“ I do not wonder, then, at their unwillingness to receive one whom they suppose will restrain them,” she replied, with a sad smile.

“ You see, Anna,” said her husband, “ that I told you truly when I said I needed a teacher.”

After being introduced by a tidy housemaid to her own chamber, the new mother proceeded to another, where, from the loud crying, she supposed one of the young girls was confined. Without waiting to knock at the door, she silently entered, and found Emily sitting on the side of the bed and indulging the most passionate grief. A few words served to convince Mrs. Stephens that the present was no time for conversation with her, and she left the room and knocked at the next door. Jenny was standing near the window, weeping bitterly. When her mother approached her she covered her face with her hand.

"Come, my little daughter," said the young mother, "we are intending to have a fine game at ball in the garden after tea, and I want you to join us. I have requested permission of your father to talk with you, and I think if you come to this sink and bathe your eyes, you will be able to take tea with us."

Jenny gradually uncovered her face, and then suffered herself to be led to the wash-stand. "Can you play ball?" she asked, timidly, for the first time looking her mother full in the face.

"Oh, yes, I like it very much, and graces too."

"Can you play battledoor and shuttlecock?"

"Not very well."

"Then I'll teach you. I can keep it up ever so many times."

While they were thus talking, Mrs. Stephens smoothed the dishevelled hair, wiped away the traces of tears, and, to her husband's amazement, descended to the parlor with her arm about the child's neck.

"By what witchery have you—" he commenced, but a glance from his wife restrained him, and he sat down, eager to see what wonder would happen next. He was taking lessons in earnest that night.

After tea, the bride invited her husband to join her and the children in the garden at a game of ball, and Jenny quickly ran to the play-room to obtain her battledoors.

"Are you in earnest?" he whispered, while she was gone.

"Perfectly so; I expect to enjoy it much, unless you feel it beneath your dignity," she added, laughing.—"In that case you may sit upon the steps as spectator."

"Not at all, my dear, I was only thinking 't was a novel way to entertain a bride on her first arrival; and if you wish to make the children obey you—"

"I will take care that this shall not diminish my authority or yours either. So come, Ronald is quite impatient by this time."

The noise of the brother and sister laughing heartily soon brought not only Emily to the window, but the cook, housemaid and man, to a situation from which they could witness the lively scene.

Emily ceased her crying, and looked on in astonishment. Indeed, she could scarcely believe her eyes. There was her dreaded step-mother engaged in a hearty game with Ronald, who was flushed with the eager desire to display his accomplishments to the best advantage.

"There, I have beat her, father," he cried joyfully; "I kept it up longer than Miss Nesbett did."

"Where is Miss Nesbett?" asked Anna, turning quickly around, "I didn't know she was here."

They all laughed heartily and Ronald added, "Oh, I mean *mother*."

"Now, I propose a forfeit," continued the bride, pausing to take breath; "whoever calls me Miss Nesbett again this evening shall ——"

"Have a good kissing," interrupted her husband, laughing. "I own guilty; I have detected myself saying so twice."

"No," said she, shaking her head, "something a great deal worse than that. They shall forfeit the privilege of playing to-morrow night. Now you may have a game with Ronald; Jenny is going to teach me battledoor."

"I believe this would cure my dyspepsia," remarked Mr. Stephens, as they entered the house an hour afterwards. "I have not had such a game since I was a boy."

Poor Emily! A severe conflict was going on within her breast, as she gazed through her tear-blinded eyes upon the happy group below. Vexation, that by her ill-temper she had punished only herself—an almost unconquerable desire to throw away her reserve and join in the pleasant sport—and pride, forbidding her to do so, by turns struggled for mastery. Then, as she saw her new mother stoop to receive a kiss from her impulsive daughter, a pang of jealousy shot through her heart, and she exclaimed passionately, "she cares nothing for me."

But here she was mistaken. Scarcely a moment during the hour and a half that they remained in the garden, had her undutiful daughter been absent from the mother's thoughts, and often, during a pause in the lively play, did she lift up her heart to her heavenly Father for wisdom to direct her to act rightly.

When they reentered the house, she called her husband aside and asked, "shall I go to Emily again to night?"

"No, no," he repeated, "give yourself no more trouble about the naughty girl;" but seeing her assume a look of anxiety, he continued, "do as you please, however, but don't stay long."

After a moment's thought, Mrs. Stephens called Jenny, and, bidding her good night, sent a kiss also to her sister, together with a message that they had wished she could have participated in their sport.

The next morning, when the new mother advanced cordially to the young girl to give her a kiss, it was at least politely, if not warmly, returned; and every succeeding day proved that Mrs. Stephens was rapidly advancing in the love and respect of her children.

Before the winter had passed, Johnny Hawkes, as well as his companion Ronald, had cause to bless God for her presence. Complying with the earnest request of her son, Mrs. Stephens one day visited the mother of her young friend, and found that here was an opportunity for her to do good. Mrs. Hawkes was a timid and shrinking, but conscientious, young woman, who, without any acquaintance with children or knowledge of their wants, had been persuaded to assume the responsibilities connected with a large family. Within a year after her marriage, another little one was added to her care; and wearied with life, discouraged in the performance of duties she had neither the strength nor ability to fulfil, unaided by the strong arm of her husband, she grew melancholy and reserved, and at length lost all ambition to surmount the numerous obstacles before her.

She was in this state when Mrs. Stephens visited her. It required but a short time to convince the kind lady that the poor woman needed encouragement and advice. She soon found her way to the young mother's heart, by representing their circumstances as similar, and that perhaps they might take counsel together with regard to the best interests of their families. When, at the end of an hour, she left the vine-covered cottage of her humble friend, she had the satisfaction of receiv-

ing her tearful thanks, and an earnest invitation to repeat her call.

Though the good step-mother was never subjected to a repetition of such treatment as she received on the first evening of her arrival, yet, as weeks and months passed, she found that much patient instruction would be necessary, — much prudence, wisdom and constant care, to undo the habits which maternal fondness and unlimited indulgence in their own wishes had formed in the objects of her affection. Emily was naturally haughty and overbearing, but untiring in her energy, and, when her better feelings were aroused, generous to an extreme. She was also frank and truthful, and seemed to feel that it was deception for her to treat a person with courtesy when she entertained a secret dislike to them.

Jenny, on the contrary, was easy and good-natured in her temperament, extremely impulsive in her attachments and prejudices, rather indolent, and occasionally given to prevarication to avoid censure or reproof. Ronald was a frank, fearless, warm-hearted boy, sometimes obstinately determined in his own way, but generally easily influenced by those he loved. Toward his new mother he soon exhibited the most devoted fondness. He made her the confidant of all his childish joys and sorrows, applied to her in every difficulty, and regarded her decision as one from which there could be no appeal.

It was Mr. Stephens' delight to relate to his friends the wonders his wife had wrought in his household, — especially with Emily, with whom he confessed he had feared to enter into conflict. Now satisfied that all would go right, he gave himself no farther concern, and was soon more than ever absorbed in the business of his profession. In vain his wife, in any important question, directed the children to their father; he always replied, "go to your mother, she knows best," and thus threw upon her the whole responsibility. In this he really supposed he was acting for their good. Under her judicious management he saw them daily improving in good conduct, and in respect toward himself, and, without reflecting upon his own duties to them, he was satisfied that the government should remain in her hands.

Upon one point, however, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens essentially differed, and this was upon the subject of diet. Ronald had always been subjected to severe attacks of sickness, occasioned by indigestion, and his mother soon perceived that the food upon the table was too rich for him. Mr. Stephens was a high liver, and though he dined at a public house in the city, yet was in the habit of procuring all the luxuries of the season for his table at home. When his wife suggested to him that plain-er diet would be far better for the children, he replied, with a laugh, that they had always been used to it, and he did not wish them to be notional. After witnessing one or two attacks upon his son, which his wife plainly demonstrated to him was the result of improper food, he consented that with Ronald she should use her own judgment. Even with this permission, his mother found that, without a constant discussion of the subject during the hour devoted to their meals, she was unable to prevent his eating much which she knew was injurious to his health; she therefore, with great reluctance, gave the child his breakfast and supper by himself, and, in the course of a few months, the effect of this simple and nutritious diet was so evident, that she was able, in a measure, to extend it to her daughters.

One habit into which the children had fallen gave their young mother great solicitude, and this was a want of promptness in their obedience. Even after her authority was fully established, when she bade them do this or that, the answer often was, "In a minute," or, "as soon as I have completed what I am now doing."

For instance; one morning Mrs. Stephens entered the library and found Emily absorbed in a book instead of being on her way to school. "Why, my daughter," she said quickly, "I am surprised to see you here — you will be late again."

"I will go in a minute, mamma, as soon as I have finished this page."

"You must go at once, my dear, you were tardy twice yesterday, and you are forming a very bad habit."

Emily cast her eyes over the page, and then reluctantly closed the book, and proceeded to her chamber. Before she

again made her appearance the clock struck nine, when she ran into the entry exclaiming, "Oh, where did I leave my geography and slate! I shall be late, I know I shall; will you please write me an excuse, mamma?" she asked as her mother passed through the hall.

"I don't think you had better wait, my dear."

"The teacher said I must not come again without a billet."

Mrs. Stephens turned to her desk and wrote a note, which she soon placed in her daughter's hand, who ran with it to the school.

It so happened that on that day Mr. Stephens brought out a friend to dine, and was present when Emily returned at noon. He saw at a glance that something had occurred to disturb her feelings, for her eyes were red with weeping, and, wholly unconscious that any one was within hearing, she threw down her books on the table and exclaimed, "I hate school, and I never want to go again."

"What is the reason for such an exclamation, my daughter?" asked her father, smiling as he approached her.

Emily burst into tears, and put into his hand a note from the teacher, and also the excuse she had carried in the morning; then, hearing a voice in the parlor, she ran hastily into the dining-room, where her parents followed her.

Mr. Stephens read the notes and burst into a hearty laugh, which only caused the young lady to cry the more. "Did you carry this to the teacher?" he asked.

She vouchsafed no reply, but Mrs. Stephens bowed her assent. The note she had carried was as follows:

"I am sorry to be obliged to write that I can give you no suitable excuse for my daughter's oft-repeated tardiness. Whatever plan you may see fit to adopt to remedy so bad a habit, will meet my hearty approbation.

Sincerely yours,

ANNA N. STEPHENS."

Thinking that of course the note given her by her mother was written in the usual form, Emily passed it to her teacher when she entered the school-room, and was greatly mortified, as well as displeased, when it was read aloud to the

scholars. The teacher wrote a kind reply, thanking Mrs. Stephens for the course she had pursued, and saying she had no doubt it would prove an effectual cure.

"What else could I write, my dear?" expostulated Mrs. Stephens, seeing a dark cloud settling upon the young girl's brow; "you requested me to give you a billet, and I did so; you surely could not expect or wish that I should tell an untruth, and state that you were necessarily detained."

"I never thought of that," replied Emily, taking her handkerchief from her face. "Mother used to write a great many excuses at once, and when I was late I just took one from the drawer."

Mr. Stephens sighed as he turned to enter the parlor, and said in a low voice to his wife, "you have taught me a good lesson, for which I thank you."

The next morning Mrs. Stephens watched Emily with no small solicitude. She hoped much from the lesson of the previous day with regard to her daughter's improvement in promptness and punctuality. The young girl retired from the table, and entering the library was soon wholly absorbed in her story. After waiting until it wanted but half an hour to nine, Mrs. Stephens made an errand through the room, when Emily started from her seat and running to the hall looked at the clock. She was pleased to find it still so early, and was returning to her seat in the window when her mother asked pleasantly "would it not be safer, my daughter, to prepare for school, and then read until it is time to go?"

"Yes, mamma, I have only one sentence before I am through the chapter and then I will go."

With a saddened countenance her mother turned to leave the room, when the impulsive girl, without reading a word, shut her book, and said resolutely, "No, I will go now; I will try not to be tardy again this term."

In a few moments she returned to the hall just as Jenny and Ronald were leaving the house; not with the impatient scowl which too often disfigured her face as she hurried away conscious of having done wrong, but with a bright flush of pleasure animating her whole countenance as she answered her

mother's glance of approbation by a warm kiss. For once Emily realized the pleasure of having conquered herself, and endeavored to do right. The effect was visible through the entire day. She returned from school both morning and afternoon with the satisfactory information that she had been perfect in her lessons, and had received the cordial approval of her teacher.

She was possessed of a discriminating mind, and the different success she met with through the day when she commenced it with a resolution to be prompt in her duties and punctual in all her engagements, did not fail to make a strong impression upon her. The contest with her mother upon this point was ended, henceforth it was between her new resolves, and her old propensity to procrastination, which led to a superficial performance of her duty.

Mrs. Stephens often remarked to her husband that she was obliged to pursue a different course with each of the children. She studied their characters, and endeavored prayerfully to promote their best interests by a mode of government adapted to their individual dispositions.

In the case of Jenny, the faithful mother found much which was trying to her patience, as well as many amiable traits of character. She was always sinning and always repenting. She seldom, like her elder sister, gave way to violent emotions, neither could she like her be made to understand the necessity of endeavoring to correct herself of habits which, to say the least, were annoying to those around her. Twenty times in a day she ran through the hall, up stairs to her mother's room, and then her own, leaving every door open behind her, and throwing her bonnet and books on a table, or chair just as proved most convenient. Twenty times in a day her mother said kindly, "Jenny, tie your shoes," "Jenny, my dear, don't bite your nails."

The young girl answered pleasantly, "yes, ma'am," or "no ma'am," as the case might be, but perhaps the next moment the command would be necessarily repeated. Sometimes Mrs. Stephens thought if she were less yielding, and would come to an open conflict, it would be far easier to manage her, and she

should be more hopeful of success, but in her case it needed line upon line, precept upon precept, a course of discipline which her father had no patience to exercise. Upon the Sabbath he was often so much annoyed with her trifling, but constantly recurring misdemeanors, that he frequently reproved her sharply.

Then with a quivering lip she said, "I did not mean to, papa;" or "I will not do so again."

Seeing his wife look grave and serious, he became so uncomfortable that he sent the child from the room until she could behave better. He little realized the chilling effect this treatment would have upon her young heart, or how the pitying glance of her patient mother caused the child to draw near to her with confiding affection. He loved his children, and spared no expense in their education. He gave them every thing but what they most required, a father's watchful care and instruction.

To his only son he was excessively indulgent. The child was a beautiful boy, and one of which any father might be proud; but his injudicious fondness, and open partiality for Ronald was often a source of anxiety to the mother, and caused much jealousy on the part of his sisters. Indeed, Jenny seldom asked a favor directly of her father, but employed her brother to do so for her, knowing he was seldom refused.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Stephens were sitting together in the parlor, when they overheard a conversation in the garden just below them. Jenny had been invited to join the school to which she belonged in a ride to a neighboring town. She was very earnest in her desire to go, but dared not run the risk of refusal by asking leave, and when her parents first heard her voice she was offering her brother a new India-rubber ball if he would procure the desired permission.

"Why don't you ask him yourself, Jenny?" inquired the boy.

"Because he wouldn't let me go if I asked him; he would say 'go to your mother I have not time to attend to it,' or else 'No! no! There don't trouble me.'"

Mrs. Stephens placed her hand on her husband's arm to call his attention, but a flush of displeasure, and a whispered "nonsense!" convinced her he not only heard but felt keenly the implied injustice to his child.

"Then why," continued Ronald, "not ask mother at once?"

"I did, and she said in such a case she preferred I should obtain father's consent. Come, do, dear brother," she added more earnestly, and with something of sadness in her tone, "I know he will give me leave if you ask him. He loves you."

"Well, I will," he answered, "if you will bat the ball for me thirty times."

The father's conscience was disturbed, and he was about to speak angrily, but he met a sorrowful glance from his wife, and saw that her eyes were dewy with tears. "Forgive me, Anna," he said quickly, "but indeed I was vexed at the silly girl."

"Husband," she responded softly, placing her hand in his, "excuse me for asking, has she not some cause to feel so?" She was interrupted by the appearance of Ronald who had come upon his sister's mission, and she glanced from him to his father anxious to know how he would succeed.

The boy soon established himself in his father's lap, and made known his errand.

"Why did not she ask me herself?"

"She was afraid to, sir."

"What was she afraid of?"

"Jenny thinks you don't love her."

"Well, she is a foolish girl to think so; I love her as well as I do Emily or you."

"Oh, do you, papa! How glad she will be when I tell her; I don't believe she will care to go when she knows that. May I tell her now?"

"Tell her to come to me." Jenny soon appeared, and her father motioned her to a seat upon his knee. "What is this plan for a ride, my daughter? Do you want to go?"

Encouraged by his unusual tenderness and her mother's approving smile, she unfolded all the proposed plan for the excursion, together with her wish to join her companions.

The excitement lit up her eyes, and made her appear very lovely, and when her father gave his ready consent she caught his hand, pressed it again and again to her lips, and then ran to communicate the joyful tidings to her sister.

"I had no idea she was so much of an enthusiast," said her father laughing as he saw her dart from the room.

"She has a loving heart, and a grateful one," answered the mother. "I thank you for making her so happy."

"Oh, Anna! You make me ashamed of my want of proper attention to my children's wants. One would think you were their own parent."

"When I consented to be your wife, it was with the intention certainly of being a mother to them. I could hardly love them better if they were my own."

"And your love is fully reciprocated," replied Mr. Stephens affectionately, placing his hand upon her brow.

This conversation was not soon forgotten by the father. If Jenny in the overflowing of her heart sometimes rendered her attentions in an abrupt manner, or at an inconvenient time, he tried to imitate the example of his gentle wife, and to receive them in the spirit in which they were offered.

Jenny and Ronald attended the same school, and on their return the little fellow had fallen into the habit of stopping on his way home, instead of going directly there with his sister. Mrs. Stephens had several times expressed her wish that he should conquer this habit as he often forgot how fast the hour flew by, and was late at his meals.

Ronald fully intended to obey his mother, but when Johnny Hawkes said "come in a minute and see my little white kittens;" or, "my baby can walk alone, come and see her," the temptation proved too great; and this disobedience was so often repeated that at length his mother told him if he was guilty of it again she should be obliged in some way to punish him. For two days, he returned with Jenny, and immediately reported himself to his mother, who expressed her pleasure, but on the third day a man with a hand organ was playing before a house near the school, and not all the motives his sister urged could persuade him to accompany her. He

said "the man will be done in a minute, and then I shall run so fast that I shall be home as soon as you are;" but he was mistaken. The organ player found unusual encouragement, and went slowly from one house to another followed by a whole troop of approving listeners. It was not until warned by the approaching twilight that Ronald remembered he was disobeying his mother, and had rendered himself liable to be punished. He ran hastily home, but found his father had come early from the city, and after tea had taken his mother to ride.

On their return the lady asked for her son and found that he had eaten his supper and retired to bed. She therefore concluded to say nothing to him until morning. In the course of the evening Mr. Stephens had occasion to go to his chamber, and heard his son crying softly in the room adjoining. He immediately went to him and learned that the boy could not sleep from the dread of his mother's displeasure. She told me I must not stay again, and I didn't mean to; I forgot how long it was, and I am very sorry."

"The father saw his grief was sincere, and said, "perhaps your mother will forgive you this time if you promise never to do so again.,'

"Oh, no! she has forgiven me ever so many times; but she said if I ever did so again she should punish me, and I know she will; she never tells lies."

Mr. Stephens left the chamber and went below, when he related the conversation to his wife, who immediately repaired to the bed-side of the penitent boy. She sat down by him, and soothed his distress by passing her hand caressingly across his brow. When his sobs ceased she talked with him of the pain his disobedience had given her, and the sorrow she experienced that by his neglect of her order to come directly home from school, she had been obliged to deprive him of the pleasure he had long anticipated of visiting a fine garden with her. "Until the last moment," she added, "I hoped you would come in time to accompany us; but at last we were obliged to go without you."

At these words poor Ronald's grief burst forth afresh; but the thought "I deserved to be disappointed," soon made him

dry his tears, and promise in future to remember her commands.

Mrs. Stephens then kneeled by the side of the bed and offered a short prayer for God's help to assist him to keep his good resolutions, and having affectionately kissed him, bade him good night and left him to his slumbers.

In after years the love and respect of this dear child was a rich return for all the labor she had bestowed upon his education; and as under her constant watchfulness and untiring devotion her daughters grew up to be modest, dutiful and lovely in their Christian character, she found in her own experience the promise fulfilled, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," while both they and their brother thanked God for the hour when she became their step-mother.

THE LUXURY OF HOME.

BY E. PORTER DYER.

THERE is a pleasure in domestic life, —
There is a comfort in domestic cares,
None know but they who share them : joys which speak
God's wisdom, love, and goodness, who of old
Ordained the sweet relationships of home.
There is a rapture in domestic bliss,
Where love with purest nectar fills the cup,
Else, full of earthborn sorrow, and where holy hope
Expands her rainbow wings, where faith lifts up
The tear-dimmed eye to realms of sacred light,
Of gladness, peace and joy, and, promise-taught,
Bids the meek heart its every burden cast
On Him who careth for us ; — Him whose grace,
Each yoke makes easy and each burden light.

Before His altar kneeling, we adore
Him first, Him last ! and morn and eve recount
With thankfulness, His mercies daily new,
To Him our ways commit, and humbly ask
His Holy Spirit all our steps to guide.

Home, sanctified by prayer, has many a joy
With which the stranger intermeddleth not.
What though our lot be humble — our abode
A mud-walled cottage rudely thatched with straw ?
There's room for happiness ; for she, pure maid,
Was ever meek and lowly. She abides,
In sweet contentment, with the poor of earth,
And finds glad entertainment ; where she smiles,
Who can be sorrowful ? Where she resides,
There dove-eyed Peace and Christian virtue dwell.

What though severe our toils — our cares increased,
By want of numerous olive plants, which grow
And smile around our table ? God who gave,
With each a blessing sends, — all are his gifts ;—
His is the fruitful vine, the clusters His,
Rich bounteous gifts, which wake a thankful heart
In him who looks on human life aright.

Behold, 'tis written in the Book of Psalms,
Lo ! children are his heritage. 'Tis He
Who feeds and clothes them, keeps them all alive
In famine, and from pestilence preserves,
And bids our yearning hearts, with watchful love,
Instruct their souls and train them up for Him.

If ever at our door grim Poverty
Looks in with ghastly leer, we tremble not,
But bid him welcome, shake his bony hand,
Nor shudder at his grip. For, when he learns
The Lily's and the Raven's God dwells here,
He smiles benignant on our humble home,
And makes himself familiar ;—or, departs
To shake his dark wand o'er the miser's soul,
To haunt his sleep, or sit like spectre-fiend
Close by his hoarded silver, but no more
Comes as a frightful guest to that dear home, }
Where, round the precious promises of God,
The Christian graces sit, with faith and hope,
And make their joyous banquet. O, the home
Thus sanctified, defended, cheered, and blest,
Smiles like a Paradise, and yields on earth
The sweetest foretaste of the upper world !

The solitary man, of single life,
 Of joys so sweet as these hath never dreamed.
 He boasts his "single blessedness" — believes
 His lonely lot, poor man, more blest than ours.
 I envy not his wisdom. He who said
 It is not good for man to be alone,
 Provided for lone man domestic joys,
 And life were sad without them. While the soul
 That scorns to taste their sweetness mocks at God,
 His wisdom and his goodness, and belies
 The purpose of his being.

Let me live,
 While live I may, surrounded by the joys,
 The cares and comforts of a gladsome home,
 Made such by blooming faces, and fond hearts,
 And God my Father's blessing, and I ask,
 No purer, sweeter cup of earth-born joy,
 In this dark vale of tears; for O there is, —
 There is sweet pleasure in domestic life!
 There is rich comfort in domestic cares;
 There is fond rapture in domestic bliss,
 None know but they who share them, and our God
 Their author; unto whom be endless praise!

MAN'S FIRST HOME.

BY REV. AMBROSE SMITH.

Love, shall I read thy dream?—ah! is it not
 All of some sheltering, wood-embosomed spot—
 A bower for thee and thine?
 Yes! lone and lowly in that home; yet there
 Something of heaven in the transparent air
 Makes every flower divine.

There dost thou well believe, no storm should come
 To mar the stillness of that angel home;—
 There should thy slumbers be
 Weighed down with honey-dew, serenely bless'd,
 Like theirs who first in Eden's grove took rest
 Under some balmy tree.

What strange emotions must have agitated the bosom—what curious thoughts have occupied the mind of our first father, as he waked to self-consciousness under the inspiring breath of his Creator, an infant in age and experience—a man in all

the attributes of humanity ! “ What and where am I ? What mean these limbs obedient to my will ? Whence this strange felicity of being, stealing through my frame ? ”

The past is all a blank — the future all unknown. But Adam has a Teacher and a Guide, better than the experience of age or the knowledge of the world. His Father comes, takes him by the hand, and leads him to his future home. For him has been provided a fitting residence — a blooming paradise,

“ Delectable both to behold and taste.”

Every tree, pleasant to the sight and good for food, grew there, for the enjoyment and support of earth's eldest, noblest son. In the midst stood the tree of life — conservator of immortal youth ; and close beside it, the tree of knowledge — knowledge, alas ! of good and evil.

“ Four meandering streams,
Rolling on orient pearl, and sands of gold,
With mazy error, under pendant shade,”

unite to water this lovely vale, and complete its varied charms. Every object and influence conspire to regale the senses. The breeze is laden with the fragrance of ever-blooming groves. Songsters of sweetest note and gayest plumage ravish the ear with their melodious hymns. And harmless beasts disport in the flowery fields, and all the animate and inanimate creation do homage to their earthly king.

To this fair domain Adam is conducted. The rich inheritance is made his, with but the reservation of a single tree — the symbol of God's authority and test of man's obedience. Error in eating may have been dangerous then as now ; and none but the Creator could teach inexperienced man what to choose and what avoid. Besides, some requirement was needful for the exercise of his moral powers, and the cultivation of holy principles of action. Even in paradise, discipline was necessary for the development and invigoration of the human faculties. Hence, Adam was kindly provided with exercise, for the body in dressing the garden, for the mind in studying the works of nature, and for the spirit in yielding obedience to the will of God. Thus situated and employed, he begins his peaceful and joyous existence.

And yet he seems not altogether happy. A feeling of loneliness steals over his heart, even amidst the beauties and minstrelsies of unfallen nature. A deep want of his soul remains still unsatisfied. His spirit yearns for society—for some kindred spirit to share his joys and reciprocate his affections.

And God said, "It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make a help-meet for him." Yet, before he executes this kind design, he causes the birds and beasts to pass before Adam, that he may observe their habits and give them names. This seems to have been done, just at this time, for some special reason. Was it to deepen the impression, already made on the heart of Eden's lonely hermit, that he needed a more congenial companion than the world could yet afford? Was it to prepare him to appreciate the blessings and perform the duties of the new relation into which he was about to enter? Some purpose of this kind, God seems to have had, for it is added as worthy of special remark, that in this survey of the animal creation, "for Adam there was not found a help-meet for him."

To supply this deficiency, now deeply felt, is the next care of paternal love. And so the Lord caused Adam to fall into a deep sleep, or trance; and then took from his side a rib, and made it a woman.

Do you smile at this account of her origin, as a childish tale; or deem it at best but a myth of olden time? Pray, tell us then, in what manner she could have been made better fitted to show her vital and endearing relation to man? Out of his flesh she was formed, one in nature. From his side she sprung, near to his heart and equal in rank.

Immediately the Creator proceeds to solemnize the nuptials of the first happy pair. To Adam he comes, leading the dear partner of his being, and companion of his future life. No sooner does he behold her beauteous form than he recognizes her relation to himself. Perhaps he was not wholly unconscious of her origin; for he exclaims, "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh."

The first marriage is solemnized *in Paradise*. There was the sacred and endeared relation of husband and wife first instituted, a divine ordinance and permanent memorial of man's

primeval innocent and happy state. In this first union, we have the divine origin and sanction of the law of marriage. In Eden, God ordained that man should leave his father and his mother, and cleave unto his wife, to his *one* and *only* wife; and that they shall be *one flesh*.

Adam is no longer alone. The society of his fairer self heightens every beauty and pleasure of earth. Paradise has now become a *home*, the heart's own resting-place. Together the happy pair walk the flowery banks, or rest in the shady bowers. Their mutual cares and labors they share, and by sharing relieve. But their purest enjoyment is found in the sweet interchange of thought, in the blending of soul with soul, in cheerful conversation, for their lips, as well as their hands, moved at once obedient to their Master's will. The language of man, like that of birds, was natural and instructive — divinely taught.

Blissful state of innocence and love! Thrice-happy pair! strangers as yet to fear and shame and sorrow! Fair Eden! Fit model for the husbandry of earth's unborn generations! Beautiful type of what every land might have become under the culture of unfallen man! Holy, happy Paradise! Primeval pattern of home, "*sweet home!*" Alas, how often now marred by sin and sorrow and disappointment!

How far exalted this sacred picture of man's primitive state above pagan legends of the golden age, when the race run wild in the forests, dwelling in caves and feeding on acorns, elevated but just above the brute creation, without social intercourse or articulate language!

Well might celestial visitants frequent the shady walks and bowers of Eden, eager to look upon the "human face divine," and gather new themes for their Creator's praise! Yea, God himself is no stranger there. Earth was then a part of heaven. No veil hung before the spirit-land to interrupt man's vision, and make angels' visits *seem* few and far between, though ever hovering round the humblest Christian home.

THE MOTHER OF DR. POOR.

BY MRS. M. L. HOISINGTON.

MORE than fifty years ago, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, there lived a humble mother of a large family, pursuing her daily employments and sustaining her many cares with cheerfulness. Among her sons, was one so delicate that it was feared he would never be able to contend with the storms of life. He was therefore excused from a part in more vigorous occupations, "to perform the many little services about the house, and to attend school. He was fond of reading, but books were scarce in those days. There were no Sabbath-school libraries, nor periodicals for children and youth. Very little was then known in this country, of the state of the heathen world.

An uncle of this lad was a sea-faring man, and often made voyages to England, either as commander of a vessel, or for purposes of trade. He used to bring home the "Missionary Magazines," and his sister's family shared with him the pleasure of perusing them.

Young Daniel, while his mother plied her needle, often read to her of the labors of Martyn, and Swartz, — the researches of Buchanan and other missionary works. Their delineations of heathen wretchedness and ignorance made a deep impression on his youthful mind ; especially when he saw how deeply his mother's compassion was stirred, as with simple earnestness she commented on what they read, and drew the contrast between those favored with the gospel, and those who still walked in pagan darkness. The idea that so many of his fellow beings were perishing for lack of instruction, which could be, and *ought* to be, carried to them, became painful to him.

Ah, gentle, unassuming mother ! little did you dream, as from time to time you gave utterance to the feelings of your

compassionate heart, what seeds you were sowing ! Much less did you estimate the rich harvest which was to be garnered from that planting !

From that time onward the great question, "Cannot I do something to save the heathen ?" was often resolved in his mind.

A few years pass and he is in Dartmouth College, but he does not forget the millions perishing for lack of knowledge. Christians in this country were beginning to look upon the heathen as their neighbors. About the close of his College course the Am. Board was organized. During his course at Andover, his purpose was formed ; and he put on the Missionary armor which he wore joyfully. Through forty years of patient, earnest conflict with the powers of darkness, never was there a more cheerful laborer ; and we have reason to believe, that no day passed in which his heart did not rise in gratitude that he was permitted to preach Christ to the heathen. He had his full share of conflicts, perplexities, and self-denial ; of weariness and disappointments ; but none of these things moved him. How cheerfully he spoke of them as the "nature of the service," his fellow laborers can testify. He used to look forward with desire to fill out the allotted term of "threescore and ten," and sometimes, as life wore away, when reviewing the past, and anticipating the future, triumphs of the truth, he exclaimed, "I think I shall want to ask for a new lease, when I reach that point, that I may work a little longer !"

And yet when his Master called him, with the exclamation "joy, joy, hallelujah !" he dropped his earthly armor, for the white robes, and palms of victory.

We have heard him, while dwelling on events which had taken place since he entered the missionary service, on past successes, and bright prospects of future triumph, while his heart was full of love and gratitude, refer most tenderly to his mother, and rehearse the story of the Missionary pamphlets, and of his mother's comments, and add, "that is what led me here !" "My mother, made me a missionary !"

One of his fellow laborers once said to him, "But when your mother saw that you was actually going on a foreign mission, did she not shrink from the sacrifice?" His reply was characteristic, "No, when I left her, there were *three* tears on her cheek; but I verily believe *two* of them were tears of joy!"

Favored among women was the mother of *Daniel Poor*! God spared her some years after he had gone forth "bearing the precious book," to pray for him, and then she was called home to rejoice over the sheaves, as from time to time they were gathered into the heavenly garner. Now, they are together, and who can estimate their joy, as in the clearer light of eternal day they review the past, and see clustering around them the redeemed from those dark places where he toiled and died, while ever and anon, a new accession is made to their ranks from those he left behind, who first received from his lips the gospel that saved them.

Where is there a mother who would not covet such a portion? The process of attaining it, is simple; it consists in communion with the Saviour, and in perfect consecration to his service. Thus she exerted an influence like that of the sainted mother of John Newton, and other mothers whose names are still fragrant in Zion, and whose works do follow them.

THE INDIAN MOTHER OF THE ORINOCO.

BY W. J. A. BRADFORD.

Early after the conquest of Peru, missions were established at many points along the banks of those rivers, which by their branches and singular interlacings, make an uninterrupted water communication from the Andes to the eastern point of Brazil, and from the northern line of Venezuela, south, through twenty-five degrees of latitude. On all the tributary waters,—as well of the Orinoco, as of the Amazon,—missionaries had devoted themselves to a life of seclusion and self denial, for the object of making *spiritual conquests*, or, as sometimes expressed,

the conquest of souls. It was late in the eighteenth century, however, when the mission of San Fernando de Atabapo was established at the confluence of the Atabapo, the Guaviare and the Paragua, or Upper Orinoco. And it was here, toward the close of the century, that occurred the event which is imperfectly narrated below.

To those who have read the interesting volume of Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland, entitled, *Personal Narrative*, the story is not new. In its material features, as here produced, it is not changed; but it is merely slightly enlarged in being made somewhat more circumstantial.

The missionary of San Fernando, in the year 1797, led the Indians of his mission to the banks of the Guaviare, for the unholy purpose,—alike forbidden by religion, and interdicted by the laws under which he lived,—of extending the conquests of the Holy Apostolical Church, over the souls of the poor heathen of that wild, but beautiful and most productive region, by the violent means of war, captivity and slavery.

The Guaviare rises in the mountains of New Grenada, about two degrees north of the Equator; and after a course of six hundred miles, with not a great divergence from that parallel, but in the latter part tending more to the northward, takes into its bed, the warmer waters of the pellucid Atabapo, and pours the two united streams into the main channel of the majestic Orinoco. At a point a few miles above this union, the piroque of the priest, which six Indian rowers had, partly by rowing, partly poleing, forced up against the stream, from the mission of Atabapo, established at the junction, was run upon the shore, and four of the rowers proceeded to the nearest cabin, at a half mile distance from the landing. The few rods over a beautiful savannah bordering the bed of the stream, were quickly passed without advertising their approach; but the noise made by their steps, on the dry twigs with which the path through the wood was spread, gave notice to the presiding tenant of the cabin, in time for her to escape unperceived under the veil of the luxuriant foliage. The head of the mansion was from home, and the Guahiba, his wife, with her three small children, were the only occupants, for the time, of the secluded habitation. In the

recesses of a tropical forest, and distant from other habitations, the deed of oppression was as well concealed by the overshadowing beauties of nature, as it was disguised under the holy garb of religion. Within the belt of the smooth and grassy lawn, unmingled with any portion of the more enduring vegetation, arose a varied grove, of tropical forest growth. The most beautiful palm, the cocoa-nut, the cinnamon tree, the bread-fruit tree, the jacaranda, known with us as the rose-wood, intermingled with a score of other varieties of the palm, and of the hard and beautiful woods suitable for cabinet work and construction ; and intertwined with the vines of the sarsaparilla and black pepper, covered the ground with a deep shade, which day never penetrated, and which was unchanged but by the deeper shadows and darkness of the night.

The spiritual invaders of this quiet and secluded spot, had made their way some rods into this tangled forest, when the noise of their steps over the dry, fallen twigs, attracted the attention of the Guahiba woman, who, at once filled with alarm, sought how she might elude her pursuers.

Her husband had gone to the river to spear some fish for the family dinner ; resistance was impossible, and there was scarcely more hope in flight. She tried however, to escape impending capture by this means. Taking up her two infants, she made what speed it was possible under the incumbrance of her load, and the additional hindrances caused by her anxiety for the larger child, and her frequent halts and turnings to encourage and hasten it on. She had thus hardly made her way thro' the thicket a distance of one hundred rods from the cabin, and entered upon the broad savannah which spread out between the humble lodge and the river, when the hostile band were at her heels, and she was seized by the foremost Indian of the mission, and with the children in her arms, bound and dragged to that part of the river where lay the boat of the invaders, too far below the spot where her husband was engaged, for her cries to be heard by him. The elder child escaped unseen in the thicket, and was left behind. The monk was seated in the boat awaiting the issue of the expedition undertaken for the salvation of souls, by warfare, conquest and captivity of bodies, and if

need be, by blood and death. The shrieks of the captives sounded throughout the forest, and rang back in thrilling echoes from the rocky walls that lined the river, or the hill tops that shut in the usually quiet spot, where the three broad and majestic rivers, Guaviare, Atabapo and Paragua, or Upper Orinoco, roll their divided streams into one, and swell the wide and deep current of the mighty Orinoco. The Indian who had first arrested the flying mother, and who seemed emulous of the foremost reputation for faithfulness and zeal in the spiritual-military service of the reverend father, made a show of seizing the mother to throw her into the stream; but on a word from the monk he desisted, and seated himself with an audible murmur, in the bottom of the boat. In these spiritual conquests, the children are the most valuable captives, both as being more hopeful for converts, and more desirable for raising as peons, or slaves in the missions. The Indians plied their oars with such dexterity, that three hours brought them to the mission at the mouth of the Atabapo.

Several of the children of Kejapi Nuni,—by which name the Guahiba was called,—had been absent with their father when she was seized and violently carried away from her home; and the separation from this part of her family caused her the deepest despair. She contrived her escape from captivity; and, in the silence and darkness of the night, stole away with the children, determined to regain her home. She had gone, however, but a short distance from the mission, before she was discovered. The jaguar made the thicket vocal with his cries, and this, with the howling of the monkeys that fill the forests in that country, wakened some of the Indians. The same sounds of dismay alarmed her children, who added their cries to the others sent forth by the beasts of the lair and of the tree-tops. The cries of the children gave notice to the wakeful Indians, who were thus apprised of the attempted escape, and the woman was soon arrested and brought back again to the mission. In the morning she was brought before the reverend father, and after being suitably admonished for her sin in attempting to escape from the guardianship of her spiritual father, she received the sentence of the church; which was to be scourged with

straps, made of the hide of the manati, or sea-cow, and to fast till the succeeding day.

The last part of the sentence failed entirely of its effect, for in her state of mind, it would have been impossible for her to have partaken of food. In the execution of the other part of the sentence, the Indians appointed to the office, failed not in performing their whole duty to the Church with the utmost faithfulness. The woman was tied to a palm tree, and beaten most mercilessly. To such extremity was the punishment carried, that when the straps by which she was bound were loosened, she fell exhausted to the ground, and lay deprived of sense and motion. The severity of her punishment was not sufficient to wean her from her desire to see her children that had been separated from her, and in a few days, her attempt to escape from the village of San Fernando, and to return to her home was repeated. It was attended with the same result as before, and the penalty before awarded to her first offence, was again suffered for the second. Three times escape was attempted, and three times the same punishment inflicted. But now, it was resolved, both for increasing her punishment by separating her from the remaining children, and also as a means of security, by placing such a distance between her and her home, as, it might be supposed, would put an end to all further attempts to escape, to remove her to the missions on the Rio Negro. The President of the mission of Atabapo, embarked with the woman in a boat, with a company of Indian boatmen, and proceeded on the journey. They had gone up the river many leagues toward their destination. To be secure against all attempts on her part to escape, she was slightly bound. Seated at the bow of the boat, with her face bowed down, she seemed unconscious of what was passing about her, and was really ignorant of the fate that awaited her. At night the party drew up the boat, to the side of a small island, or bar, to sleep. This spot which they had chosen for their repose, was secure from the attacks of the jaguar; and the Atabapo being free from alligators,—a circumstance by which the waters of this river are distinguishable from those of the Guaviare and the Orinoco,—they lay down to repose with a feeling of en-

tire security ; and with minds undisturbed by fear, and limbs fatigued with the labor of rowing through the day, against the current of the river, the boatmen were soon in a slumber from which it would not be easy to rouse them. Kejapi Nuni was mindful of this condition ; and fearful only, that, in executing her purpose of escape she might arouse the holy father, who, unwearied by exertion, might not be expected to sleep so soundly. With the utmost quiet and caution, as soon as she thought the monk was lost in repose, she proceeded to unloose the straps of mavacure with which she was bound, not very securely.

She soon effected her release from the bonds, and hastily plunged into the river. The left bank to which she directed her course, was less than a mile distant, but the current compelled her to make a much longer track before she reached the shore. This, by great effort, she was able to do :—and with her remaining strength dragged herself a few rods into the thicket, and laid herself down. The fatigue of her exertion, caused her to fall in a few moments, into a profound repose, which continued unbroken till the grey streaks of the opening dawn had already mingled with, and in a measure changed the dark hue of a tropical forest night. Fear was the first emotion that came over her wakened sense ; and though her limbs were yet heavy, and her faculties partially torpid by the exertion of the night, she hastily arose from her couch of leaves, and started for her home on the Guaviare. The priest awoke about half an hour later, and observing that the woman was absent, at once conjectured the truth, and the boatmen were directed to row for the opposite bank. Not many minutes intervened before the bank was reached, and the keenness of Indian sight discovered the track of the woman in the sand. They were in another moment following her course through the forest, with the advantage on her part of less than an hour in the race ; and the pursuers, unerring in following a track through the forest, fresher and less disabled by fatigue, and more used to working a passage through the tangled thicket than their victim, overtook and secured her at the end of three or four hours. The woman was brought back to that part of the river where

the boat was left, which was reached before the decline of the day; and the unhappy Guahiba was bound with the stalks of mavacure, commonly used for cords; and, stretched upon a shelf of a rock, was subjected to the infliction of a scourge, with strips of manati (sea-cow,) leather. The story of the Guahiba is repeated to the traveller when he passes this rock, which bears the name of 'La Piedra de la Madre,' (the mother's rock.) The woman was then conveyed, bound strongly with her cords, to the mission of Javita, situated at the portage between the waters of the Orinoco and the Negro branch of the Amazon.

She was thrown into one of the caravansaries, called *las casas del rey*. It was the rainy season, and the night was intensely dark. Forests, which hitherto had been considered impassable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando and from the Guaviare. Seventy-five leagues,—that is, marine leagues, of twenty to a degree,—lay between the two points, and, if a person in the passage of that almost impenetrable forest, thick beset with morass and swamp, could pass from one to the other without varying from a direct line, about two hundred and fifty miles must be passed from one to the other. No man had ever attempted to pass from Javita to San Fernando, except by the river. But such difficulties could not deter a mother separated from her children. The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the caravanserai. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita loosened her bonds unknown to the missionary and the *alcaldes*. Having succeeded with the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely, she disappeared during the night. The dangers of the journey could neither be described, nor well conceived. The natural impediments of the ground and the forest were such, that the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake the journey. But these were the least of the difficulties to be encountered. Jaguars lurked in every mile of the forest in that region, and the constrictor winds about the roots, or folds its huge form around the trunks of the trees. Notwithstanding these difficulties and dangers, and through the deep morass, accompanied with the midnight music, not of a serenade, but of the cries of the jaguar, and the

howlings which give a descriptive name to one of the monkey tribes of the river, did Kejapi Nuni pursue her toilsome journey; but how directed, and by what power sustained,—except by the unseen hand that holds the sparrow from falling,—cannot be conjectured. She could not herself well explain. It is certain that she labored on through the night, in a field of black and palpable darkness; and when the day dawned, pursued still her toilsome march, scarcely gaining any advantage to her half bewildered senses by the presence of the light of day. Still she struggled on: perhaps less vigorously, though somewhat more conscious than in the deep darkness of the night. The second night came upon her fasting, and the morning of the second day broke upon her uninterrupted watch. Still, she struggled on. If her route lay across rivers, or through ponds of water too deep to be waded, the Guahiba was not hindered, but plunging in, now walked and now swam, till a footing was gained on the dry surface. Neither deep darkness nor deep waters impeded her way; but scarcely conscious, her exertions continued undiminished, and if fatigue or sleep overcame her, she was insensible of it. The body was overburthened, but the mind so much more that it was not cognizant of the coporeal fatigue. There was a dreamy half consciousness in her, that she had once sunk to sleep upon the ground; but, whether it were so, she knew not clearly; nor, if so it was, whether it was in the day or night, nor how long. On the third day, the depression of great hunger called up her sense, and she satisfied, or rather appeased it, by eating the large black ants of that country, that climb the trees in swarms to suspend their nests. On the fourth day the mother found her course arrested by the river, which in its extended bends and sweeps, rolled on here, much to the westward of its general course. She lay down to rest upon the bordering sands, and after some hours repose, awoke to a consciousness that the greater part of the distance was yet untravelled. The time as well as labor required, in getting through the forest was destructive of her hopes. She resolved to make her way in what remained of the journey, by alternately floating down upon the stream, and walking along its edge; where a space between the water and the forest might admit. She

threw herself into the current and was borne more rapidly and easily onward in the direction of the desired point. And on the morning of the seventh day, the woman was discovered hovering about the house in the mission of San Fernando, where had been left the two children which were taken with her. Her design was to secure these and to make her way with them to her own home on the banks of the Guaviare. Being discovered, however, she was detained, and was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Paragua, or Upper Orinoco. Here, refusing all nourishment, she lingered; living,—if it might be so called, while the corporeal function of breathing continued to go on, but while a stupor had shut in all her conscious faculties, for a brief space, and on the first morning of the second week, her body was found on the floor of her cabin,—locked in the arms of the last friend;—the spirit had escaped from its mighty wrongs, and gone to him who gave it.

THE POWER OF NATURE.

BY JANE MARIA MEAD.

A wild rose, wooed by sunbeams,
 Was shrinking back from sight,
 And tremblingly unfolding
 Its petals to the light.
 O! Rose, why do thine odors
 The glad air round thee thrill?
 The Rose looked up and answered;
 'Tis my Creator's will?

I asked the Reed-bird, perching
 Upon a nodding spray,
 Which trilled delicious anthems
 Throughout the live-long day —
 'Why dost thou sing, sweet warbler?
 To charm the list'ning throng?'
 'God tunes my voice,' he answered,
 And burst into a song.

I asked the kingly eagle
With lightning in his eye,
Why upwards, ever upwards,
He soaring sought the sky.
His royal pinions tossing,
And spurning earth's vile dust,
He said, as heav'n received him —
'God wills it, and I must.'

I sought Niag'ra's torrent —
'Why do thy surges sweep,
With their eternal pinions,
Down, down yon dizzy steep?'
Its voice replied in thunders,
Which shook the solid land,
'Omnipotence impels me;
I roll at his command.'

I asked THE POET, burning
With heav'n's ethereal fire,
Why thus with tuneful fingers
He swept the deathless lyre.
'Ask Him who gave the impulse
No human pow'r can tame,
Why breathed He on my spirit
And fanned it into flame?'

'Just as the sweet Rose blossoms,
Just as the wild Bird sings,
Just as the panting Eagle
Extends his sky-ward wings,
Just as thund'ring torrent
Rolls unrepressed along,
The Bards, with heav'n's affatus,
Will pour his soul in song.'

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

There is nothing, says Dr. Drought, in this world, which is so remarkable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and so endearing as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brethren and sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest, and by a singular union of affection.

THE TWO HOMES.

BY MRS. M. K. MERWIN.

"WELL, I know it is *too bad*, that we have to go away from here ;" said Nellie Lee.

"What is it, that is too bad?" inquired the mother, who, busily engaged in thinking about the future, had not heard the conversation of her children.

"Why, Nellie says it is '*too bad*,' that we have to leave our home, where we like so well, and go to that lonely house, where there are woods all around it, and no street to lead people to it ;" was Julia's reply for her sister. "But do *you* think so, mother?" she inquired.

"Let us try and not think anything about it. Would not that be the best way?" was the evasive answer of Mrs. Lee.

The place where they had so long lived was, indeed, very pleasant. The house and the barn, the garden and the orchard had each their peculiar and pleasant associations. There too, was the load of sand, which their father had hired a man to bring from the river side, and from which countless pies, puddings and cakes had been made, by those little hands, to be baked in the sun. There were the great shelving rocks which seemed prepared on purpose for the walls of their play-house, and whose crevices formed places for dishes, and odd corners served for pantries. It was no wonder the children felt sad ; but circumstances which their parents could not foresee, nor prevent, now rendered it necessary that they should leave this cherished spot. But they were strengthened in this trial by the promise of a better country, and apartments in a mansion, which a friend had gone to prepare for them, and *for which* he would give them a "life lease."

"Must we go away from here to-morrow?" was now Nellie's inquiry.

"Yes, my dear, we must; but perhaps, we shall find a home we shall like as well as we do this," replied Mrs. Lee.

‘Pho! I don’t believe that; do you?’ said Julia, softly to her sister.

‘Now it is time for my little girls to go to bed, because we must all be up early in the morning; there will be *so much to do*. Are your dolls and play-things all packed? It would be a sad affair if any accident should happen to *them*.’

‘I wish you would stay up stairs and sing to us, and then we shall not feel badly,’ said Julia, on whom sorrow always set his foot lightly.

Before Mrs. Lee left the chamber, she knelt by the low bed of her children, and prayed whatever earthly disappointments and changes might be the lot of her loved ones, that at last they might meet an unbroken family above.

‘*It is too bad,*’ murmured a gentle voice, as if convinced that her mother’s petitions at the throne of Grace, had betrayed an interest in her feelings which had never been acknowledged.

It was amid the cheerlessness of a cold March storm that the new habitation was reached. The wind howled dismally through the forest trees, which almost encircled their dwelling, and the heavy rain, upon the roof of their lowly house was anything but a lullaby, when the family retired to rest. The children sobbed and cried themselves to sleep; faith grew weak, and there were other aching hearts beside those in the truckle bed.

PART II.

Mamma, I have *dot you a bota*,” said a little rosy cheeked girl, who ran into the kitchen, where her mother was busily engaged about her morning work.

‘Now, mother dear,’ said an elder sister, from whose hand Katy had broken away, that she might be *first* with her love offering; ‘just see what a beautiful bouquet I have found. You must let me dress your head with it. Here are three kinds of violets and snow-drops, and honey-suckles, and anemones, and butter-cups, and others that I do not know the names of. Are they not pretty? Do, mother, sit down, quick; I want to fix you so nice.’

"What! dress mother's head with flowers so early in the morning? I never heard such a thing."

"Well, it is no matter. The dew is on them now, and they smell so sweet; and I am sure that we ought to bring them to you when they are the sweetest," said the dear girl.

"If that is the case, I think I must sit down; but Katy will be head-dresser, and you can get a vase and put *your flowers* in it, and set them on the table in the parlor."

"Which vase shall I get? The one Mrs. Field gave you, or Aunt Fanny's present. or Mr. Gooch's?"

"You can take which you like; you seemed to have so many to choose from," was the reply, and some little fingers were busily arranging the flowers; and each, as it was deposited in its proper place, called forth some new expression of delight from the young florist.

In the meantime Katy had climbed up in her mother's lap, and as her treasures were transferred, one by one, from her "bouquet," to its place of ornament, and she saw beauties developing themselves under her skilful hands, she laughed aloud in her wild and childish glee.

"Mother, is not this is a pleasant place? Here are flowers and trees, and strawberries, all around the house; and no carriages passing to make it dusty or noisy, nor horses to run over Katy when we are gone to school. Don't you think it is pleasant here?" said the elder sister.

"Yes, my dear, I do think it is; but once I heard a little girl say "*It is too bad,*" when she was obliged to come to just such a place as this," was the reply.

"Ah, mother, now I know you mean me," said Nellie Lee, laughing and blushing at the same time, "but then *I did not know I was going to move into a flower garden.*"

Blessed child, thou hast learned a precious truth; even that happiness is not limited to one spot; and may we not *all*, learn that when the storm beats heavily upon us, it is only to prepare us for a serener sky.

THE CALICO DRESSES,

A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE FOR CHILDREN.

Mrs. Martin was poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. She had to toil, late and early, to gain a livelihood, for herself and her two little girls, Ellen and Clara. But she never thought that hard work excused her from doing any thing for her Saviour. She rather endeavored so to act that her common occupation might ennoble her mind by the motives which actuated her. Neither did she complain, as many do, that her situation in life afforded her no opportunity to serve him ;—that she had neither time nor money to be devoted to his cause. On the contrary, she felt that he had given her a great deal to do, that to train her children for heaven was to be her chief employment.

Earnestly did she pray that she might be faithful, that wisdom from on high might be given her, and that she might, both by precept and example, lead them into the right way. In this great work her Bible was her constant guide. She daily and prayerfully perused it for her own instruction, and daily did she study a portion of it with her children. So well had she succeeded in inspiring them with reverence for its authority, that on all doubtful subjects an appeal to Scripture was all-sufficient

Mrs. Martin lived two miles from the meeting-house, but it was very seldom that she and her children were absent from their accustomed places on the Lord's day. Miss Austin considered Ellen and Clara her most punctual scholars, and it must be a bad storm indeed, which detained them from the Sabbath school. Mrs. Martin was very thankful for the assistance of so faithful a teacher in the training of her children, but she did not feel, as some mothers do, as if it excused her from effort. She felt that the spiritual interests of her children were committed to her care, and that she had no right to throw off the responsibility on another. Miss Austin, on her part felt it a privilege

to instruct children whose home-training prepared them to listen with so much interest to her instructions, and whose minds were matured by familiarity with Bible knowledge. In this case, mother and teacher were mutual helps to each other.

Some of Miss Austin's scholars were from wealthy families, and they looked with something like contempt on the children, who though perfectly neat and clean, always wore calico dresses. One day as Mrs. Martin was ironing the dresses which her children were to wear to meeting on the following Sabbath, Ellen said, rather pettishly, "How tired I am of that dress! I wish we could have things like other folks."

"So do I," replied Clara, "nobody else in the class wears calico dresses."

Mrs. Martin was deeply grieved. To pay her rent, to procure the necessary amount of food and fuel, and clothes of the least expensive kind, taxed her energies to the utmost. Those calico dresses which her children were learning to despise, were the very best her scanty means could afford. She was sorry that the seeds of vanity were so early sown in their hearts and she determined, if possible, to hinder their growth. That same night, as they were all gathered around the fire, Ellen said, "Mother, when shall you have some more shoes to bind?"

"I don't know. Since Mr. Gates failed I have not been able to get any; but I hope I shall have some soon, for I need sadly the avails of the work."

"I hope you will, mother," said Clara; "for then I can earn a little. My contribution money is about gone. I should like to be able to put in a five-cent piece every time."

"Julia Smith never puts in anything," said Clara, "I should think she would, for she dresses elegantly."

"Then, perhaps, it takes all the money she can earn to dress so, and she has none left for charity," said Mrs. Martin.

"But, mother," rejoined little Clara, "it looks so mean for one dressed as she is to shake her head whenever the box is handed to her. And then Miss Austin tells us so much about the heathen, I should think she would want to give them something. I mean to give away a great deal when I am old enough to earn it."

"Perhaps my little girl will want all she can earn to buy her clothes with," said Mrs. Martin with a quiet smile.

"Oh no," said Ellen, "I shall always save some to give away."

"And so shall I," said little Clara, "I should rather dress more plainly, for the sake of giving some money to buy Bibles and Tracts for the poor children that have none."

"Would you rather wear calico dresses?" said Mrs. Martin, looking at the children with a peculiar expression. They understood it at once for they remembered what had been said in the morning and felt quite ashamed when their mother alluded to it. Ellen was the first to speak.

"Mother," said she, "I am sorry I said what I did in the morning; but Julia Smith laughs at our dresses, and says they are 'homely,' and that she would stay at home before she would wear such ones. When she talks so, I begin to feel badly; but I know, mother, they are the best dresses you can get for us and I am sure I will not stay at home while they are clean and whole."

"Mother," said Clara, "for all you are so poor and have to work hard, you give away a great deal more than some rich people. I wonder God does not give you more money, because you would do so much good with it."

"If I was rich," replied her mother, "perhaps I should not care to do good. God knows what situation is best for us, and I desire to be contented with it. Ellen, you may find Philippians 4: 11."

"Ellen read, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.'"

"Now you may look at Hebrews 13: 5."

"Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"You see," said Mrs. Martin "what the Bible says on the subject. I want you both to commit those passages of Scripture, and repeat them whenever you begin to feel discontented, with your lot."

When the time for evening prayer arrived, Mrs. Martin read

the account of the rich man and Lazarus, and bade the children notice how much better God loved the poor beggar, than he did the rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen.

"You see," said she, "that he looks at the heart rather than at the dress, and cares more for the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit than for any outward adorning." She then knelt with her children and thanking God for his abundant mercies, begged Him to forgive them if they had indulged any murmuring or discontented thoughts during the day. When they kissed their mother for 'good-night' a tear was in Ellen's eye, as she said, "I am very sorry I felt so wickedly about what Julia Smith said, I hope God will forgive me."

The conversation of that evening was long remembered. "Be content with such things as ye have," became a household saying with the Martins.

The next summer Mrs. Martin one day told the children that when the berries were ripe they might have all the time out of school to pick, and if they could sell enough, she would buy them some muslin-de-laine dresses in the Autumn. The children fairly jumped for joy. Clara skipped about the room like a kitten and Ellen repeated the 'Blackberry Girl' with an interest which she had never felt in it before. Then they put on their bonnets and went out to see whether there were likely to be many berries. They thought they had never seen so many. They began to fear they would not bring a good price, they were so very plenty.

Nothing was talked of now but the berries. It seemed to the children they never would be ripe. They watched them every day and their eyes sparkled with delight as they brought the first handful of ripe ones to their mother. It now became an important question, who would buy their berries, for they did not live near a city or large town, but the people were mostly scattered on farms and each family gathered their own berries. They had always to walk two miles to find a purchaser.

But they worked very diligently and morning and evening found them filling their baskets from the heavy-laden bushes. They continued their employment until every nook had been explored and every bush stripped. When the berry season

had passed they brought out their stored treasure, to see whether they had enough for their purpose. Mrs. Martin, who was in an adjoining room, overheard their conversation.

"We must save five cents a piece for every monthly collection in the Sabbath school," said Ellen.

"Yes," said Clara, "we must certainly give so much. How much will that be in a year?"

"Let me see," said Ellen, "there are twelve months in the year. Twelve times ten is —."

But this was a sum that quite exceeded Ellen's arithmetical knowledge. She was just learning the multiplication table, but had not advanced so far as the column of tens. She finally concluded, that as their money was mostly in five-cent pieces, the easiest way would be to count out the requisite sum. So she counted out twelve five-cent pieces for herself and twelve for Clara. This was laid by itself.

The little pile of silver was now so much diminished that they very much feared it would not purchase the muslin-de-laine dresses. They sat still a few moments, looking at each other and at their hard-earned money, for they were but children and the disappointment was a great one.

At length little Clara said, "Are you sure there is not enough, Ellen?"

"No," replied Ellen, "I am not sure, but I do not think there is. But I think there will be enough to buy some calico dresses, and perhaps mother will say that she will add enough to it to get the others. But I would rather not have her. I had rather have a calico dress and earn it myself. Perhaps by another year we can get enough to buy the muslin-de-laines."

All this time the children had not once spoken of the money which they had laid aside for charity. When they told their mother that they had only money enough for calico dresses, she said, "Why here is not all you had."

"Yes, mother," said Ellen, "that is all except what we saved for contribution."

"My dear children," said Mrs. Martin, "I am glad that you feel disposed to do good with a part of your money, but unless you feel perfectly satisfied with calico dresses, you had better

add that to the rest, and get such as you wish. God is not pleased with what is given to him grudgingly."

"Mother," said Ellen, "I was disappointed at first, but I have thought it all over and I shall be perfectly contented with a calico dress. Indeed, I should much prefer to have it than to take a cent out of the charity money. I think, mother, I am learning to 'be content with such things as I have.'"

A tear was in Mrs. Martin's eye, and laying her hand gently on the head of her youngest child, she said, "And how is it with my little Clara?"

"Oh mother," said the child, "I do not want anything better than a calico dress. You and Miss Austin will love us just as well as if we could dress like Julia Smith in muslin and silk; and it is no matter what other people say."

Mrs. Martin bought the dresses and very pretty ones they were—'they looked almost exactly like muslin-de-laine' the children said. The first Sabbath that they wore them, Julia Smith appeared with an elegant Cashmere, but when the box was handed to her she shook her head. The eyes of the little Martins sparkled with delight as they dropped their shining five-cent pieces into the box. It was their own earnings. They were beginning to taste the luxury of doing good.

THE GRAND TEACHER.—Ministers may *tell* us our lesson. God only can *teach* us; we have lost both our hearing and our eye-sight; therefore are very unfit to learn. For ever since Eve listened to the serpent, we have been deaf; and since she looked on the tree of knowledge, we have been blind: but when GOD comes to teach, He removes these impediments. We are naturally dead,—who will go about to teach a dead man? Yet, behold, GOD undertakes to make dead men to understand mysteries? *God is the Grand Teacher.*

NOTE.—The usual Biblical Notes and chronicle of Passing Events are omitted in this number to make room for the Contents.

FASHIONS.

For these patterns and descriptions of children's dress, we are indebted to Godey's excellent Magazine.

(1) [PATTERN OF A BOY'S DRESS.]



(1)



(2)

Boy's dresses are made, for the most part, to fasten in front; and for children above three years old, moire, or rich poplins and chales are most in favor. The skirt is made very full, the body generally tight, except at the back of the waist, where it is slightly full in. There is no band at the waist at all, the skirt being set on beneath a thick piping, and a girdle, with handsome tassels, being used instead of a sash.

The trimming for almost all the materials we have named is stamped velvet, to correspond in color, about one and a half inch wide. One straight piece is taken up from the neck to the bottom of the skirt, thus covering the hem which forms the opening. A piece on each side is carried up to the shoulder, meets the centre one at the waist, and gradually forms robings at the skirt. The short sleeve is trimmed in this way; and an edging of *broderie Anglaise* forms a tucker round the neck, and also finishes the sleeves.

High dresses are very generally made in the same way. The sleeves are small pagodas, and have undersleeves in the bishop form, either of the same material, or of muslin with embroidered bands. The dresses of younger children are made with full bodies, and are braided in rich patterns, with fancy braids. We have seen a pink French merino, for a little girl, braided in white braid, which had a very beautiful effect; and blue would doubtless look equally well.

(2) [PATTERN OF A LITTLE GIRL'S IN-DOOR DRESS.]

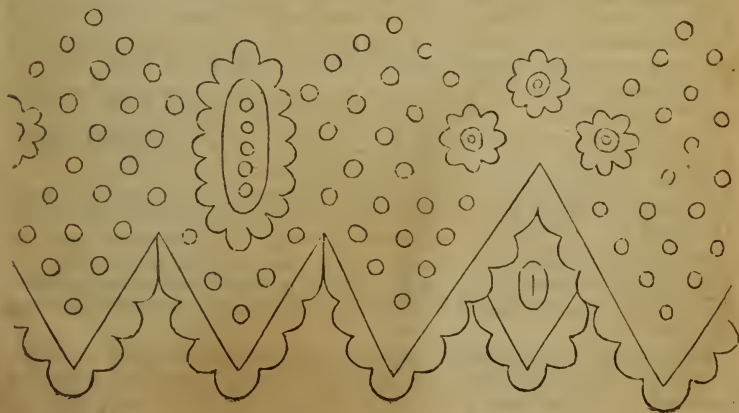
Silk dresses are frequently worn by girls of six or seven years old; but they are made in the form seen in our illustration, open from the waist, the

ront laced across with ribbons, and a full muslin chemisette worn underneath. This is made high up to the throat, where it is trimmed with a lace frill; and attached to it are full sleeves, finished in the same manner. In the dress itself there are no sleeves, but merely a small epaulette.

PATTERN OF LADY'S COLLAR.



PATTERN OF UNDERSLEEVES.



PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE depths of misery are never beyond the depths of mercy.— *Sibbes*.

Only the power that makes a world can make a Christian.— *Wesley*.

The true estimate of being is taken not from *age*, but from *action*.— *Collier*.

Faith is the *hand* by which we embrace, or touch, or reach toward, the garment of Christ's righteousness, for our own justification. A soul who enjoys this, is undoubtedly *safe*. Assurance I consider as the *ring* which God puts upon Faith's finger. A soul who enjoys this is not only *safe*, but also *comfortable* and *happy*. Full assurance we may consider as a brilliant, or cluster of brilliants, which adorns the ring, and renders it incomparably, more beautiful and valuable. When the diamond of full assurance is thus set in the gold of faith, it diffuses its rays of love, joy, peace and holiness with a lustre which leaves no room for doubt or darkness. While these high and unclouded consolations remain, the believer's felicity is only inferior to that of angels, or of saints made perfect above. 'Covet this best gift earnestly.— *Toplady*.

WIT AND HUMOR.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GILL.—Some eighty years ago a very zealous professor of religion, in one of the sects, in England, went to Dr. Gill, and told him she had something against him, and she considered it her duty to reprove him.

"Well, my good lady," said he, "what is the difficulty?"

"Why, sir, I think your bands are too long."

"Ah! do you? I have never thought any thing about it; I will get a pair of scissors, and will thank you to cut off as much as you think best."

She replied, "I hope you will not be offended?"

"Not at all, not at all, madam," he replied.

Without much ceremony she folded and cut off quite a large piece of the bands.

"Are you now satisfied? look again and see; perhaps you had better cut off a little more while you are about it, and be satisfied."

"I do not know but I had; I think they are still rather long;" and she cut off a second piece, saying, "There, I think that will do."

"Well, my friend," said the Doctor, "I must now tell you I have something against you."

"Have you, sir," she exclaimed, "what is it?"

"I think your tongue is rather too long, and you had better let me cut off a piece of it."—*Advocate*.

PRECOCITY.—The other day a school girl was married in this city. A little girl about eleven years of age of the same school said to her parents, "Why, don't you think — is married, and she hasn't gone through fractions yet."

INTELLIGENCE IN THE KITCHEN.—A cook, hearing the lady of the house at dinner ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him, when he came to tea, laid two extra plates on the supper table for the supposed visitors.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Illustrations of Scripture; suggested by a tour through the Holy Land: by Rev. Horatio B. Hackett, D. D., Professor in Newton Theological Seminary. Published by Heath & Graves, Boston." In this age where so many books issue from the press, which required but little labor in preparation, and consequently leave the reader little or no wiser for the perusal, it is really refreshing to sit down and read a book like this; well prepared by one of the ripest scholars of our time, and on a subject of "paramount interest to Christendom. The object of the writer is to "render his narrative, to the reader, as nearly as possible what the journey itself was to him in the prosecution of it,—a means of illustrating the Scriptures, throwing light upon obscure passages, bringing vividly before the mind the scenes of sacred history, tracing out the proofs of the accuracy of the Bible in its illusions, customs, narratives, geographical notices, and, in general, putting us more exactly in the situation of the inspired writers; thus enabling us the better to understand their spirit and meaning." To the attainment of this object every chapter and part of the volume contributes. It narrates the personal observations of its author without tedious detail. We have never read a book of any oriental traveller with equal interest and profit. We were charmed with its sincerity and its Attic elegance of style, instructed by the light which it reflects on numerous passages of Scripture, and delighted with its freedom from denominational bias and with its sweet Christian spirit. It ought to be in the hands of every clergyman, Sabbath-school teacher and Christian parent in the country.

The Physiology of Marriage, by an Old Physician; published by John P. Jewett & Co., of this City.

If ignorance is not the mother of devotion, neither is she commonly the parent of true and enduring chastity. But how is this virtue to be inculcated? God has constituted parents teachers of their children, and in their instruction of them they are sacredly bound to treat of all the subjects embraced in the Seventh Commandment. They must treat them delicately and discretely, with a wise reference to the age, temperament, sex and condition of their offspring, whom ignorance may expose and ruin. As a manual in the hands of parents, and as a means of preparing them for this important duty, we cordially commend this work. It should be possessed by every father and mother in the land, and should be used by them in the fear of God and for the welfare of themselves and of their children.

Geological Proof of the Inspiration of the Bible. Published by Crocker & Brewster, Boston.

This is indeed a new vein in the Theological mine. We have learned many lessons in theology from nature, some from geology,—some from physiology, and others from astronomy; but this is the first lesson we ever received in that sacred science from *fossils*, and whatever may be thought of its logical force, it certainly displays much research and skill in its author, and we should like to know its paternity. Who is digging among these fossils?

The design of this neatly printed pamphlet of fifty-four pages, is to show that the facts of geology were familiar to the Author of the Scriptures long before their revelation to man, and probably before the origin of the human race. This is manifest by many terms and sentences in the Bible, which man could not have used except by the inspiration of the Almighty. An illustration must suffice:

"The mountains melted from before the Lord." Judg. v. 5. "And the mountains shall be molten under him, and the valleys shall be cleft, as wax before the fire, and as the waters that are poured down a steep place." Mic. i. 4. "O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence." Isa. lxix. 1-2. When whole mountains are melted, a more intense heat is requisite. As wax is so melted as to flow like water, so are rocks. In many places rocks are found, which have flowed freely over the surface of the land for distances longer or shorter. In Southern Africa, a region larger than New England, has thus been flooded by a mass of mountainous size; and a tract in Hindostan of similar extent is covered hundreds of feet in depth. These passages are not mere fantastic flights of a poetic human fancy; but the imagery, that the prophets were *inspired* to use is drawn from events which actually happened; and by Him who inspired the prophets, the like must often have been seen both in this and in other worlds.

Inside View of Slavery; or, a Tour among the Planters. By C. G. Parsons, M. D.

A North-side View of Slavery; or, The Narratives of Fugitive Slaves in Canada. By Benjamin Drew.

Both are published by J. P. Jewett & Co., of Boston. We have had the South Side view of Slavery, and here we have the North-Side and the Inside Views; and if we do not behold it in every possible light and understand it, our ignorance surely cannot be charged to want of books. For fiction on this subject we have no special fondness; the reality is quite as much as we can endure. Neither have we any partiality for extreme and fanatical views, come they from the North or the South, from England or America, from apologists or opponents, of the system. But we always read with interest narratives of facts, and sober Scriptural discussions.

These books claim to belong to the first of these two latter classes. The author of "The Inside View" is a gentleman from the North who goes South, where he receives the hospitalities of planters, discourses freely with them and their slaves, and observes carefully the operation of the system in the domestic circle and on the plantation, and reports the results of his observations and inquiries. Its freedom from invective and its general candor, will greatly promote its usefulness.

"The North-side View" embodies the narratives of one hundred and twenty fugitives from servitude, now residing in fourteen towns and cities of Canada West. These were written by the author as they were verbally communicated to him by each fugitive, in a tour which he made through that country, for the purpose of collecting them. This testimony, if received with considerable abatement, evinces the evil of the system, to those most intimately connected with it. The introduction speaks with some warmth and severity of the South-side view of Slavery. Both these books will be read with interest by those who have a taste for such writings.

Caste; a Story of Republican Equality. By Sydney A. Story, Jr. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. The object of this book is to exhibit the extent and injustice of the prejudice against the colored race, which the author who wields a powerful pen and possesses a remarkable tact in engaging the attention and interesting the feelings of his readers, thinks far more prevalent and influential at the North than at the South. Its style is easy and neat, and the characters are well sustained. We wish it great success and usefulness.

O, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

SCOTCH MELODY. HARMONIZED BY L. MARSHALL.

Larghetto.

1. O breathe not his name, Let it

2. But the night dew that falls, Tho' in

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G minor. The first line of music corresponds to the lyrics '1. O breathe not his name, Let it' and the second line to '2. But the night dew that falls, Tho' in'.

sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-hon-ored his

si-lence it weeps, Shall bright-en with ver-dure the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-hon-ored his' and 'si-lence it weeps, Shall bright-en with ver-dure the'.

rel-icks are laid, Sad,

grave where he sleeps, And the

The third system concludes the piece. It includes a repeat sign and a fermata. The lyrics are 'rel-icks are laid, Sad,' and 'grave where he sleeps, And the'. A 'Soli.' marking appears above the second staff.

1. O, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

si - lent and dark be the tears that we shed, As the
 tear that we shed tho' in se - cret it rolls, Shall
 night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.
 long keep his mem - or - y green in our souls.

TO A BELOVED BROTHER.

The breathings of an affectionate Sister's Spirit.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

Brother, may the light of heaven
 On thy pathway ever rest,
 And the constant smile of Jesus,
 Beam sweet peace within thy breast.
 Be the love that brightens heaven,
 In thy soul a glowing flame,
 Bearing thy loved spirit, brother,
 To the God from whence it came.
 Be the hopes that cheer the Christian,
 All his trust, his joys divine;
 Be his rich, *eternal treasures*
 Thine my brother, ever thine.
 Be the faithful Christian's graces,
Living life in Christ alone;
 Be his strength, his aims, his virtues,
 Dearest brother, all thine own.
 Be the panoply of Heaven,
 Worn by thee through all thy life;
 Firm and true in God's sure armor,
 Conquer sin in every strife.
 Then the fadeless Crown of Glory,
 Waiting for the victor now,
 Be by hands of holy Angels,
 Gently pressed upon thy brow.
 And the highest bliss of Heaven,
 May thy ransomed spirit know;
 May thy cup, my own dear brother,
 Always with that bliss o'erflow.



